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"Tax from the old folks at home"



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*My Journal Letters Home during a Twenty-one Months' Tour  
Round the World*

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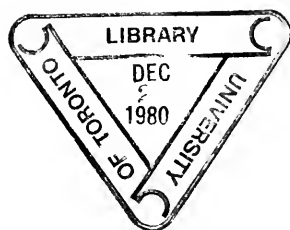
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## PREFACE.

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THE following pages have no pretensions to being a carefully compiled book of travel or adventure. They are simply and solely the reproduction of my journal during a twenty-one months' tour round the world,—a journal, written at odd moments, as well for my own amusement and future reference as for the benefit of my family at home, to whom I sent it from time to time, as a letter, whenever opportunity offered. Intending (critical) readers, therefore, who expect anything more elaborate had better close the book at once, or at all events prepare to be disappointed. Nothing has been added to or altered from the original, which I need hardly say was never intended for publication, and has only passed through the printers' hands so as to be circulated more easily among friends who have been kind enough to take an interest in my travels, and have expressed a wish to read my journal-letters. Such being the case I have scarcely even an excuse for "claiming the indulgence of the reader," nor need I add more preface except to say, for the benefit of those outside my own immediate family circle, that the party consisted of my cousins, Henri Johnston and George Guestier (with the addition of, for the first three months, my brother Harry), and

Your humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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# JOURNAL OF BERTRAM HUGH BARTON.

## *On Board S.S. "Scythia."*

*Monday, July 18th, 1881.*—Now that we are well off on our travels, and have taken our last look at Europe for some months, I must take up my pen—or rather, I should say, my "stylus"—(it sounds so nice and classical, too)—and begin my daily record of events. We dropped anchor yesterday in Queenstown harbour about 8 A.M., but it was 10.30 before the tender came alongside, and another hour before her cargo of people and provisions was all shipped on board. Directly we landed we got hold of a car, and after making our bargain with the "dthriver," started for a jaunt into the "country," stopping at the Post Office on our way to post our mail bags and send you the telegram. The thick fog which had come on after breakfast lifted a little by the time we got ashore, though it was still dull and cloudy. Still, it was fine enough for us to enjoy a very pretty drive on our car, with rather an amusing specimen of a driver, and a very good specimen in the way of horseflesh. We went for some distance along the Cork road, getting some lovely views of the river and the bay, until we came to Mr. Smith-Barry's place. We turned in at the lodge gate, and drove through the park, a very pretty one, but very badly cared for; and coming out again on to the Cork road, took the old road back to Queenstown, a rather rough and very hilly one; but we got some glorious views of the country round, especially as the day was getting brighter, and eventually reached Queenstown again in time to get some lunch at the "Queen" before going on board the tender, which left at 3 o'clock. The sun by this time was shining brightly, and the view of the harbour as we steamed was quite beautiful. It is quite the prettiest bay I know. Getting out to sea again we found it foggy, and for a short time were in quite a thick bank of it. Then for about a quarter of an hour it lifted, and we had some lovely peeps of the shore; but soon afterwards it came

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\* The original MS. was written on one of Wedgewood's copying-books with an agate pen.

on thick again, and we never saw the coast any more. The weather continued foggy all night, and about 5 o'clock this morning we heard the fog-whistle going, which was not very conducive to sleep. However, soon after breakfast, the sun came out, and the wind began to blow fresh, and we have a glorious bright day.

*Wednesday, 20th.*—The wind continued fresh all Monday, so much so that, combined with the Atlantic roll, the motion of the ship was not as steady as it had been, and at dinner-time I was conspicuous by my absence from table. It blew pretty hard all night, the sea being highest between 4 and 5 A.M., and when I came on deck about 8.30 the bows were pretty wet, and I saw one big wave break over and come pouring down the deck. By the way, the performance of turning out and getting on deck necessitated rather a *mauvais quart d'heure*, and during the day, though the sea moderated a good deal, I was not up to a great amount of running about, or feeding. Harry and George, however, made up for my shortcomings in the saloon, and by the evening my spirits and stomach revived, and my appetite began to assume more respectable proportions. It was a jolly, though dark night, and Harry and I could not tear ourselves away from deck, watching the foaming phosphorous till about 11.30. By the way, it is rather amusing to watch how we lose, or perhaps rather gain time every day, and we have to go and consult the ship's clocks every morning. My watch is now about two hours fast on the time of the sun. This morning was damp and foggy, but it has been clearing a bit gradually, and the wind I think has rather freshened, though it continues pretty steady, and in the same quarter, viz., almost dead ahead. This morning we passed a steamer, the "Hartington," quite close, but I have not been able to find out who or what she was. With the exception of a sail or two on the horizon, she is the first vessel we have sighted since leaving Queenstown. Our passengers do not seem to improve on acquaintance; and, with the exception of the Duncans and two or three others, we have not "hobnobbed" with any of them. Harry and I have just been having a game of "pitch farthing," much to the edification of a few admiring spectators; and as the coppers necessitated a little soap and water to remove the evil effects, I took advantage of being below to put the "style" in harness, as writing on deck is not altogether a handy performance; the paper blows about so. Our steward is a very jolly old cock, most obliging and civil. He brings us our *café-au-lait* every morning after our bath, as we find we wake up too hungry to wait fasting till breakfast.

*Thursday, 21st.*—Since 10 o'clock last evening we have been enjoying a most delightful fog. It came on thick quite suddenly, and has continued more or less so ever since, so that we have been treated to a most enlivening solo on the fog-whistle. It looked very weird last night standing up in the bows and driving through the damp foggy darkness, with the delightful whistle keeping up a harmonious(?) running accompaniment. It continued all through

the night, but doesn't seem to have disturbed the slumbers of ye travelling quartette very greatly, and now we have become, to a certain extent, reconciled to the beast. Since luncheon it is a little clearer, but to vary the monotony a fine driving rain has come on, which is not much improvement on the fog. The wind sticks to the west, and without a change they say there is not much chance of clearer weather, and there is a good prospect of it lasting two or three days. This morning we had a little excitement in the way of a shoal of porpoises which accompanied the ship for some distance; twenty or thirty of them in a line on either side the bows, at about twenty yards from the vessel. They kept beautiful line, and all jumped out of the water in perfect time as they slipped through the water. I was forgetting to mention the funny appearance of several shoals of fish of some sort which we noticed last night from the bows. There were some more or less all round the ship, looking like little glow-worms flitting about. But the most curious to watch were the shoals which our "advancing prow" disturbed from their midnight slumbers, and which fled at our approach, and gave exactly the appearance of a rocket bursting, and falling in a thousand streams of fire. It was most fascinating work watching them, and we stayed up quite a long time despite the fog.

*Friday, 22nd.*—A most monotonous day yesterday was brought to a conclusion by a drenching rain which came on soon after dinner, and it was still coming down steadily when we turned in. This morning was lovely and bright, but about mid-day the sun curled himself up again in a thick cloak of clouds, and since, it has been dull and black all round. The little wind there is still ahead, and the sea is perfectly calm, though with a long rolling swell which sends us bobbing up and down with a provoking sleepy sort of regularity, conducive rather to drowsiness. Mr. Duncan has been devoting himself to us this morning, drawing up a list of the best hotels to go to in the States; also giving a good bit of useful information for our guidance. There are one or two other very travelled men on board among the very few nice passengers, so we are picking up a good many "wrinkles" and practical information one way and another. There is one very officious and, to us, objectionable Yankee, who also volunteers a great deal of his experiences, and who would make us believe that he has been everywhere where no one else has been. But we have found out that all his geese—I may say little ducklings—are very fair-sized swans, though on his various "tramps" he has been funny enough to both Langoa and Straffan.

*Monday, 25th.*—I have been unable to write for the last two days as we have been experiencing a little rough weather, which does not make it handy for writing. We are now drawing to our journey's end, as we expect to be in to-morrow night, or in the small hours of Wednesday morning; so now, as the ship is pretty steady again, I must write up so as to be ready to send this on Wednesday. Saturday morning we woke to find the good ship jumping a little,

and on going up on deck, found the wind had got more round to the south, and was blowing fresh; added to which there was a thick driving wet fog, thicker than we had yet had, which consequently entailed the services of our old friend the whistle. By after breakfast the fog had cleared slightly, but in its place there came a pelting rain. The wind blew strong, too, from the south-west, and soon there was not a dry place on deck. However, we got ourselves up in mackintosh from head to foot (and very useful we found the "sou'-westers" and trowsers), got through the morning somehow, though it was as *beastly* weather as you would care to have. At lunch time the ship was rolling and pitching pretty freely, and there was a good clatter going on among plates, spoons, bottles, &c., and occasionally you would see little articles playfully dancing across the table. Nothing very much happened, however, except that a bottle of claret took a header into Harry's plate, and emptied half its contents over a piece of beef which he was discussing. After lunch the rain moderated a little, but it came on to blow still harder until about 2.30, when we had a very heavy squall upon us for half-an-hour. The vessel behaved beautifully, and though occasionally her bows were well washed, she shipped comparatively very little water, except from the spray, which was blown off the top of the waves right over us. There was one very amusing scene when the squall was at its height. We had got two sails set, and were heeling over pretty considerably at times, when all of a sudden I heard a clatter, and looking round (I was standing at the time amidships), I saw eight or ten people under the awning aft sprawling on the deck. The chairs, on an extra lurch of the vessel, had slipped away from their moorings, and had sent their occupants into the attitude above described. It was most ludicrous, as you saw nothing but a confused heap of chairs, cloaks, arms, *and* legs. Shortly afterwards the chairs were all made fast, and the canvas taken in, and the wind gradually moderating, for about a couple of hours before dinner we had a pretty clear time. But in the evening down came the rain and fog again worse than ever, and we were glad enough to turn in about 10 o'clock. All the night we rolled pretty heavily, and I kept rolling about my berth from one side to the other in the most aggravating manner, to the tune of the inevitable whistle just above.

Yesterday (Sunday), however, "a change came o'er the scene," and the wind got round a little more to the north, which blew nasty old fog away, and gave us a glorious fine day. We rolled a good bit during the day, and for about an hour in the afternoon pretty heavily, but it was a most enjoyable day, which perhaps we enjoyed all the more that we have had such a lot of damp fog and clouds. The colour of the water was lovely, and the sun lighting up the "white horses" on the tops of the waves, made the sea just perfect. We had service in the saloon at 10.30, the first officer doing "parson," as the Captain is a Roman Catholic, and the rest of the day passed in reading, chatting, and loafing.



To-day so far (11.30 A.M.) is gloriously fine: clear blue sky, bright sun, which makes you rather seek the shady side of the ship, but tempered with a delicious breeze from north-west.

*Tuesday, 26th.*—Yesterday continued most delightful all day, and even the "witching hour of night" found it still fine, and we "stood on the deck at midnight" under glorious starry heavens, drinking in the delicious breeze !!! &c., &c., *ad lib.* It even made George and Henri quite poetic, and they went on discussing and reciting poetries and authors until long after I was asleep. We picked up our pilot during dinner, but he has not begun to make himself useful yet, nor will till we near Long Island. We have been making a very quick run the last twenty-four hours, and if it holds fine will be in sooner than expected; but it looks foggy in the distance, which may delay our entrance, and in any case we could not land till to-morrow, as, unless we arrive before sunset, we have to go into quarantine till the doctor comes on board. I expect we shall have no time to write much in New York, so will seal up the packet before landing.

## JOURNAL II.

### *Far Rockaway, Long Island.*

*Wednesday, July 27th.*—We dropped anchor off Hatton Island about 8.30 last night, and remained in quarantine until 7 A.M., when we steamed up the remaining five or six miles to the wharf. It was 9.30 before we got all our baggage together and passed by the Custom House, as every single thing had to be opened and marked. Jackson turned up soon after we had got off the ship, and two of the La Montagnes, Ernest and Pierre, soon after. The former took us bag and baggage to his father's house to leave our traps, and then to his club for a wash, and eventually about 12 we found ourselves at Delmonico's, discussing some of the delicacies of that celebrated establishment. That over, we strolled over to the house, got a few things together to take down into the country, then to Beaver Street, where we made the acquaintance of Mr. L. M., who, after taking us over the cellars, carried us away to his country residence in Long Island, about an hour's journey by rail. We arrived here soon after 6, and were most hospitably received by the whole family. After a delicious bath we went to dinner about 7.30, and turned in early to enjoy a good *terra firma* night's rest.

*Thursday, 28th,* we spent out sailing and fishing, and a very jolly day we had, though our sport was not great. We were meant to be catching "blue fish"—trawling,—but got never a bite. However, we had a most delicious sail, going out about ten miles from shore. The boat is a first-rate little centre board, and sails splendidly. There was a nice steady breeze, which took us along at a fine rate. We joined a small squadron of other fishing boats later on, and it

was very pretty to see them all sailing about ; but their sport did not seem to be much better than our own. On our return home we stopped about 3.30 at the Long Beach Hotel, one of the many huge swell establishments along the south shore of the Island, and there picked a bit of luncheon, and "saw and were seen," and, I might add, were stared at by the assembled muslins and fringes. Not that I wonder at their looking twice at us, nor will you, I think, when I tell you our various costumes gave us the appearance of half-a-dozen *proper* scamps, as we had been rigged out in old cast-off clothes of the boys to save our own from the salt water. We were mostly collarless and tieless, and had hats of every age and description, which all, combined with rather a "swarthy" appearance, which we have gone in for of late, gave us rather a rakish look, and made even the waiters at first fight shy of us. In the evening we all went to a sort of *soirée* at a house close by, a mixed arrangement of fireworks and dancing, the latter being rather a failure, as everybody sat outside on the Piazza.

*Friday, 29th.*—This evening we had a few people in here for a small dance, and we spent the day in getting the billiard-table out of the room, sticking Chinese lanterns up outside, and generally making ourselves useful. Before luncheon we went down and had a jolly surf bath among the breakers, and in the afternoon made calls on Mesdames René and Ernest, to whom we had been introduced the evening before ; and just before dinner had rather a mild game of lawn tennis. The company began to arrive about 8.30, and were all gone before 10 o'clock. They numbered between forty and fifty people, and we had a very pleasant evening.

*Saturday, 30th.*—We went to the "city" for a few hours to put together the clothes, &c., which we wanted for our Canadian trip ; then on down to the office *via* the elevated railway. This is one of the features of New York ; not a becoming one, but decidedly convenient, and a long way pleasanter than our underground. It is carried along on iron girders slap down the middle of the streets, going round two or three marvellous sharp corners on the way. We came out again at 3 o'clock, and by the time we reached "Far Rockaway" there was a steady rain coming down. We went and watched some pigeon-shooting matches till dinner-time, Ernest being one of the competitors, and a very good shot. We dined at Ernest's, who had a big spread in our honour. We sat down fourteen, the company including Mrs. Ernest's sister, Mr. and Mrs. René, Pierre, Mr. Cheever, the M. F. H., and another lady, and we passed a very pleasant evening.

*Sunday, 31st.*—A beastly wet and cloudy day again. By the way, they want rain, as they are dreadfully parched up, though there has been no great heat this year. We went to church at 10.30, and afterwards went up with Mr. Cheever and some others to see the new kennels in course of construction. He then took us back to Ernest's in his dogcart, where we stayed some time during the rain ;

and on returning to the *maison paternelle*, talked over our voyage, plans, suggestions, money matters, &c., &c., until dinner-time, which is on Sundays at 4 o'clock, there being a sort of tea meal again later about 8.

*Monday, August 1st.*—We left by the 7 o'clock train for New York, and got on to the 9 o'clock boat for the Hudson. The morning had been foggy, but the mist gradually gave way to a warm sun, which at first was unpleasantly hot; but it got cooler later on, and on the whole we spent a most enjoyable day on the river. The scenery, especially for the first two or three hours, is lovely, and reminds one rather of the Rhine; in fact, I think on the whole I prefer it. Of course, there are not the old castles, but these are made up for by the dense and rich foliage of the woods, which come right down to the water's edge. In some places, too, it is quite wild and precipitous on one side, while on the other are gently sloping hills with pretty villas perched on the top among the trees. In several parts, again, you seem to be on a lake, and to be completely land-locked, and more than once we were quite puzzled to know which way we were going. Further on, the country opens out more, and is less varied, but nowhere monotonous. The boats we did not think very good, at all events, for the masses of people they had to convey. We reached Albany at 6, and found a train ready to bring us on to this place, Saratoga, where we arrived soon after 8.

#### *United States Hotel, Saratoga.*

*Tuesday, 2nd.*—This is one among several of the huge American hotels, conducted in the regular American style, and accommodating upwards of a thousand people. We have two very comfortable double-bedded rooms, *au troisième*, which we reach in a most luxurious lift, and so save our poor delicate legs. This is a regular fashionable watering-place, with endless springs for every known and unknown complaint. I believe there are some six and thirty (springs I mean), six of which are "spouting." We drove out to one, known as the Geyser, and the most famous spouter. He certainly did spit a long way above ground, but he was particularly nasty to taste. The smell nearly put us off, but we went at the draught manfully, and the taste proved most satisfactory, viz., a sort of mixture of rotten eggs, rusty nails, and magnesia, "most refreshing." However, not to anticipate, I return to our morning performance, which began by a rather late but fairly hearty breakfast. After that, we took ourselves off to the races, which go on here nearly every day all July and August, for the recreation of the languid water-drinkers, and the benefit of fortunate horse-owners, but *not*, I should imagine, for the enjoyment of the animals themselves, if yesterday's exhibition of jockeyship were a true specimen. There were only four races, but they managed to make the pleasure last from 12 till past 3 o'clock, chiefly owing to the enormous time they took to start. One race

they must have been over half-an-hour getting off. The starter himself was not nearly up to his work, but was rather amusing by the state of mind he got into. He had only two ideas; one was saying repeatedly, "Go back—will you go *back* now?" which was the signal for the jockeys to stay where they were, or else break away; his other expedient was to "suspend" the men, which he did wholesale and retail, and so effectually that he suspended thirteen of them fifteen or sixteen times. The horses themselves were not a bad-looking lot, but the riding was poor in the extreme. There were one or two coloured boy jockeys, who looked most absurd in racing get-up. There was a steeplechase to finish up with of between three and four miles, over a lot of footy little fences, with the exception of the water, which was really a good "lep," and which all the horses jumped in good form. On returning to the hotel (we walked to the races and back, it was only about a mile out) we had a bit of food, and then sent up a letter of introduction which La Montagne had given us to a certain Mr. Travers. An answer came back that he would be down in "a while," which in this case meant a long while, as it was 5.30 before he made his appearance. We then made ourselves known, talked a bit about what was to be done and seen, &c., and soon after took a *stage* out to the afore-named "Geyser Spring." A stage signifies a public conveyance drawn by four-legged animals, but does not *necessarily* imply rapid progression. However, in course of time we accomplished the couple of miles that lay between this and the spring, and duly inspected the Geyser and Vicky springs, the latter being "non-spitting," and not quite so nasty. From there we strolled on half-a-mile or so, until we came to a little hill, where we got a very pretty view of the surrounding country, and saw the sun set most gloriously behind a range of wooded hills. We stayed watching the changing colours till "all was over," then turned our noses home, and tramped back to our diggings, arriving about 8. After a slight repast we strolled out to the Congress Park, which was all illuminated with electric light, and where there was an open-air concert going on. The night was lovely, as most of the day had been, though 'I forgot to mention a heavy thunderstorm which we had at the races.

*Wednesday, 3rd.*—Before breakfast we all went down, after the manner of the well-bred Saratogan, and imbibed a glass of the Congress Spring, the favourite and most innocent of the waters. Strengthened and refreshed (?) we returned to our breakfast, and soon afterwards started to the Grand Union to pay our respects to Judge Brady, to whom Mr. La Montagne had given us a letter; and after some little difficulty we ran him to ground in the gardens of the hotel, and he at once introduced us to his better half, Lady B., and daughter, and later on to a cousin Smith, and a certain Charley Clinch, whom George had known well some years ago in Bordeaux. We stayed there chatting some little time, and left with the promise to go in to-morrow afternoon about 5 o'clock and play tennis: rather

rash, we think, as the young ladies are only beginners, and the ground is of the roughest, with a couple of trees standing on guard in the centre of either court. However, George thinks that this being the case he can screw his courage up to the point of handling a racquet without fear of ridicule. After lunch we hired a carriage, one of those very light American T-carts, and drove off to the Saratoga Lake, about four miles from this, and spent a very jolly afternoon, the only damper to our pleasure being that we had to leave poor Henri at home, as he was suffering from toothache. Subsequently, about 5 o'clock, he got so bad that he went to a dentist and had the offending monster removed, since when he has been all right again. Our little horses proved a capital pair, and bowled us along at a rare pace. Just before arriving, one of the nags cast a shoe; and as there was no farrier short of Saratoga we were forced to forego prolonging our drive as we had intended; and so, giving our cattle to the charge of a coloured *orstler*, we sallied down to the Lake, a pretty piece of water four or five miles long. Arrived at the water's side, we saw a little sailing boat at anchor, and immediately imagined to go for a sail, as there was a nice breeze blowing. But the only objection was that the breeze was blowing directly into the little sort of harbour at the end of the lake, so that we had to sail *all we knew* to get out into open water. As you may imagine, "all we knew" did not prove to be a great deal, and scarcely sufficient for the emergency. We tried all sorts of funny tacks, but none of them seemed to come off, and you would have laughed to have seen us "blobbing" about, going in every direction but the one we wished to take. Of course we all began to laugh, which resolved itself into a "fit of the feebles," till we were too silly to do anything. Eventually, however, our gallant spirits overcame all difficulties, and somebody's superior watermanship—we never quite settled whose—brought us safely into open water, where we went along beautiful till the wind dropped, and we were beginning to have recourse to an oar, when the lake steamer was sent out from the hotel, and towed us in. It was now about 7 o'clock, and we determined to go and have a swim before dining. We tried to get some towels at the hotel, or rather restaurant, but as they couldn't give us any we had to manage as best we could, and dry ourselves with our hands. Our bathing ground was a little way off, and we had to go nearly a mile before we got out of sight of the vulgar gaze. The bath altogether was not in every respect comfortable, as we had to get across several yards of stony shallows before getting into deep water. On our way home we thought to take a short cut back through a wood, but, like many short cuts, it was about three times as long as the road would have been, besides our having to burst through impenetrable jungles, and wade across swamps and marshes above our ankles. By the time we did get back it was nearly half-past 8, and we were all quite ready for the dinner which Mr. Moon had been preparing for us. Our meal consisted of some lake bass and woodcock, for

both of which dishes this place is celebrated, as well as some potatoes done up in a special way, and for all of which delicacies our host (we are all hosts and guests in this country) did not forget to ask us a *special* price in remuneration. Indeed, everything is awfully dear here, and some of the charges exorbitant, and they say Newport is the same. However, to return to our dinner. We did not forget to drink Minnie's birthday health in a bottle of champagne, and subsequently added "all your good healths," *i.e.*, all absent friends, which was, I need hardly say, "responded to cordially," and drunk with all due honours. The little horses brought us home at a frantic pace, and nearly pulled Harry's arms off, and I really don't think we can have been more than twenty minutes coming home, though there was a good bit of up-hill; but it was all fair trotting.

*Thursday, 4th.*—To-day is a "piper," and no mistake. George, Harry, and I went down and took our regulation glass this morning. Henri went off to his dentist at 8 A.M. to have a couple of teeth stopped. He had rather a long sitting, but not a painful one, and is now as right as possible. We have just been upstairs to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. René, La Montagne's mother, to whom we had been given a letter. We are going out presently for a drive about the country with her son. We are to return about 5 for our "lawn tennis party." We have been much amused by all the coloured waiters, though we are now getting accustomed to their manners and customs; but the way they grin at you when they speak is most ludicrous.

## JOURNAL III.

### *Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George.*

*Friday, August 5th.*—We came on here this afternoon from Saratoga, having postponed our departure so as to go with Judge Brady to see "Woodlawn," Judge Hilton's place, about a mile out of Saratoga. This park has the reputation of being one of the largest country residences in America. Judge Hilton only bought it two years ago, and he has done wonders in that time in laying out the place, which was before little more than a mass of untidy woods and uncultivated land. It is on a lovely situation, and has a very extended view all round; the house is built on a small rise in the middle of the park, which is between 400 and 500 acres in extent, and is quite a sight of itself—not for the size, as it is quite a cottage, but it is furnished most beautifully, in exquisite taste, and with almost every piece of furniture something remarkable in the way of antiquity or curious workmanship. The amount of ornaments, too, which appeared in every available corner, were astonishing, and these, we were told, were only the *refuse* of his town house. Our visit occupied about two hours altogether. The Judge himself was not at home, but his married son and daughter were there, and

showed us all over the house, even to the bedrooms, which were all in the same style, and nearly all furnished with different ages of old furniture, as is also a little bachelor's box at the back of the house. I am forgetting I have not accounted for our afternoon yesterday, and told you of our drive with Mr. Morgan. He took George with him in his carriage, and we three put ourselves into a landau; but we had an uneventful drive, and it was too hot to enjoy it much. It was past 5 when we returned, and we immediately adjourned to the Grand Union Hotel to our lawn tennis appointment, which turned out to be not so bad. The ground was, of course, roughish, and the play—well, not brilliant, but we managed to have some little fun, and had quite a large audience most of the time as people, as a rule, don't know the game much. One old lady thought it such a nice amusement she thought she would start it at home. But you want to have seen the old "frump" of a thing, with husband to match, to appreciate the remark. Judge Brady was most hospitable and kind, and after our play was over invited us to supper, and to go to the Hotel "Hop" in the evening, both of which we accepted. The dancing room was not very well filled, as the evening was so hot that a good many people preferred the Piazza; but the room, built on purpose for dancing, is a very fine one, and the music was excellent.

Well, to return to our journeyings; we left by a 2.40 train, which took us as far as Glens Falls, some twenty miles, and the terminus of the "road." From heré we had a nine miles' staging along a pretty road *quâ* scenery, but a very bad one *quâ* macadam. The road was simply paved with planks laid across, or, rather, half across, the other half being about six inches deep in sandy dust. The stages were vehicles rather resembling a menagerie wagon, or something between that and a regular coach. They are capable of stowing away some five and twenty persons inside and out, which does not allow much margin for elbow room or long legs. We were only able to get the back outside seat, with backs to the horses, and we had to sit pretty tight to prevent a separation. These stages—there were three of them—were drawn by four horses, though they have three other larger ones, which we met on the way, drawn by six. The drive occupied about two hours, including a short halt half way, so the pace was not great. The dust, both in the train and on the stage, was blinding, and we lost no time, after securing our rooms, to rush down to the lake and have a delicious bathe. The water is lovely—beautifully soft, and so clear that you can see the bottom when out of your depth.

*Saturday, 6th.*—We took our morning bath in the lake, and after breakfast sallied forth about 9 o'clock for a scramble up through the woods to the top of a mountain, whence we ought to have seen a nice view of the lake, but it was so thick and hazy that we did not see much. It was piping hot, too, so we took it pretty easy, getting down again about 12.30. in time to change and make ourselves

comfortable before the mid-day meal. In the afternoon at 4 o'clock we went out on the lake, "on piscatorial thoughts intent," but the fish did not bite very freely. We had accounted for a dozen and a half bass by six o'clock, when, as the weather looked threatening, we came in. We went down to the lake and had our evening dip, and while there the rain began, and we had a bit of a thunderstorm, the rain lasting all the evening. This is a very pretty spot; the lake is covered with little islands, and surrounded by wooded hills that slope down to the water's edge. From this hotel, which is situated just at the end, it looks quite a small one, as several promontories jut out and hide the entire length, which is altogether about thirty-six miles. The surroundings are many of them quite historical, being the scenes of several battles in the American wars.

*Sunday, 7th.*—This morning we woke to find it still pouring, but it now (1 o'clock) seems holding up, and we are hoping for a clear afternoon.

### *American Hotel, Burlington, Lake Champlain.*

*8th August.*—The clear evening was a long time coming, and we made two or three false starts, the rain coming down again just as we were getting off, until (4.30) we at last got well away, and had a most delicious walk. We went along the east shore of the lake, the road rising gradually above it, and giving us delightful glimpses through occasional gaps in the woods. We were nearly all the time in the woods, dense with every variety of tree, and simply carpeted with all sorts of ferns. We strolled along without exactly thinking how far we were going, until we found ourselves on a rising knoll, whence we got a beautiful, though somewhat cloudy view of the lake, the best view we had yet had. We then turned our steps homeward, but, on the principle of not going back the same way, took a lower road through the woods, and rather a rougher one than that by which we had come out. The ferns, though, were, if anything, more plentiful, especially the maidenhair, which grew in *masses*; and other ferns there were which grew to a great size, and we picked one fine frond which measured about four feet by about fourteen inches across. We continued dawdling along till somebody suggested it was getting late, so, finding it past 7, we put forward our best feet, and tramped the last three miles home at a brisk pace. This morning we woke to find a glorious sunshine and bright sky, and turned out at 7 o'clock to have our farewell dip in the lake; a delicious fresh bath it was, and I never want to have a pleasanter bathing ground, or more deliciously clear water. We left the Fort William Henry at 8.45, and have had a most enjoyable day's "laking." It has been most interesting seeing these two lovely lakes on the same day. They are so totally different that it is quite impossible to compare them. Lake George is really almost like a river, as it is never more than four miles across, and it goes twisting



about through the mountains that you can never see far ahead at a time, though the entire length is thirty-three miles. Then the scenery is wonderfully broken up and varied, and keeps changing every moment. The mountains come generally right down to the water's edge, thickly wooded to the base, while now and then you have a rocky precipitous fellow rising straight up; often, too, they run out in long promontories into the lake, the shores of which consequently present quite a broken appearance, and form all sorts of little bays and nooks. The innumerable islands, too, are a great feature; of every size and description,—there are about three hundred, I believe,—from a few trees on a rock to a thickly wooded “domaine” with several houses on them, and some of them (the islands I mean) assume most fantastic shapes. Lake Champlain is connected with Lake George by a little stream which falls into the former near a village called Triconderoga. It was about a mile from this we took the Champlain boat, having traversed the five miles that separate the lakes, by railroad. We were “all aboard” again by 1 o'clock, and reached this place soon after 5. Lake Champlain is altogether on a larger scale, being 126 miles in extreme length, and 12 miles wide at its widest. By the way, I was forgetting to mention one lovely part of Lake George about half-way, called the “Narrows”—’cos why? the shores come quite close together for a few miles, and the narrow channel swarms with little isles. It then widens out suddenly, and the view, looking back, is superb. All this region is historically interesting as having been the scene of a great part of the American War. But to resume: Champlain's view is, as I have said, much more extensive, and we saw the whole most perfectly, the day being bright and clear, with a delicious breeze blowing in our faces, which was refreshing, very, and a nice change after the hot weather we have been having; in fact, it is quite a new sensation to feel *dry*. Oh, dear! this is digression No. 2, and I have been trying to say what a splendid panorama we had of the “Adirondacks” on our left, a fine broken range of mountains about 5,000 feet, and the Green Mountains further in the distance on our right line of vision, with a glorious expanse of water below, and clear blue sky above, just to keep all in good temper. This is not an interesting place, except for the view, the town being dull and dirty; and it only remains, after enveloping these sheets, to go to bed and dream of the *silvery* waters of Lake George (true and very fitting translation of the old Indian name Horicon), and the distant outline of the “Adirondacks.”

#### JOURNAL IV.

##### *Parker's House, Boston.*

*Thursday, August 11th.*—We had a pleasant excursion to the Ausable Chasm on Tuesday, leaving Burlington by 8.45 boat for Port Kent on the other side of the lake, which is here about ten

miles wide. From Port Kent we took the stage—a modification of the Lake George ones, with four jolly greys—to the Lake View House, a drive of about three miles. The Ausable Chasm is a few minutes' walk from the hotel, and is a fine wild gorge about two miles long, very narrow in places, and with precipitous rocky sides descending down to the stream, the Ausable River, which dashes through. In places the rocks are bare, and in others there are ferns and trees growing apparently out of the bare rock. It is longer and wider than the "Gorge du Trient," and altogether more *severe*. You go the last part down the rapids in a boat, most skilfully managed by two men, fore and aft, with Indian paddles. This was about the narrowest part of the gorge, and it was great fun gliding along between two great walls of rock, and three times dashing down some very tolerable rapids, where the two men keep the boat beautifully straight, though you scarcely see them move. You have to return to the hotel another way, the men having their work cut out to pull the boat up again empty, which they do by means of ropes fastened to the rocks. After feeding at the hotel, we walked down to the lake and took the boat back to Burlington, arriving about 6 o'clock. That evening we took the night train on here, and travelled very comfortably in a Pullman sleeping car. These same cars are very well managed, and very comfortable. They are not quite the same as the sleeping cars I have been in before, though the manner of letting down the beds is much the same; but instead of having several compartments, there is one long car about the length of an ordinary car, and when the beds are all made there are little curtains to draw in front, behind which you get into a beautiful roomy berth, and very airy, as the whole car is capitally ventilated the whole length. People began to turn out about 6.30 A.M., and gradually the beds were all thrown up again, and we resumed our day appearance, after a brief canter through the washing apparati, and eventually got in a little before 9 A.M., about three-quarters of an hour late. Arrived at the hotel, we made ourselves a little respectable, had breakfast, and sallied forth to look up the various persons to whom we had letters. At first we were not very successful, as everybody is out of town just now. However, we saw a good bit of the town and gardens walking about. The latter are large and very nicely laid out. The town itself, though there is nothing particular to be seen, is a fine place, with good broad streets, nice-looking shops, and beautifully clean, thereby contrasting very favourably with New York. We at last ran one man to ground in his office, a Mr. Arthur Rotch, to whom Henri had a letter, and who was most agreeable, and gave us all the information we wanted. By his direction we took a "horse car" (*i.e.*, tram) out to Cambridge, about four miles out of Boston, and inspected Harvard University. By the way, I should here mention that the horse car is quite the feature in this place; you can go anywhere in them. I can't make out how the system is worked, but it is admirable, and the number of cars you see in the

streets is astonishing. Well, ours deposited us close to Harvard, and we first went to inspect the Memorial Hall, which was put up in memory of the students who fell in the Civil War, and which has only been erected of late years. It is a fine proportioned building, but inside, the wood of course lacks age, and naturally does not "go down" after our Oxford buildings, though the people here think a great deal of it. The other buildings are very unpretending, being merely several square brick buildings, which serve as the men's rooms, or dormitories as they call them. There are about a dozen of these, each being known by the name of its founder. It is vacation time now, but we walked into an open door and saw one of the students in his rooms (he was up for some reason or other). He invited us into his room, which was a fair-sized one, and comfortably furnished, but it has to do duty for two men, as they all do. They take no meals in them, but all feed in the Hall.

After this we walked on about a mile to Mount Auburn, where the country is very pretty, and where is a huge cemetery, kept up most beautifully, and with fine old trees and flowers all about. We then resumed our horse car back to Boston, going straight down to the docks, where we got on a steamer and went out to dine at a huge hotel, one of the summer evening resorts of the Bostonians, answering to the Long Beach and Coney Islands Hotels at Long Island, New York. It is quite an American custom, and people swarm out there every evening to dine, walk about, and listen to the band. I won't say the company was altogether select, but it was a sight of itself, and as it was a lovely evening we enjoyed our hour's steamer, especially coming back, when it was a most glorious moonlight night.

This morning (Thursday) we were to have taken the steamer to Nahant Island at 9.45, but arriving at the wharf just as the boat was moving, we decided not to go by it, and postponed our departure till the next steamer, which left at 2.20. Our object in going to Nahant was to see the place, which is a charming little island, and to call on Mrs. William Amory, to whom aunt Fanny Judd had given us a letter, and whom we had been unsuccessful in finding yesterday in town. On arriving at the landing at Nahant, we accosted a gentleman as to our way to the house, upon which he volunteered to take us up in his carriage, so we all four bundled in, and were deposited by our friend, who, funny enough, turned out to be a cousin of Mr. A.'s, at our destination. Our *entrée* was rather amusing, as in answer to our appeals to the bell appeared an elderly lady, stone deaf. She put up her trumpet to her ear, in doing which she nearly knocked Henri's front teeth down his throat, and tried to make out what the four strangers wanted, but it was no use, so she had to go in and call her husband, a most charming old man, who soon found out what we were at, and went to fetch his daughter-in-law, Mrs. William A., junior, the Judds old governess, to whom our letter was addressed. She was most delighted to see us, and to hear all about the family,

and remembered me quite well as a little boy at Rickling. She was so pleased to talk about and ask after the Judds, and all the people about, besides mother and father, and other members of the family. Presently her husband came in, and we were duly introduced, and soon after, about 4 o'clock, taken into dinner. All protestations that we had just fed were useless, so we had to go in and sit down to an excellent meal, but which we should have enjoyed more a few hours later. However, luckily we had not lunched very heavily, and they were all so kind and hearty, there was no refusing. Old Mr. Amory is a delightful old gentleman of 77 years, which he carries remarkably well, and we were all charmed with him. His poor old deaf wife naturally could not be very sociable, but she made up for it by *stuffing* us as much as she could. We were quite sorry when 6 o'clock came and we had to take leave to catch the last boat back, but Mrs. William would not be satisfied till we had promised to spend at least a night at her own country place between this and Newport, on our way from the latter town. The weather has been lovely to-day—warm, but not at all oppressive, and with a delicious breeze. The bay looked lovely as we came back, with the evening sun lighting up all the coast and the little islands, and with lots of sailing vessels of every size and rig cruising about.

We hope to leave to-morrow for Newport, about two hours' rail, where everybody says we are to enjoy ourselves immensely. We are picking up lots of Yankee expressions, some of which are most amusing; but the people up here have quite a different accent to the New Yorkers, and scarcely at all "twangy." I take advantage of the "*Parthia*" sailing from this on Saturday to send these lines up to date, Thursday evening, 11th August, 1881.

I was forgetting to say that we went to Mrs. Hooker's among our visits, but she is away in New York, and the maid at the house did not know her address, or for how long she was away.

## JOURNAL V.

### *Ocean House, Newport.*

*Friday, 12th August.*—We arrived here at 2 o'clock this afternoon after rather a hot journey from Boston. We found the dinner-hour to be 3 o'clock, the regular American hotel *big meal* hour, so went and put in an appearance, and then set off on a round of visits, armed with our letters and cards. The latter were called into great requisition, as we only found one of our six people at home. This was a Mr. French, to whom we had been given a letter from Mr. Travers, of Saratoga. Our calls over, we returned to the hotel, and later on had supper. Just as we were finishing, an old gentleman came and sat himself down by us, and introduced himself as Mr. Phelps. He had come down from his house very good-naturedly, after finding our cards and letter, to see what he could do

for us, and began at once by going round to the Casino to get us tickets of admission during our stay. When he came back with them he said there was a small dance going on there, to which we were entitled to go in if we liked, and his grandson, who was there, would look out for us. However, none of us felt much inclined to go, so strolled down to the shore and sat on the rocks looking at the sea, with the moon, almost full, shedding a lovely silvery light on the water. Henri put in an appearance for a short time at the Casino, but never found the grandson.

*Saturday, 13th.*—We went round to the Casino about 11 A.M., and Harry and I had some capital lawn tennis for about one and a half hours, the courts and racquets being very fair, though the balls might have been better. There were no end of people there, most of them very smart, and among them our old friend Phelps, who introduced us to several people, and two or three of those we went to call on yesterday. Miss Duncan, too, we met there; she is on a visit to some friends. People began to go off about 1 o'clock, and being, of course, fashionably inclined, we adjourned too. Before going back to the hotel, we went down to the wharf to see if we could get a sailing boat for the afternoon. I forgot to mention yesterday that we had been recommended by Mr. French to a man called Martland, and had afterwards been down to have a look at him and his craft, and discourse with him a bit. We all took a great fancy to him, he seemed such a civil intelligent sort of man, and now we found him at home and disengaged, so booked him for 3 o'clock. It was nearly 4, though, before we got out, as we could not get any food at the hotel before the regular hour. However, we had plenty of time for a very jolly sail of two hours and a half all about the harbour, and just into the ocean, on our way back cruising in and out among several yachts which were lying at anchor. We saw a good number, the principal of which were the "Ambassadors" and "Norseman," the former the largest of the American yacht squadron, 280 tons, and both very pretty vessels. Our ship was a very good little centre board boat with one large piece of canvas. She sailed beautifully, and the skipper, too, was a very decent sort of man, and very communicative. The harbour is a very fine one, the finest in the world, if we would believe our informant Martland. Newport, indeed, was a place of some importance some time back, and in former years used to excel New York as a trading port. It is now, though, more noted as a swell watering-place, and it is certainly a very pretty spot. There is only one hotel, as everybody lives in little villa cottages, either their own or let for the season, and most of them very snug and well-kept little boxes. There seems plenty of life going on. Besides the Casino, which is very well managed and nicely built, every one has a lawn tennis court; there is polo twice a week, and also hunting, or, as the advertisements have it, "a fox hunt," two days a week. They go out about 5 P.M., run a drag for an hour about, and then let out a bold (?) reynard, who generally

survives about one hundred yards, and with whose brush, mask, &c., the bold sportsmen return in triumph, got up, I believe, quite too exquisitely in the *pinkest* of coats and the whitest of leathers. The country, they say, is a very stiff stone wall one. Well, then, for those less fashionable there is excellent sailing and fishing to be had, and delightful bathing in a very pretty little bay. We went down this morning at 7 o'clock and had a most enjoyable dip among the breakers. Another point of the place is the climate, which is charming all the year round, never too hot in summer, and yet the mildest place about in the winter. There are no end of smart turns-out, or would-be so's. But I'm afraid carriages and horses are not entirely unimpeachable, nor the driving either. We saw a man driving his team with a rein in each hand, a hand on each knee, and the knees well apart. There are a good many drags, some fairly turned out. There was one very nice stocky workmanlike lot of dark chestnuts which we noticed especially. But the extent of the drives, unless they are driving to the *meets*, is up and down the "park" of Newport, viz., Bellevue Avenue, a long broad road two or three miles long, and about 6 o'clock it is quite crowded with vehicles of every description. I was omitting to mention that on coming in this morning we found a whole pack of cards from our different friends, and two invitations for to-morrow night from Messrs. Fearing and Wetmore. These we had already had by word of mouth from the gentlemen themselves at the Casino, so naturally closed with the first comer, who happened to be Mr. Fearing. Weather continues lovely and bright, and not at all hot.

*Sunday, 14th.*—We began by a morning bathe before breakfast : church at 11 o'clock, where there was rather a crowd to hear the Bishop of New York preach. He is a very muscular Christian, and discoursed lengthily on the murder of the President in particular, and generally about American politics, Church and State. The day was warmish, so we stayed quiet till after dinner, when we went for a stroll along the cliff walk overlooking the sea, sitting down on the rocks from time to time, and returning in time to dress for our dinner at Mr. Fearing's. It turned out a very pleasant bachelor one of eight persons all told, and we were entertained most hospitably. Among other delicacies was some old Madeira about eighty odd years old, which was supposed to be a great curiosity, but which we settled must require an acquired taste to appreciate.

*Monday, 15th.*—We went off this morning at 9 o'clock with friend Martland for a day's fishing, but were not very successful, as we only caught two blue fish. Henri, however, caught a young shark, and I a big flatfish. Our fishing-ground lay up the bay, and it took us about one and a half hours to reach it, as we had to beat up against a strong wind. It was great fun, however, sailing, and Harry and I took charge of the helm nearly all the way, taking our directions from the old skipper. We anchored near a big rock, and

stayed fishing till about 2 o'clock, when we ran back nearer Newport, and took up another position for other game, and here we were more successful, and caught any amount of little fish, several flounders, and two nice bass. The little fellows we hauled up as fast as we could with a small line and hook, but we only had one of these. The big fellows, though, were better fun, and gave more sport, though the little ones wanted you to strike pretty sharp, or they merely nibbled away all your bait. We returned in about 5 o'clock, having enjoyed our day immensely. Henri and George went off at 7 o'clock to dine with Mr. Phelps, he having asked for two of us. Harry and I ate our two bass for supper, and afterwards went round to the Casino ball, which takes place every Monday night in a room built on purpose, very prettily decorated and arranged. Henri and George, with their hosts, arrived soon after us, when we were duly introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll and daughters, the daughter and son-in-law of Mr. Phelps. We also saw several other people to whom we had been introduced, and stayed till 11 o'clock.

*Tuesday, 16th.*—Harry and I went round to Mr. Phelps after breakfast for a game of lawn tennis. The Misses Carroll were there, and a few other people dropping in and out, but they were all more feeble players one than the other, though we enjoyed our hour there otherwise very much, as they are very nice people. On returning to the hotel we found two visitors waiting, one Mr. French, who has asked us to dine with him to-morrow at 3.30; the other, Mr. Willing, whom we had hitherto been unsuccessful in seeing. He now took us off to a Mr. Powell, who has a charming little villa and garden, and who is a great lawn tennis player. We found him in effect hard at play with three other very good performers. Harry and I presently joined in, and had some capital play till past 3 o'clock, finishing off by special request by a single match between us two, as they wanted to see which was the best. Harry proved himself superior by six games to four. There are three brothers Powell, and all particularly nice gentlemanly fellows, the nicest we have yet met, and we took a fancy to them. They have asked us to go in and play as often as we like, an invitation we intend to avail ourselves of—at least, Harry does. For myself, I am afraid I shan't be up to it for a day or two, as in the last game this morning I managed to sprain my ankle, which is now getting a little stiff. We were to have an invitation to a ball this evening, given by a Mrs. Warren, but the invitations have never arrived, which is rather a sell. It is to be a great affair, and all the world and his wife are to be there. This afternoon about 5 o'clock we went and took the drive of the place, a very pretty one right along the cliffs, with a nearly continuous view of the ocean and rocks. We had a very smart landau with a capital pair of horses, but a very erratic coachman, who, however, brought our necks in unbroken, which at least is something.

*Wednesday morning.*—My ankle is better this morning, and I

think a day or two will see it quite right. We have just been having a chat with old French downstairs, with whom we are to dine this afternoon. The dear man, though, has made me miss the mid-day mail, but I hope these lines will arrive in time to get on board the "Republic," sailing to-morrow.

## JOURNAL VI.

*Wednesday, 17th.*—The most "beastly" day since our departure : horribly cold east wind, and raining on and off. We went and saw the Powells this morning, but it was too wet to play tennis. At 3 o'clock we repaired to Mr. French's for a mid-day dinner, and had a very pleasant little party, quite *en famille* and unceremonious. We were to have been taken to see his fishing box, but it was so cold and wet that it was useless thinking of it. Mr. F. is a very keen fisherman, especially for bass, which run very big off this coast, up to forty and fifty pounds, and even more occasionally, and which he prefers to salmon for sport.

*Thursday, 18th.*—Another wet day for our last at Newport, though not so cold as yesterday. Still, it was fresh enough this morning early, when Harry and I went down to bathe—too fresh, indeed, for the others, who preferred their beds. After breakfast the sun came out for a bit, and we went round by appointment to the Phelps's to a small lawn tennis gathering, where the play was mostly feeble. I got out of it on the score of my ankle, which, however, is nearly well, but Harry got whipped in for two sets. He and I dine there this evening, and perhaps afterwards go to the Casino dance. We went and left a few P.P.C. cards before lunch, intending afterwards to have a sail, but the rain came down again steadily, and has continued so all the afternoon. So we went and digested our yesterday's dinner at the French's, did another P.P.C., and finally called on the Powells, where we spent a very pleasant hour or more.

## *North Conway, White Mountains.*

*Sunday, 21st.*—We left Newport Friday afternoon for Mrs. Amory's at Quincy, about ten miles out of Boston, as we had promised to stop and see her *en route* for this. We had intended starting in the morning, but Henri was seedy, so we had to postpone our departure. We tried to spend the morning sailing, but could not get a boat, so went for a walk along the cliffs instead. Eventually, we left at 3 p.m., and arrived at South Braintree Station soon after 5 o'clock. There Mrs. A. met us with her carriage, and we had a four mile drive to her house at Quincy, a very pretty snug little place, with a good bit of ground attached. They have been there five years, having bought and made the place, and built the house themselves. We were received most heartily, and had a very pleasant evening. There was a Mrs. Hadden also staying in the house, who



told us a good bit about the White Mountains, and has given us a most pressing invitation to go and see her in New York. By the way, I forgot to mention that Mr. Phelps has given us an invitation down to his place a little way from Baltimore, when we go down that way. It is a very fine place, I believe, and a nice part of the country. Mr. Carroll, Phelps' son-in-law, who lives with him, is an ex-Governor of Baltimore, and I believe Mr. Phelps, too, is a man of some note down there. At any rate, he is a very jolly old man, and was most kind and hospitable to us all. He was quite distressed that we had not had our invites for Mrs. Warren's the other night, and explained us the cause of the "muddle" there had been about it. But to resume: we left Mrs. Amory's after breakfast for Boston, where we had a couple of hours to wait before the departure of our train at 1.30, reaching this place about 6 o'clock, after a comfortable though very dirty journey. We travelled in a Pullman *parlor* car, and went through some pretty scenery, which you are able to see very well from these cars. Arrived here, we found the place very full, and they sent us from the hotel to the "Dependance," *i.e.*, a little cottage a few minutes up the village, where we have two diminutive but clean rooms. The village is just at the entrance of the White Mountains, or, to call them by their Indian name, Agiocochook, which being interpreted means "Mountain of the snowy forehead, and home of the Great Spirit." Unfortunately we have not been able to see much of them yet, as not only the forehead, but head and shoulders of the mountains are enveloped in thick clouds. The day, too, is intensely oppressive and stormy, with intermittent showers and sunshine, the sun, when it does come out, being burning. After church we went round to some stables and made a bargain for a carriage for to-morrow to take us on to the Glen House, preferring that mode of progression to the train, and stage one, especially as by this means we are able to make an earlier start.

8 P.M.—We managed to get out for a little this afternoon, notwithstanding the rain, which, however, came down on and off, and more or less ferociously all the time. We started about 3.30, began by a little lake about a couple of miles from the hotel, and continued our way through the woods to a tumble of rocks known as the "Devil's Cave," which we duly explored, and under which we sat for some time to take shelter from a heavy shower. Not quite an appropriate place, perhaps, for Sunday afternoon, but we made up for it by a visit to the *Cathedral*, a projecting ledge of rock a little way up the cliffs, which are here very bold and precipitous granite rocks. We scrambled up a little further, and got a very pretty view of the valley below, and soon made tracks home, arriving at our villa residence about 7.30. The sky looks rather more hopeful now, and we are anxiously hoping for fine weather to-morrow. Now I must off and restore exhausted nature with some of the good fare of Kearsarge Hotel.

## JOURNAL VII.

*Monday, 22nd.*—We left the hotel, North Conway, soon after 7 A.M. on a lovely morning, in our little carriage, or buck-cart, as it is called, a very simple conveyance, being simply a spring board slung on two pairs of large wheels. It is a very good carriage for light work, though you are some way from your horses. Our nags were a very spicy little pair, and took us along capitally. The vehicle was only calculated for four persons, two on two seats fixed on the spring board, and facing the horses, but we carried a boy, who sat on our baggage behind. This latter was reduced to our handbags and wraps, as we sent our heavy things on to Profile House. The drive to the "Glen House" was about twenty miles up the valley, along a moderate and mostly hilly road. At first we went through some nice open country which afforded fine views of the mountains and slopes above; later on we came to a dense wood, through which we drove nearly all the rest of the time, arriving at the Glen House about 12. On our way we had visited a couple of waterfalls, which were pretty enough, but nothing extraordinary. We should have been shorter time, but for some way had a string of carriages, including a great ugly stage, in front of us, which kept us back, as the road was too narrow to pass, and there Harry, in his endeavour to get a start after a halt, turned too short, and twisted one of the wheels, which obliged us to drive steady. However, we had plenty of time, and after a short time and slight repast at the Glen, started up for our ascent of Mount Washington, which, for the benefit of the ignorant, I may mention, is the Mont Blanc of the district, and attains a height of a little over 6,000 feet. We left our things to follow by the stage leaving for the summit at 3 P.M., and got under weigh ourselves at 1.30. There is a carriage road all the way, which is the only road, but that does not necessarily mean a good one. On the contrary, our experience of roads in this region, and I may add, almost in everywhere we have yet been, is that a road is a synonyme for a succession of "Sloughs of Despond." They might be classified under the heads of bad, very bad, and abominable, and this particular one up the mount included, I think, all three degrees. The day had been, up to this time, fine and bright, though the clouds had been gathering up since the morning, and we had a pleasant walk for the first hour, when we arrived at a very tempting path through the roads, leading to some ravine with a long name. So as we had plenty of time before us we struck down it for some little way, but failing to reach the ravine, turned back and struck the main road a little higher up. Soon afterwards we had a slight shower, which, however, passed off, and we thought we were safe from bad weather, but before long we got into the clouds, and presently more rain. Still for some time we thought it would pass off. Perhaps the "wish was father to the thought"—at any rate, the higher we got the thicker grew the clouds. We had, it is true, a few pretty peeps of the

valley, and now and then saw a bit of blue sky through the mist, but it was not for long, and presently the rain came down harder than ever, the mist got denser, and was blown in masses across the mountain. By-and-by this state of things became monotonous, and after at first keeping up our spirits by jokes (?) and musical strains (??), we relapsed gradually into funereal silence, and plodded on sullenly in Indian file, with heads bent against the pelting rain and wind!! The further we ascended the further seemed the summit, until we began to think that both summit and hotel existed only in the imagination of ghosts. At last, when we had almost made up our minds to sit down and telegraph for the hotel to come down to us, we espied a long phantom-shaped object looming through the fog. In half a minute we were in the hall of the hospice, in little more than another we were seated, or rather lying, on two beds in Harry's and my room, wrapped in huge blankets, swigging copiously of hot grog, and waiting patiently for the arrival of the stage with our dry things. I say *patiently* advisedly, for it was a necessary commodity. We arrived exactly at 6, and the stage was due half-an-hour later, but it was 8 o'clock before the welcome bags walked into our room. It is almost needless to say we did not remain altogether in *mute* astonishment at the non-turning-up of our baggage. We gave them a choice selection from our *repertoire* of classical choruses, made frequent appeals to their feelings for our missing effects, vocally, for want of a bell, and finally engaged in an amicable contention, after the manner said to be in vogue among the grizzly ursine tribe. Strangely enough, our charms were unappreciated. Indeed, they gave us distinctly, not to say very insolently, to understand that they did not like our music, but we didn't listen to them, as we thought they couldn't possibly mean it!!! Well, our baggage at last arrived, we made one spring into fresh garments, and another down to the dining-room, where to satiate our savage appetites, and soon after abandoned ourselves into the arms of Morpheus!

Tuesday morning we awoke to the fact that clouds and rain still reigned predominant, and as the extent of our view was bounded by the railway, which lay exactly three yards from our window, we determined to make use of the locomotive to carry us down to the valley on the opposite side of the mount from that by which we had ascended, and so it happened that 7 A.M. saw us grunting and shaking under full steam ahead adown the mountain side. It was a great bore having to give up our walk down to Crawford House, as it is in fine weather one of the prettiest about. But it seemed no good waiting for the sun, and still less grumbling, so we prepared ourselves to admire the wonders of the mountain railroad. This is worked on almost identically the same principles as the Rigi one, only the distance is shorter, and, I think, a good bit steeper, the grade being close upon 3,000 feet in three miles, or perhaps rather more, and in one place is actually one foot in three. In about an hour and a quarter we changed into an ordinary train, which brought us down a

tolerably sharp incline to "Fabyans," in the valley. Here we changed again, and arrived in about a quarter of an hour, *i.e.*, about 9.30, at Crawford House, a large hotel in, I should think, a pretty situation, apparently the nicest of all the hotel sites we have seen. But we never saw much of the view, as the clouds were down more or less the whole time. However, we were not to be beat by the elements, and, having got our rooms, sallied forth to see what we could. The wonder of the place is what is known as the "Crawford Notch," a narrow pass under the cliffs at the entrance of the valley, along which the train passes on its way to Conway, and so to Boston. We strolled along the road, which leads through a thick wood, parallel to the rail, but a good bit lower. On our way back (after walking on a few miles) we struck up on to the railway "track," so as to have a view of the valley. It was certainly the best place to see it, and we had some very pretty lights through the clouds. We saw also two of the most lovely rainbows I have ever seen. They were just over the valley, and exactly opposite us, so that we seemed to stand in the centre of the bow. The colouring was most brilliant, but the most lovely effect was the appearance of the trees as seen the other side of the valley, through the bow. They all seemed lit up by all sorts of delicate tints, and as if viewed through a transparent film of gauze. The valley itself is very pretty; exactly opposite us were some bare smooth cliffs, but everywhere else was one perfect mass of wood of every shade of green, and apparently as even as a carpet. It had also the curious appearance of having been scooped out from between the mountains, as there was no distinct line to say where the base of the mountains became valley. The weather continued bad all day, cloudy and showery. We got back to the hotel about 4, and then went off for a little way in another direction, but it came on to rain so steadily again that we unanimously voted we had enough wet for two days, and made tracks for the hotel.

### *Profile House.*

*Wednesday, 24th August.*—We had intended taking a carriage over the mountain for this place, but the morning looked so hopeless, with clouds completely down, that we made up our minds we should not see much, and as there was not much to be done at Crawford House, we took ourselves into the first train at 8.30, and railed on round by Fabyans and Bethlehem to this place, which we reached at 10.30. The day had not improved very much, but in half-an-hour's time we were off down the valley on our way to the famous "Flume," and gradually the clouds lifted, and gave us occasional gleams of sun, which was all we wanted, as from our road through a wild but pretty wood there was no distant view to be had. The woods, however, were most luxurious in every sort of tree, fern, and moss, but flowers were conspicuous only by their absence. About four miles down

we passed a very curious rock in a little stream, completely undermined and carved into the shape of a basin by the action of the water. In the pool into which the water fell over the rock lay a long piece of rock resembling a man's leg and foot. The leg, perhaps, was rather "skinny," but the foot and ankle were perfect, and might have been cut out by hand, so true to nature were they. A little farther in the wood, and a few minutes' walk from the road, there was a very pretty series of cascades down a tumble of rocks, which we visited, and then continued our route to the "Flume House," about one-and-a-half miles further on. Here we arrived about 1 o'clock, and after some tiffin, proceeded to inspect the other marvels of the place. The first, known as the Pool, we did not think a great deal of. It consists in effect of a pool about forty feet deep, immediately under a precipitous cliff, along the base of which a mountain stream—perhaps it would like to be called a torrent—flows, falling over some rocks into the above-named pool. The ravine is pretty, but nothing to rave in (N.B.—No joke intended), but what were interesting were some enormous masses of granite rock in the wood, with trees clinging on somehow, but how they grew, and how the rocks got there at all, was a wonder, as there was no cliff for them to have fallen from within half-a-mile, and that the other side of the stream. The next marvel to be seen was the Flume, a most romantic glen about a mile from the Flume House. It is a narrow, rocky ravine, formed, I suppose, at some time or another by some violent rift in the mountain. The lower part of the stream, which runs through, is literally paved with granite, as it has been worn so smooth by the action of the water that it is almost like a concrete bed, except in places where the water has cut away little grooves and crevasses in the surface. As you go up, the gorge narrows, the sides get more precipitous, and the bed of the torrent more rocky and broken. There is a wooden walk fixed alongside the cliff, and the chasm narrows in a few hundred yards to about ten feet across. At this point, and right at the top of the cliffs, there is a huge boulder of granite caught on its downward course between the two walls. It has a most curious appearance, and seems as if it must fall down every minute, as the walls have broken away on either side, and you can scarcely imagine how it clings at all: it looks to be hanging almost in mid air. The plank walk goes no further than this, but Harry and I scrambled on up to the top of the ravine, which here widens out again, over the rocks, and across broken trunks of trees which had fallen across. It was even almost wilder in this upper part, and great big trees and ferns seemed to grow absolutely out of the precipitous rock, while the light from above and the rich green combined to make the grandeur complete. By the time we had got back on to the high road it was 5 o'clock, and it only remained to tramp back to the Profile, which we reached without adventure. The evening lights were pretty as we walked home through the wood, and occasionally caught glimpses of the

glow of the setting sun on the thickly wooded heights. The road, however, was "abominable" most of the way, and our boots were the richer by a considerable amount of landed property before we reached the hotel. Just before getting in we stopped to examine and admire the real original *Profile* of the "old man of the mountain," whose leg we had seen in the morning. This Profile is formed of three or four huge rocks on the bare side, and almost at the top of the Profile Mount, about 4,000 feet high, and just in front of the hotel, and resembles exactly the features of a handsome man. Of course it has to be seen from a particular spot, which is just on the edge of a lovely little lake right under the mountain, and really the lines of every single feature appear so distinctly cut, that they might be chiselled out by the finest sculptor.

This district belongs to the Franconian group of the White Mountains, and is separated from the White Mountain group proper, or Mount Washington range, by the chain that runs between here and Crawford's. The White Mountains are purely a tourist resort, and there seems to be scarcely a habitation beyond the few large hotels or "Houses," and absolutely no cultivation, nothing but dense masses of wood, and here and there barren or rocky bits. People flock down to the hotels in crowds, but they are mostly a funny lot, and there can be really nothing to do after a few days, as the walks are very limited, only a few paths made to pet places in the woods, which are otherwise far too thick to penetrate. This is a very nice hotel, and a pretty little nook, but too shut in, and, I should think, very damp.

*Thursday, 25th.*—I don't think any of us wanted rocking last night, and every one seems to have found their bed very comfortable and acceptable after our walk. To-day we have been on the tramp again, and have succeeded in making a most successful ascent of Mount Lafayette, the monarch of Franconia. It is nearly 1,000 feet lower than Washington, but many people say the view is as fine, though we unfortunately cannot speak from personal experience. The ascent, at any rate to our way of thinking, was far more interesting, even putting aside the different state of the elements on either occasion. We left the hotel at 9 o'clock, and a rough bridle path led us pretty abruptly through the wood most of the way, until perhaps half-an-hour from the top, where it became bare and rocky. We soon took advantage of the open ground to leave the track, and scramble up the rocks to the summit. They call the distance three and a half miles, but I know it is nearer five from the hotel. At any rate, it took us two hours and forty minutes' steady going to reach the top. We had, on the whole, a very satisfactory view. There were clouds dodging about the valleys, but I think during the hour we stayed on the top we managed to see the whole extent of view all round. We never got a sight of Washington, though; an obstinate great provoking cloud would stick over his head. We found a man up there who had come up yesterday, spent the night

on the top under a little tent, and purposed prolonging his visit till Saturday, so as to *know* the mountain. We thought perhaps he might succeed, and wished him joy of his stay. He did not mean walking about, but merely to stay on the top and take in the view. We got down to the hotel again by 2.30, having enjoyed our walk. There is an absurd *do* of a toll of fifty cents per person for making use of the road up the mountain, though what the money goes to I am at a loss to conjecture; not to keeping up the road, certainly, as I'm sure our contribution alone would pay for all repairs, and leave a handsome profit over. Our lunch over, which, by the way, we were not sorry to get, as we had not thought the ascent was so long, and taken up no snack to fill up little holes, we strolled on down to the Echo Lake about half-a-mile from the hotel, and celebrated, as its name implies, for a good though much exaggerated echo, which a horrid boy makes resound with some excruciating notes on a horrible specimen of a horn, which he blows lustily and frequently, to the great delight of many, and, I suppose, more educated ears than ours. Well, if ignorance is bliss, 'ow 'appy they must be, as John Jorrock would say, and the juvenile performer himself also, though I'm afraid we were rather rough on his feelings in *our* appreciation of his peculiar talent. A glorious sunset on the rocks finished up a very pleasant day for our last in the White Mountains.

*Russell House, Quebec.*

27th August.—We reached this town this morning about 8.30 A.M., not more than two hours late, after a long though not tiring journey from Profile House. We started from there at 11 A.M., and, after a two hours' wait at Bethlehem Junction, got into a very luxurious parlour car, which landed us at Newport on Lake Memphramagog at 5 o'clock. As our train for Quebec did not leave till 10.30, we had some time to while away. We began by taking a boat on the Lake, and Harry and George sculled us skilfully to a spot beyond a promontory, where we were out of sight of the town, and where we had a delicious bathe. The lake itself is a very pretty one, though a hot haze impeded anything like a clear view, but the town in general, and the Memphramagog Hotel in particular, were extremely dirty-looking and uninviting. The said hostelry provided us with a very nasty meal, which, as we had only had a few sandwiches in the train, was not exactly to our taste. To improve matters, we tried a bottle of native (Californian) wine, as the other drinks did not promise much, and we had been wanting to taste what "Catawba" was like, but I don't fancy the dose will be repeated.

To-day we have been *doing* the town. There is not very much to see actually, though it is a very interesting old place, with quaint old streets and buildings, and very finely situated above the St. Lawrence. What surprised us all most is the amount of French

that there still is in the town, both in manner and language. All the common people talk French among themselves—most horrible stuff, it is true, but it seems to come more natural than English. Then the clatter-jabber and bustle the porters made, on landing (we arrived the other side of the river, and had to cross by a ferry) was most unmistakably French, and George found it most gratifying to his taste. We began our rounds by going to the Governor's, Mr. Robitailly, to whom Henri had letters. He was most civil, and has asked us out to lunch at his country place on Monday, and has got us good "state rooms" for our trip down to the Saguenay, which we do on Tuesday. It is a matter of forty-eight hours, I believe, so we shall have two nights on board. Our other people we did not find at home, so after lunch we took a carriage through the town, visited the Basilica, a hideous building outside, and not interesting in its interior. There are supposed to be some good pictures, but I suppose it was our want of appreciation which failed to detect their merit. The same remark applies to some in an adjoining chapel belonging to a religious seminary. Thence we went on to view the "Plains of Abraham," the scene of the celebrated battle in which Wolfe fell, and where there is a monument put upon the actual spot on which he was killed. There is another monument in the town to the joint memory of him and Montcalm, which we have not yet seen.

They have an extraordinary collection of carriages, especially the two-wheeled "calèches," as they are called, sort of long, old-fashioned gigs with a hood, and with a little seat over the horse's tail for the driver. The poor horses seem a wretched lot, but I don't wonder at them being pulled to pieces: the hill from the lower to the upper town is simply killing. There is an "elevator" for human beings who care to avail themselves to go up or down by; it runs on rails which incline at a tremendous angle, and is attached by ropes, and worked, I think, on the principle of an ordinary lift.

*Sunday, 28th.*—A glorious bright day and delightfully fresh after the heavy rain of last night. We drove off after church to the *soi-disant* Indian village and Falls of Lorette. The drive there of one and a half hours is not particularly amusing, along a straight and rather uninteresting road; nor does the village possess much that is Indian about it, except a few men, who are away all the year round fishing and shooting. We had lunch at a rustic inn off the most extraordinary joint of beef I ever saw, and a trifle hard by the way, some excellent potatoes and beer, besides good bread and bad butter. I don't know whether it is a feature of this part of the country, but the butter, both at this village and at our hotel here, is horrible, quite uneatable in fact, which to such bread and butter eaters as Harry and I is a great privation.

These lines leave all very well, and as we expect to be out all day to-morrow, and the mails are made up in the evening, I will close this despatch with a promise of "continuation in our next."

P.S.—I see I am forgetting to mention that after investing in



a few Indian curios, we took a shorter and much prettier drive back, arriving in time to see a fine sunset from the terrace and walls of the citadel. The view from the latter is extremely pretty, embracing a grand sweep of country on both sides of the river. The fort itself is a strong one, and in old days must have been much more so still, situated as it is on a splendid rocky position directly above the river, and commanding the passage of the river.

## JOURNAL VIII.

### *Russell House, Quebec.*

*Monday, 29th.*—We went off this morning at 8.30 to the Montmorency Falls, a pretty drive of eight miles along the left bank of the St. Lawrence. The falls themselves, too, are well worth the visit, even with the small amount of water there is now. They are at the end of the Montmorency River, where it falls into the St. Lawrence down a fine tumble of rock about two hundred feet high. You go down to the bottom of the falls by a tremendous steep flight of 367 steps, which were rather a "tug" to re-mount. The view from the top is magnificent. The river here divides into two parts to make room for the Isle of Orleans, a pretty undulating island. You are standing at the falls immediately over the north channel, facing the isle, with the mainland rising beyond, and a distant background of a fine range of hills; more to the left you see away down the river, and turning round a little more you have another fine range of hills in the distance, while "in front of you to the right" there is a splendid view of the whole sweep of the river with the harbour and town of Quebec. One sees the splendid position of them both beautifully from here, and one wonders still more that Quebec is not a more flourishing town with such natural advantages. But we have been told that this is partly the effect of the want of energy of the people of Quebec, who in this respect contrast very unfavourably with those of Montreal, who are a most enterprising lot. For instance, I may mention their having gone to tremendous expense to deepen the channel of the river up there, so as to enable big ships to go up. To give an idea, too, of the fine natural harbour there is here, the "Great Eastern" floated easily at anchor here for several days, and at all tides. The interior of the town, despite its quaintness in parts, is certainly disappointing: the streets are wretchedly kept, and poor and rough; ditto the buildings, which cannot boast a single really fine one. We arrived back at the hotel a little before 12, in time to change our things and drive off to Spencer Wood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor. We were most hospitably received by his Excellency and Mrs. Robitailly, both French Canadians, and very agreeable people. After lunch he took us all round the place. It is a nice house, with a good bit of grounds attached, in a splendid position over the river, and fine views

over the opposite shore. He was very proud of his kitchen garden, especially of an enormous gourd which he showed us, as also of his timber, which, however, is nothing wonderful, though there are some fine trees. He pointed us out, too, the spot where the English eventually landed before the battle of the Plains of Abraham, after being beaten back in their attempt at a place we passed in the morning on our way to the Montmorency Falls. The stream which they followed to get on to the heights behind the town runs right through the place, and Wolfe appeared on the plains before the French knew he had landed. Our host gave us also a good bit of information about the country, and the feeling of the present French inhabitants towards the English, &c. Before leaving, he showed us a favourite mare of his that had lately got a nasty cut just above the near hock when out at a grass. He was rather unhappy about her, as she was a great pet, and certainly a fine powerful animal, very well bred, and would make a grand wheeler in a coach, especially with her match to run with her. He said he was expecting one nearly as good, in which case he will have a pair difficult to beat, if this one is as good as she looks. She has got a dear little foal about three months old, such a jolly little fellow, and as tame as a pet dog. Soon after this we left, about 4 o'clock, after first inquiring after the President by telephone with the office at New York. Poor man! he is certainly going through a good deal, and seems now to be taking a fresh turn, after being quite given up. We walked back to the town, and spent the rest of our time before dinner in visiting Renfrew's shop, the great fur establishment. We had a very obliging man, who took us all through, and showed us some fine skins, fur coats, rugs, &c., of every sort of wild beast of these parts, and we bought some delicious warm fur gloves. Coming out from dinner we were accosted by Mr. Humphrey, a friend of Henri, who had come to look us up at the hotel. He is the manager of some new gold-mining works which have lately been started up the country. We are to go down there on our return from the Saguenay on Thursday. He has given us directions how to get as far as we can by train, and he is to meet us at the station and drive us on the remaining twenty or thirty miles to where they are at work.

*On board steamer "Saguenay," going down St. Lawrence.*

*Tuesday morning, 30th August, 12 NOON.*—We got off nominally at 7.30, really a little past 8, on a rather "misty moisty morning." But the sun has come out brilliantly and quite hot since then, and we are enjoying a delicious steam down the river. Truly it is a great river, this St. Lawrence. We took the north channel after leaving Quebec, passing consequently in front of the Montmorency Falls. The coast all the way is very pretty, well cultivated near the river, and sloping up gradually into wooded hills, which vary in height from about 2,000 feet downwards. The island, too, is very prettily

wooded and cultivated, and seems fairly inhabited. After passing it you come suddenly into the full breadth of the St. Lawrence, and begin to realise what an expanse it is. Just now we are coasting along the northern shore,—bank I can hardly call it,—and it being hazy we can only distinguish the opposite coast by a dim outline of mountains, the one under which we are passing being gradually sloping hills thickly wooded to the water's edge. Timber, by the way, is the chief trade of Quebec. The greater part of it comes floating down the river from Montreal in huge rafts, but they have quite recently begun making use of the railway as a means of ransport.

*Off the mouth of Saguenay, on our way back.*

*Wednesday, 31st August, 3 P.M.*—The weather continued beautiful all yesterday, and the scenery pretty and varying, sometimes sloping and cultivated land, sometimes more abrupt and wooded. We stopped at St. Paul's Bay about 12 o'clock, and Murray Bay soon after 2 o'clock, both on the north side. Soon after leaving the latter place we noticed some very curious appearances of some islands in the distance. It seemed a kind of mirage continually changing in form, and assuming almost phantom shapes, as if the trees were growing in the air. After Murray Bay, we gradually went over to the other side of the river, which is here about fifteen or twenty miles broad, until we arrived, at 6 o'clock, at Rivière du Loup, the biggest place we passed. Our next halting-place was at Tadousac, at the entrance of the Saguenay, which we reached about 8.30. By this time of course it was dark, and we could not see much of the entrance of the river, but the night was bright and starry, though, unfortunately, the moon was not. The phosphorous on the water was lovely, and after entering the Saguenay, was even more brilliant, while the mountains on either side, and the stars from above, were distinctly reflected in the clear water. We turned in about 10 o'clock, and all enjoyed a capital night in some very comfortable "state rooms" (Anglice, cabins) until 5.30 this morning, when we roused ourselves and got into our clothes just as we reached the end of our trip, a little village rather over a hundred miles from Tadousac, and known as "Chicoutimi." As the steamer left again in an hour, we hurried off ashore to stretch our legs and see what there was to be seen. This proved nothing very much. We struck up a road inland, but as it didn't seem to lead anywhere much, turned aside down a little road with the idea of gaining the village, which I should perhaps before have done justice to in describing as a pretty little place down by the river-side, but with nothing particular of note except a huge "Cathedral," big enough for a place with six times the number of inhabitants, and possessing a very rude and *extemporary* appearance. Well, our road did not lead as directly as we could have wished, and, as it soon came

to an abrupt conclusion, we found ourselves obliged to harden our hearts to the laws of trespass, and our ears to the frantic expostulations of a gentle lady who appeared at her cottage door in somewhat light attire, and gave us her blessing in rather a high key. But a couple of small enclosures, with about the same number of obstacles, brought us on to the high road in the middle of the village, and we shortly rejoined our ship, and started on our way home. And now we soon came to the real sight of our trip, but how exactly to describe it I don't know. It is one of those things you must see. Perhaps I may give you some idea in describing it as a huge ravine about two miles wide, with a big stream winding down among steep, wild, rocky cliffs. Wild it was in the extreme—weird, I might almost add, as a hazy sky, which only now and then allowed the sun to show itself like a big Dutch cheese, rather gave this effect, and I don't know that it was the worst light to see it in. You seemed to be miles away from anywhere, walled in right in the heart of savage mountains, with never a sign of habitation within sight. Now and then a little gully would break through at right angles, and at the bottom you might see a little oasis of grass, with occasionally a wood hut or two. But otherwise the rocks and woods had it all their way, the former running up, sometimes almost perpendicularly, to about 500 to 1,000 feet high. Still, it was not monotonous; on the contrary, it was most fascinating work, watching the different shapes and forms of the mountains, studying the different shades of the trees and rocks, and wondering how they got there. The general theory is that it was caused by a sudden upheaval of the earth, which split the earth the whole length of this great fissure, throwing up the rocky walls on either side as we see them now, the chasm so made by the rent being filled up with water. It would be a most interesting excursion for J. E. B.'s old geologist friend, who would no doubt prove a most interesting companion. I got into conversation with a man who seemed to know a little about it, and who is my authority for the above, and who got into a great state of excitement about a rock which he saw detached on the top of one mountain, and which he declared was a bit of granite, and not *gneiss*, which is the formation of all the rest. He said it must have got there by glacier action, on account of its position and rounded formation.

I must now come to quite the finest part of the river, which we reached about 12 o'clock. But here again it is quite impossible to give a real idea of what it was. I don't give quarter of the idea when I say that in one place, guarding the entrance of a large bay in the river known as Eternity Bay, rose straight up to the height of 1,800 and 1,900 feet, two huge masses of rock, one wooded more or less all the way; the other, known as Cape Trinity, almost bare rock, on one side descending *sheer* down into the water, but all broken away as if a huge piece had broken *perpendicularly* off from it; there was not a rounded piece, I don't think, on the whole face.

On the other side it came down in three huge steps, which, from a little distance when we left it, gave the appearance of three gigantic boulders being fastened together, the smallest at the bottom. The steamer eased up here to give us time to have a good inspection, and steamed slowly round the monster, afterwards giving three or four discordant shrieks on the whistle, which were re-echoed to the right and left, and gave back a prolonged growl like the roar of several wild beasts in the distance. Of course, after passing this, there was nothing very striking, but the banks still continued grand and wild, gradually lessening in abruptness until we arrived at Tadousac again at 2 o'clock. We waited here an hour, so George, Harry, and I employed it in having a short canter to see a curiosity of a church about a mile off. It was rather a funny little wooden building, but nothing very extraordinary. Still it was an excuse for a walk, and we had a jolly run across a rocky path through the wood, notwithstanding a drenching shower which came on just as we landed. We had our macintoshes, so didn't get very wet, and got to the church just in time to escape the worst, when, my word! it did come down, in a perfect sheet of water. It is now foggy and damp, but as we saw all the scenery yesterday, it doesn't so much matter.

### *Quebec.*

*Thursday, 1st September, 11 A.M.*—We arrived safely at 9 A.M.; have just been over the Laval University, where were some interesting collections of minerals, fossils, &c., specimens of Canadian wood, birds, beasts, and fishes, and a small collection of paintings. We leave at 12 o'clock to join Mr. Humphrey at his gold workings, returning Saturday, when we take the night boat to Montreal, and arrive, I hope, Sunday morning.

## JOURNAL IX.

### *On board steamer going to Montreal.*

*Saturday, 3rd September.*—We had a most interesting expedition to the gold-mining works with Mr. Humphrey, and enjoyed our two days up country immensely. We left Quebec, or rather Point Levi, the other side of the river, by 1 o'clock train, Quebec Central R.R., which landed us at 2.30 at Brance Junction. Here Mr. H. met us with his own carriage and horse, in which he took Henri, and another conveyance of the country, not a picturesque one, nor particularly comfortable, but light, which was a consideration in a rough and hilly country as this is. We had a very pretty drive of twenty-five miles to our sleeping quarters, all along the valley of the Chaudière. The road was not of the smoothest, though the high road of these parts into the States, and we bumped and jolted a

good bit. About half-way we pulled up at a little inn to rest the horses, and partake of a delicious rustic tea, after which we continued our way, and eventually reached our village of St. George, where we were to sleep, at 8.30. The last part of the road we did by moonlight, and as the night was clear, and the moon bright, the drive was delightful. The country grew wilder, too, and more hilly, so that our pace was not great after leaving St. Joseph. All the villages about here, and indeed, from Quebec, are honoured with the name of some saint. The natives are a very behind-hand people, and don't seem to advance at all. We were told they are in very much the same state as they were in the last century, and from what we saw I could quite believe it. The land is cultivated, of course, to a certain extent, but only in a patchy sort of way, as if the owners only cared just to have enough to feed themselves, and Mr. Humphrey told us that comparatively a short time ago they would throw away all their manure, being simply too lazy, or too ignorant, to make proper use of it. They are thoroughly without enterprise, or desire for improvement.

We found our inn a very decent, comfortable little place. Our rooms were not large, but very clean, and we were not long in making the acquaintance of our several beds.

Friday morning, 2nd September, we breakfasted about 7.30, and an hour later got into our carriages of the night before, and drove on about three miles to the place where our host puts up. It is simply a small cottage kept by an old Irishman and his wife, and Mr. Humphrey lives with them quite in the rough, so as to superintend the mining operations. We put up the horses, and at once went off to inspect the different works. The thing was only started in the spring, so that they have had a lot to do to get all the preparatory works started, and they are not yet in regular working order. We first went off to where they have dug the canal, which has so far been their great work, as it is this water they use for "washing down the hill" through which they have discovered the old bed of the river runs, and where they find the gold. The canal has been dug through nine miles of ground, and will be carried two miles further on next year. It is cut at a grade of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet per mile, and as the river from which it receives its waters descends 25 feet in the mile, the canal is about 180 feet above the level of the river at the point to which it is now cut. From this point the water is led down in pipes, and brought to a point on the opposite side of the river, and about 50 feet above it, where the old bed runs at right angles to the present river, and where the first operations are to take place. Well, after going to see the ditch, which is about a mile from the cottage, we came back to this place to see the actual work of washing down the land. Though the canal is cut through to the river, they have not yet got a continual flow of water enough to begin working with, but Mr. Humphrey had very kindly got enough collected, from the

various little streams which flow into the ditch, to turn on for a short time, so as to give us an idea of the way it was managed. The bank ascends pretty abruptly from the river, and they had cut an opening into it, so as to bring the pipes along. At the end of the pipes was attached a large iron hose worked on a swivel. The *modus operandi* is then simple enough, being only to turn the water on to the bed of gravel, which in this manner is literally washed down. The *débris* comes rushing down with the water in a fierce stream, and is all carried off in sluices leading towards the river. In the transit through these wooden sluices, the precious metal is left behind at the bottom, while the refuse is carried away into the river. Just at the end there is a perforated board, which allows the finer gravel, and any little particles of the gold dust, to fall through, when the latter is arrested by means of quicksilver over the boards of the sluice. But as a rule all the gold, being the heavier metal, sinks at once into the bottom of the upper sluices. Here there are a sort of light lathe hurdles placed, laid flat down, and within these the finer gravel and gold has collected. In due time this is all taken out, carefully washed and separated, and the gold put aside. The force with which the water is sent out of the hose is something tremendous, and soon washes down all before it when directed against the opposite bed of gravel, which then comes leaping and rushing down back into the river along the sluices. The size of the nozzle is either four or five inches diameter. The latter is the general size used, as it discharges a greater volume of water, and so has greater effect. There was not enough water, however, to make use of it yet, and the smaller one was on. The pressure of water in the pipes is 69 feet per cubic inch, and 85.90 at the nozzle, and the water could be sent to a distance of 200 feet, so that they can go on working for some time in one place without adding greater length of pipe. When in full swing they will continue work night and day, the men coming on in gangs for eight hours at a time, and the amount of ground they calculate to wash away in the twenty-four hours is an average of 1,500 cubic yards, or roughly, about 30 feet in length; but that of course depends upon the thickness of the lode. The whole property, which has been bought up, is 3,000 acres, besides which they have the right of way over several other bits of land through which to dig their canal. In course of time there will be a lot of these workings being carried on at the same time, but what we saw was a fair specimen of them all. The existence of gold in this part of the country has been known for about fifteen years, but it has not as yet been much worked, except where it has been found in the present stream. But to return to ourselves and our gold-digging. The hose continued playing for fifty-five minutes, when the water came to an end, and we were initiated into the mysteries of washing the gold, so as to separate it from the gravel. As a regular thing they keep the hose on incessantly for a fortnight, and then turn the water off and collect

all the stuff at the bottom of the sluices. As there was not enough to make this worth while, we just dug up a little fine gravel, and washed it in the old-fashioned cradle, a sort of rocking sieve, which leaves only a fine gravel dust with the gold. This is the original method, and a very slow one it must have been, but they now have more expeditious methods. The last part of the business is still the same, and requires great skill and patience. A certain amount of the finest sifted gravel is taken in a shallow round tin pan, and then over a stream or tank you gradually let the gravel be washed away, shaking it from time to time to let the gold settle at the bottom. Little by little the gravel becomes finer and finer, and less and less, as you continue to shake the pan and wash the coarser stuff away, until at last nothing remains but the particles of gold dust itself. You have to be very careful at this process not to let the gold float away with the gravel. Mr. Humphrey washed a panful of this gravel in this way for us, the result of his exertions being a little over a pennyweight of gold, equal to rather more than a dollar, an ounce of gold being exchangeable for eighteen dollars. Mr. Humphrey was most good-natured in explaining to us everything most thoroughly. He is the managing man, and it is he who has had the whole organization and planning of the operations. He seems a most intelligent man, and is an extremely agreeable and interesting companion. He has spent a great deal of his life in the backwoods, and I should fancy has had a good bit of knocking about. Among other things, he told us of a great walk of 300 miles he once took across an entirely unknown tract of country where no white man had ever been. He was entirely by himself, and was seventeen days over the journey, and all that time without seeing a human being, except when he fortunately struck one day a settlement of the Hudson's Bay Company, which gave him a fresh supply of provisions. The season was quite the worst he could have had, too, just in the spring of the year, when the snows were soft—so much so, that even with snow-shoes he used to sink half-way up his legs every step. With all his rough life, however, he is as gentlemanly in his manners as you could wish, and seems to have been intimately acquainted with Lord Dufferin when he was in this country, and also with Lord Lorne, of whom he speaks very highly. To return to our own doings, though. By the time we had finished our gold-digging it was 12 o'clock, and so we repaired to the cottage for dinner, which our Irish hostess served us up in excellent style. The meal consisted of a large supply of eggs and bacon, with first-rate home-grown potatoes and peas, and a very good rice pudding, drowned in some delicious fresh cream. We all did good justice to the repast, and soon after "took up our carriages" and went off to see the remainder of the canal, where the men were then at work. We continued along the road following the river for some way, and then turned short off and forded the river. There was not a great deal of water, but the bed was naturally not made for a high road,



and we bumped and jolted over the rocks in a charming way. However, we reached the other side in safety, and scrambled up the bank, and continued our way along the stream. The road was little better than a track in many places, and our livers were kept at admirable exercise. Now and then we would take an extra big bound, and be landed nearly into the middle of next week, but the concussion on arrival generally sent us back into our seats, so we retained our position in the calendar unharmed. In about two hours from the time of starting we reached a small habitation, which was the limit of the track; so here we took to our legs, crossed a field or two, and got on to the banks of the canal, and walked along it for some couple of miles up to where they were at work "putting the finishing touches" to the ditch. During our walk we were able to realise what a great undertaking it had been, as the ground is very uneven and broken, which makes it very difficult to obtain the required levels, and keep the uniform grade, and consequently many detours and windings had to be made. Then, too, two-thirds of the distance lay through a dense forest, which entailed an immense amount of labour, clearing away and uprooting the trees and brush. Still, compared with many Californian diggings, and, I believe, the ordinary run of mining works, the cost of getting the water had been a trifle. The ground which had to be cut was chiefly stiff clay, which, when thrown up on either side soon baked into famous firm banks. There was no picking at all done, all the earth being loosened by means of special ploughs drawn by six horses. Arrived at the place where they were working, we found Mr. Humphrey's brother superintending and working himself in common clothes. After watching the men at work for a few minutes, we retraced our steps, going for the first quarter of a mile in a cart through the canal, but as the vehicle was hardly broad enough for the ditch, the motion was not exactly pleasant, and after passing the worst of the mud where they had lately been throwing all the wet clay from the ditch on to the bank, we resumed our legs and walked the rest of the way back by the way we had come along the canal, where there is for most of the way a good firm track beaten. Getting into our carriages again, we did not go quite the same way home, but went down a tremendous steep bit into the valley, and across country a little, where there was not even a track to follow, jolted across the river again, and after a frantic leap up the bank the other side, and a short spin across a grass field, regained our high road again, and arrived safely at the hotel about 5 o'clock. We then strolled down to the river again to examine some of the different formations of rock along the bed, where they are hoping to find a good vein of gold. But, of course, before beginning operations they must make sure that there is a good bit of it, so they are now only "prospecting," to see what the different parts are made of, and for this purpose have to break off bits of rock and pulverise them, and then separate the gold, as it is impossible to see it in the rock when

in a solid state. About 6.30 we returned to the cottage, had some tea and very good pancakes, cooked by the old lady, and then drove back to the hotel.

Saturday morning, 3rd September, we made a start soon after 6 o'clock on our homeward journey, turning off to see some other gold mines which have been started also this year, and which are worked on a different principle, as the gold lies in a bed about 90 feet below ground, and can only be got at by sinking shafts. We had another good shaking over the road to these mines, after leaving the high road. It was rather a different class of shaking to our yesterday's experiences, as, though there was perhaps more pretence of a road, the monotony of a smooth way was charmingly broken by great bits of rock sticking their ugly noses above ground. We had one or two frightful hills to negotiate, and had recourse to our legs once or twice. Coming down hill was the most exciting, though not quite the most comfortable time, especially when cheered by the remark of our Jehu once when descending the side of a house in a series of playful bounds, that "it would be rather awkward if the pole-chains broke," a fact, by the way, tolerably patent, considering we were going right down on to a little bridge, more or less solid, which led over a tolerably big stream. I don't think the powers of our coachman would have been equal to any sudden emergency. His mode of handling the ribbons certainly did not inspire confidence, as when there was any driving to be done, he would seize a rein frantically in each hand, and holding them about three feet apart, proceed to pull and haul alternately at one or the other. Well, after three or four miles of this somewhat uneven style of progression, we reached the mine in safety, and proceeded at once to descend into the bowels of the earth. The shaft is sunk 93 feet, and we went down into it by a ladder, a rather long and decidedly dirty proceeding. There was more mud and mess for us when we got down to the bottom, and we got in a nice state walking along the tunnels looking at the men at work. Here the ground is simply picked, as in any other mine. No blasting is, however, required, and the gravel is hauled up in baskets to be washed and cleaned above ground. We returned up another shaft in the gravel basket, three at a time, and this put the finishing touch to our already "bemuddled" clothes. Mr. Humphrey now left us to return to his quarters, and Henri came into our carriage, when we drove on to the station, and reached it a few minutes before the train was due, at 12.30. One of our horses was a bit tired after his good three days' work, but the other was very fresh still. They were not exactly a handsome pair, but very good willing little beasts. Altogether we enjoyed our trip immensely, and I'm sure that if we have done nothing else we have got our *livers* into first-rate working order. By the time we got back to the hotel at Quebec we all seemed to be afflicted with a curious void sensation within, which, considering we had breakfasted at 5.30, was scarcely to be wondered

at. We soon set to work to "supply this want long felt," and at 5 o'clock were steaming up the St. Lawrence *en route* for Montreal. We had decided to go this way, as, though rather longer, it was much preferable to the train journey. There was nothing to be gained by going by day, as the scenery is not particularly striking, and as the boats are most luxurious and comfortable we had a capital night in our berths, and reached Montreal this morning at 7 o'clock.

### *Windsor Hotel, Montreal.*

*Sunday, 4th September.*—This is the most splendid hotel I have ever seen—not only for the size, but for all the arrangements and decorations, which are done in excellent taste. It has the reputation of being the best hotel in America, and so far we are not at all disappointed. Our rooms had been secured beforehand, and we have a most luxurious suite of apartments—the ones, I believe, the Governor-General always has when he puts up here. I have quite a spacious drawing-room, and Harry's, which adjoins, has a most delightful *cabinet de toilette* attached, with bath, hot and cold water &c. We went to the English Cathedral this morning, a fine building, where there was a very excitable Scotch parson to officiate. Churches are quite the rage in Montreal; you meet them at every corner. *Il y en a pour tous les goûts*—every distinction and grade, I should think. They are mostly fine buildings though. Convents, too, are a great feature in the place. There seem to be half-a-dozen of them, and large and wealthy ones too. From what we have seen of the town we are much pleased with it. It has a very gay and business-like appearance. There are some very fine private residences in the new part of the town, each standing in a little bit of ground, so as to be almost a country residence. About 3 o'clock Charley Hope came round to the hotel and took us off to his father's place, a very nice house about three-quarters of a mile from the hotel. We had already accepted an invitation for to-morrow evening by letter, and now found that we were to repair to the St. James's Club at 7.30 for dinner. On our way back we called on Mr. Gillespie and two other friends of Henri's, but without success, and afterwards returned to the hotel. Just before going out in the afternoon we had met a friend of Mr. La Montagne's, a Mr. Merrit, whom we had met at Rockaway, and he had asked us to dine at the same table with him and his friend, a Mr. Potter. So we met at 7, and spent the evening together.

*Monday, 5th.*—Just off down to the business part of the city to go and see Hope at his office. A letter from Gillespie, asking us to dinner to-night, but unfortunately we are previously engaged.

## JOURNAL X.

*Monday, 5th September.*—After breakfast, went down to see Hope at his office, stayed there a little, and then on to Gillespie, whom we found in. We were to have come back to the hotel at 12.30 to go to the Lacrosse ground with Merrit for some tennis, but about 12 o'clock a deluge of rain came down, and as it had been pouring hard in the night, we thought play would be out of the question, so spent our time dawdling up through the town. Harry and I wanted to see if some of the fruit, which was displayed plentifully and temptingly in several shops, was anything like the dozen specimens of last year's experience, so stopped at a shop and tried, but we found we had to taste a good many specimens before making up our minds. After lunch George, Harry, and I took a carriage to a convent about eight miles out of the town, to visit George's cousin *de Galz de Malvirade*, who is a *Sœur* there. She was very much astonished to see him, and trotted us round the convent garden. The convent is at a place called Sault, at the end of the Island of Montreal, and overlooks the Back River, a branch of the Ottawa, which washes the walls of the garden terrace. The drive is not very interesting, not to say, in some places, dead flat.

In the evening we had a very pleasant dinner at the St. James's Club at Hope's invitation. We sat down fourteen, the company including some very nice fellows, and altogether we passed a very enjoyable evening, and were surprised to find it 1 o'clock when we returned to the hôtel, the time slipped away so pleasantly.

*Tuesday, 6th.*—Spent most of the day with Dawson, Hope's partner, paying visits to different friends of B. and G. In the evening we dined at the Metropolitan Club, at Mr. La Roque's invitation, and met a Mr. Brown and a Mr. Prevot, all French Canadians, with whom we passed a pleasant evening.

*Wednesday, 7th.*—Scott, one of those whom we had met at Hope's dinner on Monday, came round by appointment at 11 o'clock to drive us to see the kennels. He had hoped to take us to see the first meet of the hounds, but the opening day is not till Saturday, so we had to content ourselves with seeing the hounds on the flags. Charlie Hope joined us at the hotel in his dog-cart. I went with him, and the three others with Scott in a fly. The kennels are only a little way out of the town; we found them very clean and well kept, though on a small scale. There are only sixteen couple of hounds, not perhaps a strictly even lot, but still very fair, and there were one or two really good ones. It was rather tantalising being so near to the hunting season, and not being able to see them out, as they hunt the *genuine article*, wild, and none of your nasty bagmen. Of course, they tell you it is the hardest country in the world, but of that I cannot speak with certainty. I tell the tale, &c., &c. The hunt is conducted under rather unfavourable circumstances, as the members are rather limited, and the funds proportional. We only

saw two or three of the horses, nothing very much, except one grand animal, an old favourite of nineteen summers. He was of the *multum in parvo* stamp, not very little though, in reality, as he stood nearly sixteen hands; but he was so beautifully compact, and well put together, you didn't realise what a big one he was till you stood alongside him. Coming back, we visited the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, very gorgeously decorated, and then went on to Scott's house, where we stayed a short time, and were introduced to Mr. Scott, a great Devonshire man, and now the head of Dow's brewery. At 1 o'clock we adjourned to the Club for lunch, and there found about a dozen fellows congregated to meet us. Most of them we had met last night. Among the new faces was a Mr. White, brother-in-law of the Allans (of the "Allan" line), and a very amusing fellow. After lunch we went back to the hotel to meet our friends of last night, and arrange with them for going down Lachine Rapids to-morrow. We took them up to our *drawing-room*, where we sat for a little, and afterwards went on to the cricket ground to see some lawn tennis matches, stopping on our way at Mr. Prevot's house, who "entreated us hospitably" with a bottle of champagne. There were two very fair ladies' matches at the tennis ground, but the gentlemen's were finished. We were introduced to Mr. Giddes, the President L.T.C., who had already called on us at the hotel, hearing we were tennis players, and who now rigged me up in a pair of shoes and a racquet, and became my partner in two capital sets. They were all good players, and we had some capital rallies, the ground being beautiful. The other three had gone on with Hope to his house to pick up two friends of his who were staying with him, and we met at 7 o'clock at the hotel to dine, and afterwards go to the theatre. We saw "East Lynne" acted; it was the most curious mixture of "sublime and ridiculous" I have ever seen, and I'm afraid we all behaved very badly. Of course, being out of the season, the company was not first-rate, but they have some very good artistes in the winter. I was forgetting to mention a most curious sunset this evening, the effect, I believe, of some large forest fires. I was only able to have a look now and then from my game of tennis, and it seemed as if the whole sky was one mass of burning clouds. In the morning, too, about 6 o'clock, I noticed a most curious appearance of the atmosphere. "I awoke half asleep" about that time, and thought at first there was a fire—the whole air seemed full of a yellowish red haze, and it was exactly as if you were looking through a red stained glass. This, too, I believe, was the result of the fires, but very unusual, and these same fires partly account for the stifling, suffocating heat of the last two days. This afternoon, though, it suddenly became much cooler.

*Thursday, 8th.*—A great improvement in the weather: a glorious bright, cloudless day, with a fresh breeze. Harry and I went and had a game of lawn tennis after breakfast, and at 12 o'clock took the train with La Roque and Prevot for Lachine. About twenty minutes

brought us there, and after looking round a bit we proceeded to lunch at a little inn. Afterwards, having a little time to spare, we went to Dawes' brewery establishment, and were taken all over it by the proprietor. This brought us to 4 o'clock, when the boat went across to the Indian village of "Kuadnamaga." This is one of the Indian reservation grounds, and only inhabited by Indians; but except for dark eyes and reddish complexion, there is not much difference in them. They all talk Indian language among themselves, and only a few of them seemed to have a smattering of French or English. We re-crossed the river in a large canoe about 40 feet long, manned by six natives paddling, and Big John, the chief man, and quite a well-known character in these parts, in the stern to steer. We were about fifteen passengers, and were taken across at a fine pace. We arrived again at Lachine a few minutes before the steamer for the rapids, and on her arrival all went on board, and proceeded down the river and through the celebrated rapids. I must say I was rather disappointed with these. The channel between the rocks certainly is narrow, and you require good steering to get through, but you really scarcely notice very much of a descent. We reached Montreal at 7 o'clock, rather more than an hour from Lachine, and as we were due at that hour to dine with Charlie Hope, we had to scuttle pretty fast back to the hotel, and on to Hope's house. Mr. and Mrs. H. are away since yesterday, so there was only Charlie and his two friends who had dinner with us last night, and another. They had begun to think we had been drowned coming down the rapids, but we soon showed them we had not been. After dinner we had a little "pool" and billiards, in both of which games George excelled himself by his brilliant and unexpected strokes (*pour ne pas dire "flukes"*).

*Friday, 9th.*—Went down immediately after breakfast and took farewell of Hope and Dawson, and then Harry and I went off to the tennis grounds and had one-and-a-half hours' capital tennis, as we had been given free entry by Mr. Giddes. After a few farewell calls we left by the 5.15 for this (Ottawa), arriving at 9.30, without loss or adventure, except for the loss of Harry's black hat, which, with no excuse or warning, took a flying leap off the peg and out of the window of the railway carriage.

#### *Russell House, Ottawa.*

*Saturday, 10th.*—After breakfast we started to *do* the town, which is not a long operation, as there is nothing to see except the Parliament buildings. These, however, are very fine. They are built on a fine position overlooking the river, and in a large open space. There are three buildings, the centre one, where is the actual "House," being the finest; the others on either side are different official departments. They are all very handsome stone buildings, solid and good. We only went inside the "House of

Commons," and the interior is in corresponding taste with the outside. The library, a large round building, is particularly handsome and unique in style. There is a fine terrace walk over the river, and the grounds throughout, the grass and bedding especially, are beautifully kept. This visit, and one to Notman's, the great Montreal photographer, and another to Delvin, the fur shop of the town, occupied the morning. After lunch we took a carriage to Mr. Eddy's, a great timber merchant here, to whom Humphrey had given us a letter, and we spent a most interesting afternoon going over his match and pail manufactories and timber yard. The timber yards all about here are a sight, and cover an enormous extent, and it is from here that the wood is shipped off in large rafts down the river to Montreal, Quebec, &c., as this is one of the great centres to which it is brought from the forests. Mr. Eddy sent one of his clerks with us to conduct us over his match and pail factories, which were very interesting, and we saw all sorts of machines, saws, &c. But what was as striking as anything was the match-packing, which is all done by young girls, some of whom work at an incredible pace, and you can scarcely follow their hands; they seem to be parts of some electric machinery. The timber-sawing, too, was most interesting, and we went poking about and inspecting all the different operations, as our guide had left us to our own devices, and given us leave to go where we liked, a permission we were not slow to avail ourselves of. I thought we should never get away, it was such fascinating work seeing huge pieces of timber become small planks in next to no time, and then, too, to see the different ways in which the scraps were used up, and sawn into some serviceable form; there didn't seem a bit wasted. We kept finding out fresh kinds of saws and machines as we roamed about, and it certainly was wonderful to think how, in a few hours, the largest tree might be split up, and find itself converted into pails or matches. As there was no place of amusement in the evening, we all retired early to our respective couches after a moonlight stroll through the gardens.

*Sunday, 11th.*—We went to church at 11 o'clock at the New (Christ) Church at the end of Spark Street. It is a fine building, and the singing was very good indeed, conducted by an amateur choir. At 3 we started off walking to visit Rideau Park, the Governor-General's residence. There is no one there now, as we had been told before. Lord Lorne is not expected back till the end of the month. The place is not imposing at all. The house from outside very low and ugly, though they say inside it is comfortable enough, and what we saw of the grounds were very badly kept, and in wretched, untidy order, considering what the place is. It is true they go away most of the summer, but I should have thought a vice-regal residence might have been better cared for, even in the absence of the Governor. It has been a lovely bright day, and we have been able to see a fine view of the country round from the

terrace behind the Parliament buildings. Yesterday the distance was all covered in mist, and we could not see much. Ottawa can stand a good deal of improvement before being a really fine capital. It wants "brushing up" a bit, and is some way behind Montreal.

## JOURNAL XI.

### *Thousand Island Hotel, Alexandria Bay.*

*Monday, 12th September.*—We had intended leaving Ottawa at 7 A.M., and taking the St. Lawrence at Prescott, but finding that there was no boat touching there on Mondays, as they do not leave Montreal Sundays, we took an 11 o'clock train for Prescott, ferried over to Ogdensburg, on the opposite side of the river, and there took one of the St. Lawrence line of steamers at 3 o'clock, arriving here shortly before 6. The scenery of the river up here is striking, for the number of islands which have gained for this part the name of the Thousand Isles. They begin in the shape of big rocks with a few trees growing on them, about half-an-hour after leaving Ogdensburg, and continue, I believe, up to Lake Ontario. The weather was fine, though hazy, as we passed through them, and they have quite a quaint appearance dotted about the river. After settling our rooms at the hotel, we went down and took a boat, and I sculled the other three up the river and among the islands. Afterwards Harry and I took the sculls and paddled from bows and stern, *à la* the Indian in his canoe. We coasted along under the islands, which here grew much bigger, until 7 o'clock, when we turned and got out into the middle of the stream, and drifted down leisurely with it. [Sudden interruption here, as the gas in our room, after two frantic flickerings, went clean out. Going out into the passages we found the whole place in total darkness, and people groping their way up and down until lights arrived from downstairs.] Well, I was floating down the river before this little parenthesis, and was just going to say how delicious the motion was. I might have launched forth into some romantic passages, but the rudeness of the gas has quite banished all my poetical feelings, besides which I am getting very prosaically sleepy. Ah! I knew there was something else I wanted to note, which was the splendid echoes all along the river. We were not long in finding this out, and made them resound lustily, until, I'm sure, they got quite tired of us, but it was most curious to hear the echo first quite close on one side of us, and then taken up twice over far away on the other side.

*Wednesday, 14th.*—Scene, somewhere on the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Toronto, exact position entirely unknown; state of the weather, thickest of most impenetrable fogs; views on all sides incomparably grand!!! Such, in brief, is the present state of things, not particularly exciting, but at all events novel, though a novelty, I am of opinion, which will shortly lose a great proportion



of its charm. We have now been half-an-hour on our way up the river from the hotel, bound for Cape Vincent and Niagara Falls, and have gone perhaps two miles, at a liberal computation. It was foggy when we started, but got thicker as we proceeded, until our line of vision was soon bounded by the bows and stern\* of the gallant ship that bears us; our pace became proportionally slower, as, unfortunately, a compass has not yet been invented to show you the sunken rocks in a river, in a fog; until at last we have brought up, as I write, alongside of an island rock. Here we are made fast until such time as it shall please those in authority at the weather office to remove this cloak (By Jove, its thicker than ever!), and release us from our Crusoe-like position. Our provisions, however, are, to say the least, limited, and certainly not calculated for a prolonged stay on this desolate island, so, if for these considerations alone, the sooner the afore-mentioned "bosses" wake up to a sense of their position, *and* ours, the sooner shall I and all on board be pleased.

I now change the time and scene, and will go back twenty-four hours, when both one and the other were decidedly more to our taste. We went off yesterday in a steam launch which we hired, and had a most delightful day among the islands and the fishes. Our start was advertised for 8 A.M., soon after which hour we were ready, but it was more than an hour later before our yacht made her welcome appearance. She proved a very nice one when she did come, and the fastest of her kind on the river. We steamed away merrily for one-and-a-half hours up the river, through charming scenery, on a fine fresh morning. We brought up soon after 10.30 about a mile from the Canadian shore, the river being here about nine miles wide, and began our fishing operations. We had brought a couple of boats in tow, with fishermen to match, and paired off, George and I, and the two Harry's, in our respective gigs, the steamer going off to a little creek to await our return to luncheon. Our boat was the more successful before lunch, as George and I landed nine fine "pickerel" to the others' three, trolling. At 1 o'clock we returned to the launch, and proceeded to cook some of the game we had just caught. We were not long in getting a grand blaze, and our friends the fishermen proving themselves first-rate cooks, we soon had a first-rate meal ready of fried fish, fried eggs, pork, and boiled potatoes, with excellent bread and butter, and the whole washed down by some very good Lager beer, and a capital cup of coffee. Unfortunately, when in the middle of our cooking operations, down came a drenching shower, so that they were carried on a little under difficulties. But we had lit our fire on a rock under some trees, so kept ourselves pretty dry, and the fire burning. When ready, we scuttled on board with our food, and set to work vigorously, and all agreed we had never had so good a dinner. The cravings of nature satisfied, we resumed our piscatorial pursuits,

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\* N.B.—Harry suggests *stern* fog; I say *stern* necessity.

and devoted our attention this time to the black bass, enticing them with live bait. The boats were manned as before, and this time the other crew were more fortunate, and pulled in some fine fish. George and I and our skipper caught thirteen between us, but only one fine one, and then, as they were no longer biting, went off for half-an-hour's trolling, and soon accounted for nine more "pickerel." By this time it was 5 o'clock, and as we wanted to get in before dark, we got on board the steamer again, and steamed off. We found the others had caught altogether fifteen bass, so that our whole bag amounted to twenty-eight bass and twenty-two pickerel, which quite satisfied us, and we enjoyed ourselves immensely. It was quite delightful rowing or steaming among the innumerable islands, and this part is certainly well worth a visit. The islands vary in the whole extent from a single bare rock to a length of eighteen miles, and it is difficult very often to realise you are in a river, and when going about in the little boats in "Eel Bay" it was exactly like going through a lot of little lakes. The clear blue water, too, helped to keep everything in good temper. We did not come back the same way, but kept down along the Canadian waters until we neared Alexandria Bay, when we crossed over to the hotel, arriving a little before 7 o'clock. Our fishermen, I should mention, were most respectable and obliging, but one *such* a Yankee, and it was almost too much for our feelings when he called the scenery "real elegant." This is a very crowded place in the season, July and August. Now, of course, the season is on the wane, except for sportsmen, who come here about three or four weeks later for duck and other wild fowl shooting. They say there are quantities of them. We saw one fine lot of duck. We saw, too, in the evening, a brace of partridges that had been shot during the day. But they are very different to our partridge, and a much larger bird.

We had intended going on to Toronto to-day, but finding it easier to get to Niagara, have decided to take the Falls first.

### *Niagara Falls.*

*Thursday, 15th.*—Here we are at the Falls at last. At one time it seemed as if the Fates meant to bar our progress hither, but we knew better, and were above such trifles. But to preserve the strict chronology of this memoir I must hark back to yesterday morning, where we were at fault on the St. Lawrence. A long and dreary check it was. Four mortal hours did we maintain our position, befogged and bewildered by everything that is most "beastly" in the nature of fogs. Harry and I killed a little time in catching some wretched little rock bass. At last the sun did deign to break through the mist, but of course by this time catching our train at Cape Vincent was out of the question, so we dropped back to the hotel to make a fresh start at 2 o'clock. We whiled away the intervening time on the river in a boat, fishing and bathing, and

made our second attempt to get away in clear weather, arriving in due course, *i.e.*, in about two-and-a-half hours, at Cape Vincent, where we found the train in readiness to convey us on. We had hoped to get to Niagara right away, and had been congratulating ourselves that by travelling all night we should really have lost no time. But on getting "aboard" (as we say here) we learnt to our dismay and disgust that the night train had just been taken off this week, and that we could get no farther than Oswego that night. However, there was nothing for it: we reached this very uninteresting town about 8.30, and as the railway company refused to convey us further, alighted at an indifferent hotel yclept "Lake Shore Hotel"—I suppose because it was more than half-a-mile from, and quite out of sight of, the lake. Next day the first and only train did not pass till 1 o'clock; we accordingly elected to go by this one! and had a long, slow, and uneventful ride to Niagara Falls Station. The country is extremely uninteresting here, so we could only devour our books and sandwiches, and wish for the end. We passed through several huge tracts of burnt and burning forest, but the worst is over now, and except in a few places where you see dense clouds of smoke rising up in the woods, long strips of blackened ground alone remain to tell the tale. Now and then, though, it was still burning by the side of the line, and we could feel the heat as we went through, and one time we saw a huge blaze about two miles away. The Michigan fires are now a matter of history, and the English papers have probably told you all about them. This charred country through which we passed gave one a faint idea of what they must have been, and intensifies the horrible accounts. American trains are not noted for their punctuality—at least, that is pretty well our experience. We were due to arrive at 7.10, but it was a good two hours past that time ere we found ourselves at the "Clifton House," the only hotel on the Canadian side of the river, and right opposite the Falls. Alas! there is no moon to "shed her silvery light" on the foaming water, and the electric brush, though good enough in its way, is but a poor apology. But we cannot change the calendar, nor alter the habits of the moon, with which sage and philosophical argument I beg to move an adjournment.

*Saturday, 17th.*—Well, we've done Niagara, "I guess," and notwithstanding all the cockneyism of the place, without which they would undoubtedly be more enjoyable, the Falls are a grand sight. At first the view of them is certainly disappointing: you cannot take them all in at the first glance, nor realise the vast quantity of water. The latter I almost doubt one's ever fully appreciating, but familiarity breeds anything but contempt in this instance; I might almost suggest "awe" instead. To begin, however, at the beginning, as the Chinaman said when he began at the end of his book. We breakfast about 9 o'clock, and the first news we get from the *New York Herald* is that Iroquois has won the St. Leger. What a

benefit for the Yankee journalist, and how we shall have the American victory stuffed down our throats when we get back to New York! But now we are here to see and admire the great "Shoots," with which intent we get into a carriage, and place ourselves entirely in the hands of our driver for the rest of the day. Accordingly we drive down along the river away from the Falls, and on modestly asking the great man whither we are bound, are informed it is to the "Whirlpool Rapids." Sure enough in some ten or fifteen minutes we arrived at a house, the door of the carriage is flung open, and "Whirlpool Rapids! This way, gents, please," next greets our tourist ear. We jump out, walk through the regulation store of photos, curios, &c., &c., and are confided to the charge of a small boy, who precedes us down a steep and rocky path to the water's edge, whence we are to view the rapids. Here is a wooden platform built, more photos, and a man who is anxious to take our photos, saying that we shall look so nice with the rapids in the background, or, to put it the other way, the rapids will look so nice with us in the foreground. Of course we fully endorse his view of the case, but for the present resist the temptation of being immortalised, and firmly but politely decline, for which we are, no doubt, thought great "Goths," and proceed to the more serious business of admiring the rapids. These are in effect very fine. They are some two miles from the Horseshoe Falls, and it is here the water is supposed to rise again to the surface after its jump over the Falls. There is a grand tumble and foam of water as it comes rushing down, and we are surprised to learn that the depth is 200 feet. (Mind, here and elsewhere I give the figures as the innocent tourist is taught). You know what a large mountain stream is like, curling and eddying as it rushes along? well, multiply this in imagination a thousandfold, and you may form some idea of what these rapids are like, with their great mountains of waves curling and breaking into masses of foam. We now re-ascend the cliff, still under the guidance of our juvenile cicerone, who is very communicative, tells us they have from 300 to 500 people down daily among other gossip, and delicately gives us to understand that some gentlemen give him a dollar a-piece, besides the regular tariff, but we are not bound to;—no, I should think not, nor do we. We resume our carriage, drive on a little farther, when the door is again flung open, and this time it is "Whirlpool, gents? right; this way, and turn to the left for the elevator." We follow our instructions implicitly, pausing, however, before turning to the left, to have a look at the river some 200 feet below us, hurrying along with its little crests of foam between the precipitous cliffs. Then on to the "Elevator," and down we go to the bottom of the cliff at an angle of 42°, to revel in the whirlpool. Here we see the river take a sharp right angle turn to the right, but it is in such a hurry that it overshoots the mark, and goes first all the way round a large bay before discovering its mistake. Having seen the error of its way

too late to turn back, it describes a complete circle round the bay, and then goes on its proper way rejoicing. I think this is a grand opportunity for a ground plan to explain my meaning, if the above has not done so already, so here goes; but, critical artists, please be lenient. *Voila!* Well, all this part of the river is a mass of eddies and whirling pools. We see some duck disporting themselves gaily in the trough of the water, looking very happy; we walk about for a little; we re-elevate ourselves; and finally, we again get into our conveyance, having run the gauntlet of more photos, more curios, sternly resisting all offers to buy. Our next point is the Horseshoe Falls themselves. On our way, especially as we approach, we receive again solicitations for the reproduction of our good selves in photo form, but arrive unscathed, though rather wet—as the wind is blowing clouds of spray on shore—at our destination. Here we are laid violent hands on by a man, the proprietor of a large store of the stock Niagara type—photos, birds, stones, fossils, Indian curios, in every imaginable and unimaginable size and shape; we are marshalled into a very dirty dressing-room, are told to put on some very smelly oilskin clothing, do so, and are forthwith taken across the road, down a very unromantic wooden spiral staircase, *en route* for our perilous march underneath the Falls!! Arrived at the foot of the staircase, we go in Indian file along a narrow ledge, see nothing at all except clouds of spray. “Now, gents, look up,” says our guide, a great strapping negro. We look up obediently, and are nearly blinded by a shower bath in our eyes—can’t see nothing. We now go forward a few more paces, this time in twos, as the ledge is narrower, and our guide says he can only be responsible for a couple at a time. “Look up!” says he. “Right!” say we. Result, a new and enlarged edition of the shower bath blinding process. We retrace our steps, ascend the steps, make our way through a *maddening* crowd of natives clamouring for our photograph (we begin to think we must really be four very good-looking fellows), repair to the green room, and resume our natural clothes. As we come down, in accordance with instructions received from our host, we enter the den of curios. Suddenly out pounce a swarm of charming (???) damsels, who all let fly at once. This is too much for human endurance. With one consent we turn round and bolt precipitately, pay the exorbitant tariff, and jump into the carriage like ninepins. Well, it’s all over, but our advice to those purposing to go under the Canadian Falls is, in the great *Punch’s* laconic words, “Don’t.” You see nothing, you get horribly wet, your brain is nearly turned, and last, but not least, you are “fleeced” wholesale. In fact, you pay your money, but by no means do you take your choice. Our Jehu next takes us to some little islands above the Falls, connected to the mainland by bridges. Here we are introduced to a “burning spring.” This comes bubbling out of a



rock, charged with very noxious and inflammable gases. A tube is put down into the water, and on a light being applied to the end, it burns away merrily with a clear bright light. Of course we taste the water. We know pretty well what's coming by the smell. Mother o' Moses!! concentrated essence of rotten eggs, rusty nails, and magnesia would be nectar in comparison. In this shop we find some excellent photos of the Falls, and as, strange to relate, we are not pestered, we buy. This ends the morning performance: *entr'acte* for refreshment and restoration of mind and body. We arrive back to the hotel, and reach it without interruption, save only from a proprietor of a famous museum, who invites us to inspect. We tell him "we never mix." Falls and museums are a combination not to be thought of on the same day. After lunch, or rather, dinner, we feel ready for anything again, and start off to peruse the Falls from an American point of view. We cross the suspension bridge, a beautiful structure twelve years old, and rather more than a quarter of a mile long, with a single track for carriages, and one for foot passengers. It is quite a feature in the landscape, and from a little distance seems to be hanging in mid air of its own accord. Oh! I was forgetting to say that we finished our morning by going to the top of one of the towers from which the bridge is suspended. An elevator takes us up, 100 feet above the ground, and 300 above the level of the river, and we have a good bird's-eye view all round. To go on with our afternoon tramp, though. We were first taken into "Prospect Park," which is, as its name implies, a small bit of park adjoining the American Falls, and from which you get the best view of both the American and Canadian, or Horseshoe, Falls. By the way, it is extraordinary the number of "best points" there are. In the park there is an elevator running down to the foot of the Falls. Down we go, see what we can, which is not a great deal, the wind is blowing so strong that the spray completely hides our view, and we hurry away, before getting quite soaked, up the elevator and into our carriage, which now conveys us to "Goat Island," a small isle that separates the two Falls. We go and stand by the American ones on the opposite side to where we had just been, and as the wind is now blowing from us we see them very well. The next excitement is the "Cave of the Winds," where you do actually go under the Falls. We change our garments for some regulation arrangements of a rough serge material, in the shape of a pair of trowsers and a jacket. These, with an oilskin cap and a pair of flannel slippers, complete our costume, and we sally forth down a staircase, along a path in the cliff for a few yards, and then comes the great event—the walking under the Falls along the "Cave of the Winds." This cave has been formed by the action of the water, which is dashed up from the rocks on to which it falls. We receive a premonitory shower-bath as we descend a few stairs to the cave itself, and then under we go, creeping along the narrow ledges of the cave, the water from above roaring and dashing over us, the current

of wind under the Fall, and the spray, if such it can be called, combining very effectually to take away our breath. A few long breaths, though, and we are soon all right, except Henri, who here "makes tracks." We come out the other side of the Fall, which in this bit is 100 feet across, the depth of water as it falls being calculated at 20 feet. Fancy that roaring over you from a height of 164 feet! Emerging then the other side we scramble down some rocks and have a grand view of the whole extent of the Falls. We can now form a better idea of the immense volume of water, though the volume of the Horseshoe is even greater. We see, too, some splendid rainbow effects on the spray, a complete circle of a bow. We were very fortunate, as the sun had been behind the clouds until just as we got to the bottom, when he peeped out, just on purpose, I believe, to show us this. Presently we see another bow, or rather circle, of "prismatic colours," formed outside the first: the effect, I need hardly say, was lovely. Having changed our wet things—of course we were wet through—we drive off to a point whence we get a fine view of the Horseshoe Falls. I don't think I have said these are a quarter of a mile across, though the whole arc of the *shoe* is three-quarters of a mile. It is difficult to get a good clear view of them, as the amount of spray dashed up is so thick as to obscure a great part of the actual Fall. Our next and last point is the "Sister Islands," three little islands connected together and to the land by bridges. From here we have a splendid view of the rapids, about a mile above the Falls. The river here is two miles broad, and the rush and foam of the water is extremely fine. Another thing which makes it more enjoyable is that you are here free from the annoyance and clatter of photograph mongers, bird fanciers, "*et hoc genus omne*," and can enjoy, untormented, "the grandeur of Nature unalloyed," and "far from the madding crowd";—ahem!!! (I must take a breath after that!!). It is now past 6 o'clock, "the shades of night are falling fast" (here we go again), and for the last time we jump into our carriage and drive back to the hotel; supper, and bed.

### *Toronto.*

*Saturday evening.*—We had intended coming on here by the morning boat, but on comparing notes with each other we found we all felt sorry to leave without another look at the most interesting points of Niagara, as we were just beginning to *take in* the Falls; and eventually decided to wait till the 4 o'clock boat, and have a quiet stroll round. Accordingly, about 9.30, we went off, and crossed the river above the bridge by a ferry, a large tub of a boat, sculled by one man. The stream is not very strong here, and by using the currents he put us across in a very few minutes. He told us two English gentlemen from Oxford had swum across the river here a fortnight ago, and on making further inquiries, and consulting the strangers' book, we found out (Harry and I) that we knew them

both. Our ferryman landed us at the bottom of the American Falls in Prospect Park. We did not stay long here, as we were anxious to have a good look at the rapids above the Canadian Falls. So we went straight to the "Sister Islands," and spent nearly an hour and a half there, sprawling on the rocks at different points. It was most enjoyable, as we felt we could take our time. Fancy two miles' breadth of boiling, surging water rushing frantically along, rising now in a huge wave, and then descending into an enormous trough of water! But it's no good, I can't describe it to do it justice. We then went and had another look at the Horseshoe from the American side, and after having watched the rapids close, you begin to have a slight idea of the amount of water at the Falls. But, as I think I've said, there is always a certain amount of difficulty in getting a really good view of them on account of the dense mist and spray. Some days, of course, are better than others. To-day the wind was blowing right up the river, so that the spray below the Falls was blown back, and had a very curious effect. From a little distance it looked just like a large cloud of thin white smoke curling lazily straight up into the air for several hundred feet. But I cannot give all the different effects: they sound stupid on paper, and require to be seen. Altogether we enjoyed our morning very much. We had a capital view from our hotel, the Clifton House—in fact it is the only hotel from which you see the Falls at all. It is, besides, a most comfortable hotel in every way, though not, perhaps, so large and fashionable as the American ones on the other side. We left by train at 4 o'clock for the mouth of the river, fourteen miles down, where we were to take the steamer. We had to wait an unconscionable time for the boat, and it was 6.30 before she put in an appearance, and consequently we were nearly two hours behind time on arriving at the Queen's Hotel, where we find a goodly packet from home.

*Sunday, 18th September.*—We are most comfortably housed at this first-rate hotel, and have a wonderful character of a waiter at our table downstairs, and a delightful fussy old Irish lady as our chambermaid. Toronto is a much larger town than I thought. All the streets are fine and wide, and there are several splendid buildings, shops, &c. It is one of the most rising towns in Canada, and the population has increased nearly 30,000 in the last ten years. We have just been to see Mr. Allen, Mrs. Mountain's friend, but unfortunately he is out of town just now. His son, though, was in, and received us, and showed his father's collection of birds, which is most interesting and complete. He has very nearly every specimen of Canadian bird, and all fine specimens, and beautifully stuffed. There was one especial beauty, a magnificent wild turkey, a huge bird with such a lovely plumage. He had (not the turkey) a fine Wapiti head, and an exceptionally large Moose. Funnily enough, the horns, though very well shaped, were small, or the head would have been a ra'al beauty.



*Monday, 19th.*—Spent most of the morning walking about the town, and calling upon several business connections, to whom we were introduced by letters from Hope. After lunch, took a carriage and drove to the park, nothing very wonderful, and University, a handsome stone building situated in some pretty, well-kept grounds. We inspected there a goodish museum of birds, beasts, shells, and insects, chiefly Canadian, and then drove down to the lake, took the ferry across to the island, where is Hanlan's Hotel, the champion sculler of the world, and called on Mr. Murray, a friend of Mr. White's, of Montreal. He proved a very interesting man, as he had been two or three times round the world, and amused us by some of his experiences. Came back to dinner at the hotel, and in the evening went to the theatre to see the "Banker's Daughter." It was a decided improvement on the Montreal performance, though the piece in itself was not very great. We were kept in roars, though, several times by a perfect specimen of an American tourist, one of the "I went, I saw, I came away" type. He was "killing" to the life, and once or twice we roared with laughter till our sides ached.

*Tuesday.*—Just off for Sarnia, *en route* for Lake Superior. We have made great friends with our Paddy attendant, who is very full of chaff and gossip.

## JOURNAL XII.

### *Off Sarnia.*

*Tuesday, 20th September.*—Left Toronto at 1.15, just an hour after time, and had a not comfortable journey to this place, our point of embarkation for the lakes, on board S.S. "Ontario." The seats in the car were quite the *horriblest* I ever sat in; luckily there were not a great number of passengers in it, so we were able to sprawl and stick our legs about in fancy positions, a facility I was not slow to make use of. We did not lose more than half-an-hour on our way down, so got into Sarnia only one-and-a-half hours late. Our first thought was for our ship, which was not to be found at first, but as we gathered she would not be off till at least 11 or 12 o'clock, we made our minds easy, and partook of some supper at the station. Next we strolled along the wharf, nearly broke our legs several times in the dark over hidden ropes, rails, and such-like obstacles, until at last our eyes were greeted with a steamer that we soon recognise for the "Ontario." After a little difficulty we get the steward to show us our state rooms, but neither he nor any one else can give us anything like a definite idea of when we are to start. Still, it's a great thing to have found the ship: we get our luggage checked, bring our hand-gepack on board, and, consoling ourselves with the reflection that the ship can't go without us, in course of time we seek the privacy of our berths.

*Wednesday 21st.*—Slept well? No, can't say as how I did

precisely. Went to sleep, after a good deal of persuasion, to the harmonious strains of a mosquito or two, who were most attentive; woke at intervals to hear "shrieks and sounds unholy" running about below, and occasionally the playful whine of a refractory infant. At 3.30 A.M. I hear the anchor being got up, at the same time *multo obligato* howls of the musical baby, accompanied by alternate kisses and curses from fond and stern mother or nurse, I suppose. Anyhow, the trio are not conducive to slumbers, but gradually they die away. The anchor is up, the adult voice grows quiet, and I hear stifled chokes, as though a wet towel was being stuffed down poor baby's unresisting throat. I sigh for that baby, but inwardly bless the towel, or whatever was the successful stop-gap. We are now, I suppose, fairly under weigh, steaming gently ahead. Imagine then my dismay at 6 A.M. to find we are still where we are! I think I may as well turn out, so, the cabin not being extensive, adjourn to the wash-room, and astonish two individuals by my free use of soap and water—individuals whose own morning ablutions consist in a very modest lick and a very far distant promise. I learn that during the night we have merely been cantering about to the different wharves picking up freight. Now, 7 A.M., I really believe we are getting off. There's the breakfast bell! I'm off to obey its summons.

*Later.*—I find I was quite under a false impression in thinking we were going to do anything so commonplace as start. Start it certainly was, but a false one, and we merely steamed up a few hundred yards higher to undergo the operation of coaling, which helped to while away a pleasant five hours!! At last, at 1 o'clock, we actually did get off, but it was not an exciting day. We never saw anything in the shape of land, nor were the arrangements on board altogether perfect. The cuisine leaves much to be desired; ditto the civility of the waiters and stewards; ditto ditto the cleanliness department in every form. Our meals are at 7 A.M., 12 noon, and 6 P.M., but practically the midday dinner is all we can count upon, it being a great piece of luck if the other repasts furnish you with anything that is eatable. We stopped about 7 o'clock at a place called "Gorridge," or something of that sound, and having some four hours there to pick up more freight and passengers, we went ashore to stretch our legs for a couple of hours and invest in a supply of bottled beer, there being no liquor on board except some perfectly undrinkable and poisonous coffee (or some foul concoction which they serve you up as such), a perhaps little *less* poisonous hay and water which they call tea, and some rather questionable cold water. None of these beverages somehow or other suit our tastes. We have the most extraordinary heterogeneous conglomeration of cargo and passengers I ever saw collected together. The human freight is, to say the least, not inviting, including a goodly contingent of squalling, objectionable brats, who howl all night, and keep up a frightful cackle all day. Then

down below are huddled a regular menagerie of live stock—cows, horses, pigs, dogs, turkeys, and other feathered fowl; while the assortment of cases, barrels, sacks, tubs, in every shape and description, not to mention a few odd carriages, the hull of a steam launch, and other curiosities too numerous to detail, is bewildering. If this is the best boat of the best line, what must the others be! However, we are “all right up till now,” and not *too* depressed. Indeed, we have some good laughs over the state of things.

*Thursday morning.*—A little better night last night, and *no* baby solo. We had quite a sea on at one time, and were rolling and pitching in the most alarming manner. Our glass took a headlong leap nearly into the jug, which reminded me of a certain incident about this time last year on board the “Lapwing.” Not to be without *some* midnight music, though, a thoughtful Christian was practising with a sort of sledge hammer on some very hard substance. I thought at one time it was some wretch having designs on our beer, but I see the bottles are all right. We found ourselves at anchor on waking at 6 A.M., taking in more cargo, more live stock, more cases. The lower deck is really a study, and such a delightful concert among the beasts. Now it is a trio between a cow, a dog, and a pig, the deep tones of the latter harmonising beautifully with the shrill yelp of the cur: here the cock puts in his note, but he’s lamentably out of tune. Oh dear! I thought the baby had gone ashore, but I’ve just heard the echoes awakened by *such* a prolonged note from his—little mouth. Bless (?) him!

We passed nothing to note up till dark this evening, and scarcely saw land most of the time: read, and played dominoes with George.

*Friday.*—On getting up this morning we found we had passed Manitoulin Island at 3 A.M. Soon after breakfast we got into the channel connecting the two lakes, and for about two hours steamed up a narrow channel with wooded banks, and numerous islands about. In fact, the scenery resembled the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence very much, only it was wilder. All this was a nice bit of navigation, as the actual channel for vessels is very narrow indeed, and requires some nice steering, and knowledge of the ground, though in many places marked with buoys. About 10 o’clock we suddenly came out into a large lake, with lovely wooded slopes, and broken hilly ground in the distance. Here again you want clear weather to get across, as the water is very shallow. There is only one channel which is marked out the whole way by stakes on both sides, and there is really only just room for two large vessels to pass. We have to take a long sweep round before arriving at the northern end of this lake, where we turn a sharp corner to the west, and continue up the channel. This same channel is much narrower than I had expected, and twists and turns in the most charming manner. The scenery, too, here is lovely. The sun, which had been of a rather retiring disposition

earlier in the morning, now shone out brightly, and with the aid of just a few nice clouds gave us beautiful lights on the woods, especially on the Canadian shore, where they rose gradually, or in abrupt broken ranges some few miles inland. The woods are just beginning to don their autumnal tints, so the colouring on them is quite exquisite. Unfortunately this pretty bit is passed only too quickly, though it must be owned we have not yet had cause to complain of the excessive pace of our boat, and by 12 o'clock we are through the best of it. An hour later we arrive at Sault Ste. Marie, and land first at the Canadian side. We hail the opportunity to stretch our legs ashore for an hour. There is nothing to see, but we ramble about the woods in hopes of finding something of beauty in the shape of fern or flower. We find nothing, except the carcase of a blue jay. It was evidently not long dead, and there was no apparent cause for death except want of breath; we despoiled it of its two wings and tail feathers, and with these trophies returned on board. We had been told we were to be here about an hour, but the hours wore on until three-and-a-half had gone by, when, having discharged the steam launch and a few other curiosities in exchange for some fresh specimens, we do actually move off to the other side. Here we are again informed we have "about an hour," so stroll through the town, a much larger place than its rival the other side, and so on to the locks; for it is here that Superior tumbles down some rapids, and the big lake comes to an end. Ships pass in and out of the lake by means of these locks. There are two of them side by side, senior and junior. The latter are only just finished, and have been in working order for the last month only, while their seniors have been at it for the last twenty years. They are both fine locks, the younger branch being really splendid—all worked by steam. It was while Harry and I were talking to the lock-keeper, and finding out the above facts, and others connected with them—Henri and George having gone on back to the boat—that an Indian came up and offered to take us down the rapids. We pulled out our watches, that is to say, I pulled out mine—Harry's has long since become unmanageable, so that if he did go through the operation it was only an empty form—I pulled out my watch, then, and saw we had about fifteen minutes before the hour from the time we landed elapsed. Our Indian had said he wanted a quarter-of-an-hour to take us there and back. We reflected hurriedly that the steamer had not once been off in less than double the time specified on landing. So allowing some little time for getting through locks, we said "Right!" and off we go. The Indian and his mate pick us up at a spot on the river to which the former had directed us: we jump into the canoe, and are forthwith punted up a little away along by the bank, conversing as we go—not in Indian—with our native skipper, who jabbars away at intervals in beautiful Chippewa to his companion. The rapids are not very fierce or deep, but it is capital fun when we get into the

rough water, and we don't take long to come down. On landing we espy the "Ontario" in the locks, so take to our heels and rush on board, none too soon. We had gently hinted to the lock-keeper not to be in a hurry if the boat should arrive on the scene before we did, and he was a brick, and wouldn't open the gates for a few minutes, much to the Captain's rage and indignation. It was rather a shave, but a "miss is as good as a mile," and I suppose a minute as good as a century. Why they need have been a little under instead of a long way over the mark on this particular occasion is to be put down, I suppose, to the contrariness of human nature, and the steamer "Ontario" in particular. Certain it is that we were off out of the locks not very much over the hour, and as getting through must have taken about a quarter-of-an-hour, she was off well under the hour. We emerged out on to the lake soon afterwards, but we had a very slow stage at first, going through one of these channels marked out by stakes, which are not very easily seen in the dark. It seems astonishing that in a large piece of water there should be only one narrow channel deep enough for an average-sized vessel.\* Played dominoes with George till bedtime, and got beaten.

*Saturday, 24th.*—Water, water, all around us to-day, and a thick fog, too, up till 12 o'clock. How lucky we were not to have had it yesterday. There is a strong east wind blowing pretty fresh, but as we are going before it, it doesn't interfere a great deal with the motion of the boat. The waves are pretty big though, and we might just as well be at sea for all we know to the contrary. The weather suits the condition of our cargo down below; yesterday we were beginning to wish we hadn't noses. We have christened our good ship "Noah's Ark": she is not unlike the popular imaginations of that craft, as seen in a box of toys, and I'm sure Noah himself had not a more complete collection of animals, and necessities of life, than may be seen in a cursory glance of our stores and menagerie below. The emigrants, too, who are fairly numerous, may be clearly perceived by other senses than the eyes when they are at all close. We touched Silver Islet about 8 p.m., and Prince Arthur's Landing, Thunder Bay, three hours later. It was unfortunate passing this part at night, as it is here where the scenery of the north shore is finest.

*Sunday, 25th.*—A beautiful, bright, blowy day. We kept close to the shore all day, but it is nothing much here, only a low fringe of wood, and just the same all the way, while the interesting part—the Twelve Apostle Rocks, &c.—towards the end of the lake we again saw in the dark!! The wind was dead ahead all day, and the sea—I mean lake, but it's really the same thing—was quite rough, and we pitched and rolled at times heavily, so much so that I had to be *careful of myself*, while the (stomachic) feelings of many of the

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\* We learnt afterwards this was on account of huge rocks lurking about below, in fact, this whole channel has had to be blasted.

passengers were entirely beyond their control. Eventually we got in to Duluth at 12 o'clock, but as it was too late for the Custom House officers to come down, we had to spend the night on board. The said officials were a very long time getting out of bed next (Monday) morning, and it was 8 o'clock before we were well clear of the vessel. Oh, no! I was forgetting—it was really not more than 7 o'clock by this time, but as we rose by Duluth time, it seemed later. We went straight to the hotel, had breakfast, and afterwards strolled up a hill at the back of the town to see what there was to be seen, which, amounting to nothing besides the lake, did not take us a great time. At 9.30 we were off in the train St. Paulwards. N.B.—We started punctually, and arrived well up to time at 5.30; small blame to them, I must say, as there were very few people travelling, and for some time we had the car—not *carriage*, mind you—to ourselves. The first five-and-twenty miles is extremely pretty, all along the banks of the St. Louis, and past the rapids of the same, winding along the slopes above the river, and across romantic ravines, and streamlets, crossed by slender iron bridges, where we would pull up to a walk, an extensive mass of woods rising up on the opposite side of the valley. The different shades of autumnal colouring were most varied and lovely: wanted six penn'orth o' sun for a few moments, but the article is quite out of stock to-day. The rest of the way is through an endless forest, only broken, very rarely, by small patches of marshy ground. In many places the forest near the line is a thing of the past, charred sticks being all that is left to tell the tale of former greatness. By the way, it is curious how commonly these woods are "fired" with the same idea, viz., of burning themselves. It isn't picturesque. Most of the remaining tracts we traversed, though, are very pretty, being not too thickly *tree'd*, and being, as before remarked, decked in gorgeous autumn tints, which are just now in full splendour.

### *St. Paul, Minnesota.*

*Tuesday, 27th September.*—We got under weigh this morning soon after 9 A.M., *en route* for the Minnehaha Falls and Minneapolis. The morning was lovely—bright, fresh, and autumnal—and our drive to the Falls was a very pretty one, the only drawback being the villainous state of the roads, especially when first leaving the town, and the combination of mud, fetlock deep, and any amount of holes and chasms in the middle of the road, rendered our progress slow, and our tempers cross. They certainly do sadly want to "mend their ways" in this part of the world, and here there is no earthly excuse why they should not: there is any amount of first-rate metal lying on the roadside only asking to be made use of. We reached Fort Snelling after an hour's ride, and had a look over the place. It is an old fortress, and they are now doing a good deal to repair and clean it up; the officers' quarters seemed very nice. In half-

an-hour more we arrived at the Falls, immortalised, as all the world knows, in the touching stanzas of Longfellow. For all this, though, they are not of much account. The woods, though, in which they are, are pretty, and we had a jolly scramble for about an hour among them. Minneapolis was reached about 12.30. After lunch we sallied forth to see the beauties of the place. These consist chiefly in huge sawing and flour mills, worked by means of the St. Anthony Falls, which, by the same token, are completely spoilt and monopolised by the said mills. The town is quite a young one, and promises to be a thriving place. But everybody is in such a hurry to rush after the almighty dollar, that the poor streets go to the wall. I never saw such a mass of mud and slime collected in anything calling itself a town. There has been, they say, a good deal of rain lately, but that is really not excuse enough for six inches of filth, which is the shallowest depth of this delightful composition. In one place we saw a horse standing nearly up to its knees. Poor brutes, they have a rough time of it plunging and floundering about with their heavy loads. We walked through the timber-yards, inspected the Falls, for what they were worth, and after some little difficulty in finding the office where to get a pass, proceeded to inspect one of the gigantic flour mills, the largest in the place—indeed, as we were informed, in the world. I can't say we came out a great deal the wiser for our visit, as our cicerone was not out-of-the-way explicit, but we saw masses of machinery, toiled up story after story, and swallowed several sacks of "Pillsbury's best" flour, which was highly satisfactory and refreshing. This brought our tour of the town to an end, and we drove back to St. Paul just as it was getting dark.

*Wednesday, 28th.*—After breakfast we started off to see some wonderful caves about two miles out of the town, the account of which in the guide book had fired George's imagination. Arrived at the place, we were pointed out the path down to them, and armed with a candle and three matches from a neighbouring cottage, proceeded on our voyage of discovery. Of course we began by taking the wrong path, and presently found ourselves clambering along the rocks some 20 feet above the river, with a bare track to guide us. The Matterhorn is nothing to this giddy precipice! still, we persevered, until Harry suddenly took an involuntary step nearly into the river, stopping himself, though, by the bough of a bush. Naturally I began to laugh, until the candle, the three matches, and I nearly performed a similar glissade. At length we began to think we were at fault, so Tally ho! back it is. We soon found our mistake, and as soon corrected it, arriving after a few minutes at the mouth of the cave. We didn't get very much farther. It is supposed to go some fabulous distance into the bowels of the earth, but, as we soon discovered, water barring our progress, we didn't pursue our investigations farther. I don't think I've said much about St. Paul. There's not much to note. It is a good-sized

town, very prettily situated above the Mississippi River, which we are here introduced to for the first time. It is practically the beginning of the river here, as navigation is not carried on much higher. From all accounts, too, it seems to be the prettiest part of the river. The lower part is, I believe, very flat and uninteresting as far as scenery goes.

*Potter Palmer House, Chicago.*

*Thursday, 29th September.*—We arrived here, at least at the “Depôt,” a little after 8 A.M., the regulation hour behind time, having left St. Paul yesterday at half-past one, and travelled very comfortably in a Pullman. The scenery between St. Paul and La Crosse, where we stopped for supper, is very pretty. At first through a wild and wooded country, where the rich autumn foliage is lit up by glorious sunshine, then along the banks of the Mississippi, where we have beautiful sunset lights on the country all round. Our entry into this great city reminds one rather of London, with huge factories, and plenty of dirt, and smoke, and fog, as we crawl into the station in a manner quite worthy of the L. & S. W. R. This is an enormous hotel, and as it is just the busy time for Chicago, the bustle and hustle, noise and crowd is quite alarming. At last we find our way up to some moderate rooms *au cinquième*, and then down to breakfast, and a budget of letters, which greets us at the office. We then proceed to trot about the streets in search of our different friends, going first to Mr. Pardee, a friend of La Montagne’s. He had just returned from a shooting tour up in the wilds of Wisconsin, and was very full of his success, having bagged, among other game, two fine bears. He is to look us up to-morrow morning to take us round somewhere. We then went and called on one or two others, one of whom was in a tremendous state of excitement about the “Change,” and took us off there, where he was going to transact some business. In effect there seemed to be plenty of excitement: our friend had tried to explain why to us on the way down, but he was in such a hurry that he was not very explicit, but as we were not personally interested in the proceedings, a few minutes sufficed us, and we turned our attention to an oyster luncheon house, where we had some of the most enormous oysters I ever saw. They were not proportionally good, however. After this we took a carriage and drove out along the Lake Shore drive and Lincoln Park, the latter a nicely laid out place of recreation about 250 acres in extent. On our way we stopped to visit the water-works, which are on a gigantic scale, and are, as we are informed, one of the wonders of the world. Certainly, I never saw such huge engines; there are four of them, and they pump up some 75 million of gallons into the town daily! Coming back, we find a note from Dick Gardner, saying he is in the hotel, and shortly afterwards we hear a rap at our door, and in walks



the gentleman himself. We dine with him downstairs, and are introduced to his friend and two others, one of them in authority among the hog slaughterers, who has promised to show us everything in that line before we leave. We went to the theatre in the evening—we four I mean—but the heat was so suffocating that Henri and I could only survive one act. The theatre, though, is a very pretty one, and the acting seemed very good. We seem to have got down again into hot weather, after the delicious freshness of the northerner climes. To-day has been very close and oppressive.

*Friday, 30th.*—It blew fifteen hundred great guns all night right into our window. Thought our fifth floor would come to the ground, but the morning found us still up here. It has been a regular soaking wet day, and we have been wallowing about through the blood and gore of swine and oxen slaughtered after the approved Chicago fashion. We began the morning by calling on our friend Pardee, with whom we were to have taken a drive about the town, but it was too wet; then went to see a Mr. Hempstead Washburn, to whom Henri had a letter, and whom we had not been able to find out yesterday. He proved a very pleasant acquaintance: Yankee through and through, but very kind and anxious to do a lot for us. He began by taking us for the inevitable glass of cocktail, which I have not learnt yet to appreciate, especially at this hour of the morning; but it has to be swallowed and thought exquisite on these occasions. We then went over one or two of these big blocks of houses arranged for business, &c., offices. They are certainly the most charming ones I have ever seen: large, airy, light, and altogether comfortable, and business-like withal. These blocks have been built by individuals, and are in some cases very handsome buildings outside, and if they are all as nice inside as the ones we saw, they are about as complete as you could wish to have. It is astonishing, when you see the immense long streets, and fine large houses and state buildings, to think that it is all the work of ten years, viz., since the fire. What spoil very much the look of the town are the mass of telegraph posts, with their innumerable wires, and the general smoky atmosphere. But the latter, of course, is indispensable with a large busy city. Busy it undoubtedly is, and business and hurry are most evident in everybody and thing you meet. Well, after showing us these places and a huge store—sort of “Bon Marché”—our little friend left us about 12 o'clock, and we went off to the stock yards. About an hour's drive brought us to the spot, and after some little difficulty we found out “Armour's firm,” and a certain Jim Howe, the head of the slaughtering department, to whom Schofield, one of Dick's friends to whom we were introduced last night, had given us a note. From the time you enter the stock yards, which stretch a long way and cover some acres of ground, you are greeted naturally enough with unsavoury odours which increase in intensity as you near the slaughter-houses.

But all these are quite delicious compared with the stench that meets you as you enter the buildings. It was just all we could do to prevent our stomachs breaking loose; by dint of smoking cigarettes furiously we managed to keep them in their right places until our olfactory senses got a little accustomed to the sweet perfumes, and we were able to observe subsequent proceedings more composedly. We found our friend Jim Howe duly superintending the despatch of poor piggie, while the executioner was composedly sticking his knife in quick succession into the squealing throat of hog after hog. The beasts are driven into a pen, then caught hold of by a chain, and hung up by the hind leg on to a machine in the ceiling which runs them down into the executioner's arms, who is standing to receive them; he gives them one dig in the throat, which generally does for them, and they continue their onward course for a few feet, when they arrive at a trough of boiling water. The chain by which they are suspended is slipped off, and they take a header—generally dead by this time, but *not* always—into the scalding liquid. Down this they float, during the transit having their skin removed partly by a machinery scraper, partly by hand process. Arrived at the end of the trough, they are caught up by the feet on another machine, which takes them along a little way and hands them over into the care of the “disembowellers.” These gentlemen soon perform their office, and off goes little piggie again by the hind legs, his sufferings now o’er, and is confided to other butchers. He is hung up for two days in a cool place, and then for two days in an ice house; after which he is bisected, dissected, salted, packed, &c., &c. Such, in brief, is the process which is performed daily in this one place alone—the largest—to the tune of between five and ten thousand hogs. It is a most ghastly sight—the slaughter-house—on account of the sight and smell of gore, but for the pigs themselves it is a much more merciful death than the usual *modus operandi*, as it is over at once. The men all look a nice set of ruffians, especially the sticker himself; he has a most horrid expression, and I should be very sorry to meet him unprotected in a dark alley, or several others either. They seem a great deal too handy with their knives. It is a rare *paying* affair, this pig business, in whatever grade of employment. The men can earn from one to seven dollars a day!! And as the *clear* profit to the proprietor, after *all expenses paid*, is from eighty to ninety-five cents per pig killed—*i.e.*, nearly a dollar—and the average is over five thousand a-day among the large employers, you may imagine his income is pretty considerable, and he does not take very many years to feather his nest. Well, we watched all the different stages of the proceedings one after another, under the charge of a very stupid little boy, to whose care we were committed by the man Howe, after watching the killing and skinning of the pigs for some minutes. It is rather touchy work getting about here, as besides the slipperiness and filth of the floor you have to keep on the look-out not to catch a whack over the head from the carcase of a hog as he

comes running along on the machine. The rest of the establishment is not so horrible; indeed, with one or two exceptions, details of which I need not enter into, everything is beautifully clean, comparatively, including the sausage house. When we had seen all over Messrs. Armour & Co.'s premises, we went in search of Schofield. He is in charge of another and smaller house, and one only lately started. They had killed their lot for the day by the time we arrived, of which I don't think we were altogether sorry, but Schofield took us over the place and introduced us to a few more new smells. He is not a bad sort of fellow, though a little roughened in manners, I should say, from his occupation out here. From what I gathered he "went a mucker" in the army; he was in the Royals, and came out here to seek his fortune. He is on a fair way to finding it, I should say; but I think I should have to be reduced to a very low ebb to take to this business, and go through all the cutting-up business as he seems to have done, paying though it be. We stopped a few minutes on our way back through the stock yards to witness the killing of the "beeves," which is carried on on something the same scale as that of the hogs, only the number killed is not so great—about eight hundred daily, I think. They are driven into little boxes, which just hold them and no more; then a man passes along from above, and puts a bullet into their heads, when they are forthwith dragged into the slaying and cutting rooms adjoining; the rest you may imagine. The stock yards cover a large extent of ground, some 350 acres, but the cattle are not kept long in them, as they are killed pretty nearly as fast as they arrive from their country seats. They come up long distances for this amusement, even from down in Texas, which, I believe, contributes largely. Thus ended our day of blood-seeing and stink-smelling, and we took the train at 4.30 back to the city—very glad, as we found out by mutually comparing notes, to have got over this not very edifying spectacle, marvellous though it is. As we had an hour or so to while away before dinner on our return, we went and had a look in at the "Exposition" of American goods which is held here annually for two months, and comprises a very good collection of all sorts, especially agricultural machinery. After supping with Dick Gardner and taking farewell of him—he is bound back to New York—we repaired again to the Exposition, as they call it here, with Washburn and a cousin, who called for us at the hotel by appointment, and passed an hour or two very pleasantly. The building is a small edition of the Crystal Palace in shape, and was very prettily lit up with electric and other coloured lights. The agricultural machinery and implements were, as I said, very interesting, especially the sheaf-binding machine. I had heard of this invention, which has been out about three years, and had been curious to see it, as I could never imagine how it worked. I won't attempt to explain the principles on paper, but by dint of close inspection on different machines I have now got some idea of how the knot is tied in binding either with wire or string.

Suffice it here to remark that this nice little toy will cut and bind into sheaves simultaneously some twenty-odd acres during the day. There were several different forms of machine, but the same principle nearly all through. Another delightful Yankee dodge was the folding bedstead, which shuts up into a handsome cupboard, cabinet, or secretaire in half no time, and by the touch almost of the little finger. Of course we were not allowed to separate for the night without reference to an American drink, to the discussion of which we were conducted to a bar where there was a curious collection of pictures, including a great number of old, and I should say valuable, English prints, with which the walls were crammed. We were to have lunched with Washburn to-morrow, but he has found he cannot manage to have us, as he has business to attend to in the middle of the day which he cannot put off, so we took an affectionate farewell, with interchange of cards, &c. He is a very nice fellow, and every inch a Yankee. His father was Minister in Paris some years ago, and his father-in-law is now at St. Petersburg in that same capacity, after having been at several other European Embassies; so that seems the line of the family.

*Saturday, ye Festival of St. Pheasant.*—We began the day by a visit to the "Corn Elevators," another great feature of "Chicawgo." These are immense warehouses or granaries for the corn, which is brought here in large quantities from the growing districts, stored for more or less time according to the market, and shipped off again all over the world. There are about twenty-four of them, I believe. We went to the central elevator—the largest—and got hold of a most civil and intelligent man to show us over and explain, so that we passed our time there most pleasantly, looking at everything, and watching some grain being unloaded. It was not a very busy day, but we saw enough to give us a good idea of the amount that can be unloaded or shipped in a very short time. A truck of 450 bushels is cleared in about seven minutes by two men, and as ten trucks can be emptied at the same time—query, how many bushels can be housed in seven minutes? The maximum number of trucks, too, that has been emptied and stored in a day is 360, so the ambitious mathematician may find the number of bushels. I should have said that as the grain is shovelled out of the truck it is carried up to the top of the building by means of the elevator, which is simply a revolving chain furnished with little iron troughs and worked by steam. These troughs pass through the bin into which the grain is shovelled from the truck, and so carried up to any required height to be weighed and stowed away till required. On our way back to the hotel we went to take farewell of Mr. Pardee. Before leaving we had, of course, to go through the honour of a farewell drink, and then, having secured another letter for Cincinnati, we made our bow with mutual hopes to meet again.

After lunch we went to have another look at the Exposition, having nothing better to do—besides which we wanted to inspect

some things which our friends last night had rather hurried us through. Returning to the hotel about 4, we found another Washburn—brother of our friend—waiting to pay his respects. He stayed with us one-and-a-half hours, and, I need hardly add, took us down to the bar to partake of the not-to-be-refused-at-any-price cocktail. Dear me! these Americans are very hospitable, good fellows, but I don't like their drinks in the middle of the day, and I should like them much better without them.

Packed and left at 8 P.M., *via* Illinois Central Railway, arriving, after a comfortable ride in a Pullman, at Louisville, Sunday morning at 9.30 (for 8.15).

This is not much of a place to look at, though, I believe, important in a commercial point of view. It is the great *dépôt* for the Kentucky whisky distilleries—which whisky, *par parenthèse*, I don't like at all—and famous for many things manufactured, also a pork-packing establishment.

To-morrow we hope to run down to the Mammoth Caves, an account of which will appear in our next.

### JOURNAL XIII.

*Monday, 3rd October, 1881.*—Left Louisville 8 A.M.; arrived at Cave City 11.15 A.M. This city, which is nothing more than a few houses, is distant from the caves some ten miles, and communication between the two is carried on by "stage." We found the next one did not run until 3.30, so we whiled away the intervening hours reading, writing, and eating,—it was too hot to go about anywhere,—and soon after the appointed hour started off in our stage. This conveyance proved to be a rough sort of waggon *char à banc*—not overburdened with expensive springs, and drawn by a pair of jolly grey nags. In the summer, and when there are more people, they have a four-horse vehicle—sometimes two or three, according to the passengers; but to-day there were only ourselves, so we had the more humble carriage all to ourselves. We had a very pretty drive over to the "Cave Hotel." The first part of the road was very rough, and we were shaken to pieces, but the latter part was better, and we arrived safely, without any broken bones, shortly before 6. The country is mostly wild and wooded, and very thinly inhabited, and we only passed three or four wooden cottages as we drove through a thick forest of oaks. Arrived at the hotel we find we are unfashionably late, and the only occupants of the hotel; but we don't grumble at this. We get some supper at once, and then start on our first voyage through the caves at 7 o'clock. There are two regular routes through the caves, known as the Short and Long Routes, the former seven miles, the latter sixteen-and-a-half miles long. The regular hours for the short journey are 7 o'clock A.M. and P.M.; for the other one 10 A.M.; and of course when there are lots of people

you have to go all together. But being alone of our species, we had our guide—such a nice black man—all to ourselves, which made it far pleasanter. The mouth of the cave is a few minutes' walk from the hotel. As soon as you get opposite to it you feel the cold air come rushing out, and at one place, by stretching out your arms, you can feel one hand hot and the other quite cold. The temperature inside never changes all the year round, but stands at 54° Fahr. summer and winter: the only difference being that when the temperature outside is below that, the air rushes into the cave; when above, it comes out, so that the air inside in any part is quite good. As we enter the cave, we have to fight our way through thousands of bats which are flying about in the entrance, and hanging on to the walls in swarms. These are their night quarters, and as winter comes on they retreat still further in and hibernate within the cave. Our guide remarks that the cave is well guarded with a strong "*battery*," for which we howl at him; but we find it is only the first shot from his battery of jokes, a running fire of which he pours mercilessly on our heads at regular intervals, or when we pass the pet objects on which he founds his witticisms. However, we prove equal to the occasion, and cap his jokes with superior ones, much to his amusement. He says he'll remember them all against the next party that comes round. All this time we are penetrating the recesses of the earth, down what is called the main cavern, which is the largest passage in the cave, and runs away pretty straight to a distance of four miles, with an average breadth of 60 feet, and height of 40 feet. From this, innumerable passages branch out right and left. The whole cave is not even yet entirely explored, but the aggregate length of the known walks is 125 miles. Our attentions were confined to the main cavern, and to one of the right hand branches, which exploration occupied us till about 10.30 o'clock, during which time we had tramped about seven miles underground: sometimes walking in a lofty spacious gallery, sometimes scrambling about over rocks and rubbish, sometimes going up and down ladders in places which would be otherwise difficult of access—twisting round corners, and serpentineing round dry whirlpools. In short, we were continually changing our mode of progression, and seeing new formations. The stalactites are not as a rule very beautiful, being remarkable chiefly for their great size. We saw several still in the course of formation, and it was curious to see the stalactite and stalagmite gradually approaching each other. The roof, too, often showed curious shapes and traces of the way the water had worked away the softer stone first, while the harder substance had been left standing or hanging, as the case might be. The stone is chiefly limestone, white and grey. Of course each little passage nook, promontory, rock, &c., had each their name and history attached, either with reference to the discoverer, or simply to give it a name. Thus there was Napoleon's Dome Battery, Wellington's Profile, and any amount of others. Then there was a lot of rocks and formations resembling, more or less accurately, human or other shapes. I think

perhaps the best was the "giant's coffin," which was a huge piece of stone exactly in the shape, on a large scale, of those old stone coffins which you often see in museums and elsewhere. Then there were large crevasses, and deep wells some 200 feet deep. Here our guide would throw down lighted pieces of paper to show the depth, and often burn some prepared magnesian light, of both of which he carried a plentiful supply. The effect was often very pretty. These wells often resembled the formation of a "moulin" on a glacier, and you can see quite well how the water has worked round and round just as it does in the ice. Our guide, besides his "waggishness," was a very intelligent chap. He had studied geology himself, and from that and from what he had picked up from visitors, he really knew a good deal of general information and was a most interesting and amusing cicerone. He told us, too, about the time when he was a slave before the war, and his experience in that capacity. Besides other accomplishments, too, he proved to be a first-rate ventriloquist, and his different voices coming apparently from far away in the earth, on the other side of the cave, or underneath our feet, had a very good effect. The first time he took us all by surprise, as he began without saying anything, when we were at the end of some gallery, and for just a moment we looked at each other in wonder—I expect our faces must have been rather fine.

*Tuesday, 4th.*—After an excellent night's rest, we "caved in" at 10 o'clock, on the "long route" intent. The bats, luckily, were quiet at this early hour, for which we were deeply thankful. We started down the "main cavern," as we had last night, and continued for about half-a-mile, when we struck off into other regions, and for some time went twisting and turning about in the most wonderful places: now scrambling down rude ladders, now walking along in the most break-neck positions, with our backs all bent, and our noses nearly touching our toes. We saw more and more wonderful chasms, domes, ravines, and galleries than we had seen last night; some of the "moulins" going down a tremendous depth. Sometimes, after creeping along a narrow low passage, we would suddenly come out into a large spacious hall, where our guide as before would frequently light up the magnesian light and illuminate the whole. The effect was generally grand. There was one place—talking of narrow places—which goes by the name of the "Fat man's misery," and most appropriately named it is, being a very narrow cutting about 3 feet deep, worn evidently by the water, so narrow that I could not often even stand comfortably, and so twisting that you could not take two steps in the same direction; of course we thought of all the fat men in our acquaintance, and tried to imagine them in our position. Immediately afterwards came the "*Tall* man's misery," which was still in this delightful creek, but so low that you had to go along—wriggle along, perhaps I should say—in the most crumpled attitude. Naturally we pictured to ourselves the "Magdalen Baby," and wondered what on earth he would do with his legs if ever he came here. After a bit

we came to the watery regions, where the water still flows, eventually joining the "Green River" in the outer air. Here we meet it under the various cognomens of Dead Sea Lake, Lethe, River Styx, and Echo River, all near one another, and communicating underground—I mean under other rocks, &c. Of course we're all underground. The water is in all these about 20 or 30 feet deep, I believe. At the Echo River we took ship, *i.e.*, we got into a rude sort of skiff, and were paddled to the other end of it, where it disappeared again underneath. The distance was about half-a-mile, the width varying from about 20 to 60 feet. The height was some 20 feet, except in one place where it was very low, and we had to crouch down to get through. There is a most beautiful echo, or rather reverberation, all along, which sounded quite lovely. The best effect was produced by giving three good notes of a chord. Our dear guide did this to perfection, the result being a most beautiful harmony, and it seemed just as if three fine voices were singing the last notes of a song. These waters are celebrated for their eyeless fish; we caught a few small crawfish and another sort which have no name; and true enough they had no eyes. On landing, we went through a long, rough, and twisting gallery, with curious workings in the rocks, but nothing otherwise remarkable. We stopped here to pick a bit of luncheon which we had brought with us, and then continued to the end of our tramp. We emerged soon into a wide gallery with a most beautiful ceiling of gypsum—the exudations of sulphate of lime from the rock. This is formed into all sorts of flowery shapes and curious pieces, and when lit up with magnesian light, looked splendid. The last part of the gallery, which brought us to the end of our march, is a rare scramble over young mountains of rocks, yclept very appropriately the "Rocky Mountains." On our return we came back nearly the same way, with the exception of a short cut through what is called the "Corkscrew." Here is the greatest squeezing we have yet had to do. It is simply a very narrow passage up through the rock into the main cavern, and was discovered only a few years ago by our guide himself. There are ladders in several places, and you have to pull and haul yourself through holes where you have to reduce yourself to the smallest possible dimensions. So ended our voyage underground, as the point where we struck the main cavern was only a short distance from the mouth of the cave, the Corkscrew having saved us nearly two miles, and we reached the hotel again at about 5.30. We found it had been raining hard all day, so had not lost a great deal by not seeing daylight.

Wednesday morning we started—George, Harry, and I—shortly before 8, to walk over to Cave City (about ten miles), where we were to take the train. Henri, with our traps, came down in the stage. We had a quite too delightful walk. The morning was pretty fresh, and as bright and clear as you could wish, and our road a charming one—through the thick forest of oaks. Of these there were several varieties, and we amused ourselves picking the leaves of each speci-



men to compare them together. The shape of the leaves varies immensely: one was especially curious, being like a chestnut leaf. We had heard of it before, but had never come across it, and had it not been for the acorns which we found and picked, we could hardly have believed it to be an oak. Birds and flowers we found conspicuous by their absence. For the latter, of course, it is rather late. The only feathered fowl we saw in any quantity was a very large species of hawk, and they were most abundant, hovering over us constantly. They perhaps account for the scarcity of the smaller birds. We saw, too, a very pretty dove, and one or two others whose names we did not know. They say there are a great quantity of wild turkeys in the neighbourhood, but we did not come across any. We passed the mouth of another cave, known as the Indian Cave, which extends, I believe, a considerable distance. Indeed the whole country is quite honeycombed with caverns. Soon afterwards we came to a small stall kept by a countryman, and containing specimens of stones, fossils, &c., from the caves and country round about; also a collection of old Indian flint arrow-heads, knives, &c. in which we invested to the amount of a dollar, and for this sum the man gave us permission to take as much of anything as we liked. Loaded with these antiquities, we resumed our route and arrived at the station just in time to snatch a mouthful of lunch and take the train for Cincinnati, which was reached about 8 o'clock.

*Thursday, 6th.*—Went out after breakfast to call on Mr. Kellog, of the firm of Walsh and Kellog, who put us in the way of seeing the town, and a whisky distillery, and invited us to lunch the following day. The whisky distillery we saw in the course of the afternoon, but had not a very intelligent man to show us round, the "boss" being away when we called. We went and saw also the annual exhibition—something on the style of the Chicago one, only on a larger scale, and containing a very good natural history collection. In the evening we went to see the "Rivals" at the Royal Opera House. It was played by a first-rate company, and we were kept in continual roars.

Friday morning, after a visit to Mr. Kellog, we went by his direction to Mount Adams and Mount Auburn, the range of hills on the east of the town, and sort of suburbs—Cincinnati being built rather in a hole, between two sets of hills. We went all the way by tramcar, ascending the hills by the inclined plane; the whole car going bodily on the sort of truck, which is then drawn up by the weight of a similar contrivance coming down. We returned in time for our luncheon appointment at the Club with Mr. Kellog, who entertained us in most regal style, and afterwards took us over one of the large breweries. We left that evening at 8 o'clock for New York. Arrived at Pittsburg—the Birmingham of America, and a horrid, dirty, smoky-looking town—about 8 A.M. Saturday morning, and New York about 10 o'clock in the evening. The scenery all the way from Pittsburg is extremely fine, especially the part through the Alleghany Mountains. On either side of the top of the

pass the grade is very steep, and two engines are required for about eleven miles before the summit is reached. From here you run down about eleven miles to Altoona, down the mountain side, from which you get very fine and extensive views. The whole is a fine bit of engineering, especially where you round the celebrated horseshoe curve; but I don't know that it is more wonderful than the Brenner or the Black Forest Railroad. We stopped at Harrisburg at 3.30 for luncheon, and here had our last view of the mountains and the "Susquehanna." But the country between this and Philadelphia—a distance of one hundred miles—is a remarkably fine agricultural district, and better cultivated than any part I have seen in the States. Indeed, with the regular meadows, neat fences, barns, haystacks, and houses, you might almost imagine yourself in the old country. In fact, the whole length of Pennsylvania—at least, as far as we saw it in this journey from Pittsburg—is one of the prettiest stretches of country we have seen on a railroad ride, and the line itself quite the best laid down and regulated in America. We travelled beautifully smooth and evenly the whole way.

*Hoffman House, New York.*

*Sunday, October 16th.*—Well, we have had a busy week, but as I am a week behind time, and there is nothing particularly striking to relate, I pass rapidly over the events.

Monday morning Ernest La Montagne came round, and we went down with him to Beaver Street; spent some little time there; called on Jackson; lunched at Delmonico's (A 1 oysters), and returned "up town." Exchanged our rather battered black hats for some new ones, got a few other necessities, and walked up the Fifth Avenue to the Roman Catholic Cathedral. Dined with Ernest and about a dozen others at Delmonico's, and spent a very jolly evening.

Tuesday we spent at the races in Jerome Park, which, however, did not strike us very favourably, the riding being generally very weak, though the horses were not a bad lot. Dined at Mrs. La Montagne's in the evening—very pleasant.

*Wednesday, 12th.*—Harry left by SS. "Scythia" at 9 A.M., and we saw him off in capital company, as Mr. Sam Bircham was returning by the same boat. Harry had a cabin all to himself, and as there were not many people on board we had great hopes of his having a comfortable passage. Having seen him off, we went down to Beaver Street, calling on Mr. Frank de Luze on the way. In the afternoon we called on the Duncans, Judge Brady, and Mrs. Morgan, and in the evening dined with Jackson at the Union Club, to which he had had our names put down as visitor members.

Thursday we went down to the Rockaway Hunt Races, a very pleasant little county meeting. We met a good many people we knew, and were introduced to others, and there was a goodly sprinkling of rustic folk. The races themselves were very good,

and altogether we had a very jolly day, returning to New York about 8 p.m., and dining at the club.

*Friday, 14th.*—Breakfasted at the club; went down to Beaver Street, and called on Mr. Phelps. In the afternoon went down to Ernest's, at Rockaway, for a small dance in the neighbourhood; Dick Gardner was also of the party.

*Saturday, 15th.*—After breakfast we strolled up to the Kennels, and afterwards George and I went to see Mrs. René, L.M., Henri having started off early to join Jackson in a day or two's yachting in the Bay. After lunch, we mounted our horses—George, Gardner, Ernest, and self—and rode off to Jamaica, a village about ten miles distant, to hunt with the "Meadow Brook Hounds." We threw off, about 4.30 o'clock, a field of some forty horsemen and half-a-dozen ladies, one of whom, a Miss Work, rode all through like a bird—the lateness of the hour being to accommodate the business men who came down by train from New York. We had a good run, drag and fox, of fourteen or fifteen miles, the bagged reynard surviving about three or four miles. The hounds are a fair lot, and answered the purpose of a gallop, and the sportsmen themselves turn out very correct, and ride in several instances very well. The country is entirely timber, some of the fences a good height, but all good clean fencing. I rode Pierre La Montagne's horse—not a bad-shaped one, but with three baddish splints, and a little touched in the wind. However, he carried me very well, and without a cropper; indeed, he jumped, when he chose, in first-rate style, and galloped fast too. He was an awkward customer though occasionally at his fences, and had a mouth like the trunk of a tree, and when he didn't want to jump would walk away in the most persistent style,—something, I should fancy, like Mr. Sponge's "Mulum in Parvo,"—with his nose stuck up in the the air till I could see his nostrils between his ears. It was getting dark when we ran into our quarry, and as we were then twelve miles from home, it was past 8 o'clock by the time we got home, by which time we had ridden about thirty-five miles without a break. Having scarcely ridden for nearly six months, I began to feel the saddle a bit hard the last few miles, and did not make a very graceful or active descent from my steed!! However, a warm tub and a good dinner combined a little to restore exhausted nature, and a good night's rest finished up a very jolly day. But this (Sunday, 16th) morning, on waking, I don't think I had a bone in my body that didn't seem out of place, and notwithstanding a good warm tub, I am very "pokery" in my action. I don't like sitting down, I don't like getting up; I don't like walking, and I don't like standing still or stooping; while my shoulders and neck share the same sentiments. Still, these trifling ills of the flesh aside, we spent a most agreeable day with Ernest and his wife at Rockaway, the weather being more suitable to midsummer. Luckily, it was not hot yesterday, but a bright cool day, with a fresh breeze blowing. We came up here at 5 o'clock, with Pierre and another gentleman.

*Tuesday, 18th.*—After breakfasting at the club we went down town, called on Frank de Luze, whom we found at home, or rather in the office; had some luncheon with Ernest at Delmonico's, and went to Beaver Street for some little time. On our way back, left cards on Mr. Phelps, and called at Mrs. La Montagne's, returning to the hotel to pack preparatory to starting for Baltimore at 10 P.M.

## JOURNAL XIV.

### *Mount Vernon Hotel, Baltimore.*

*Tuesday, 18th.*—Arrived here 6 A.M. Lovely morning. From what we have seen of the town it looks charmingly clean and comfortable. While we were at breakfast Mr. Morris was announced as waiting to see us. It was he who had had us put down for the Maryland Club, and he now trotted us off there; took us on to the Jockey Club, and got us visitors' tickets for the Grand Stand and Club House, and after pointing us out some other points of interest, and introducing us to two or three other men whom we met, left us to return to the hotel. He was a very fussy, chatty little party, and seemed most anxious to make the most of his town and our stay in it. I was almost forgetting to mention his having taken us into the house of "Mr." Bonaparte, the grandson of Jerome (brother of the first emperor), by his first wife, Miss Paterson—which marriage was, I believe, not allowed by the emperor. The son by that marriage built the house now used by the family, which contains some very good portraits and busts of the Napoleon family. Unfortunately, some of the busts were covered up in summer garb still. They are by Canova, and are supposed to be very good, and it was these we had chiefly been taken to see. We went off to the races at Pimlico, about six miles out of the town, by train at 12.30. The morning had been boiling hot, as in midsummer, but just as we got on to the course down came a pelting thunder-shower, which was grateful, as it cooled the air and laid the dust. There was some very good racing, and one or two of the crack American horses were running. The course, too, is a pretty one, much larger than Jerome Park, and altogether more like an English race meeting, with quite a good sprinkling of carriages, and a fair amount of rank and fashion, but not so much as usual, as the people have kept to the country later this year on account of the hot autumn. We lunched at the Club House, and later on, strolling among the carriages, came across Mr. Carroll and one of his daughters, and another lady whom we had met at Newport. He has asked us to go down with him to his country place to-morrow, so of course we have said "Barkis was willing." There was one steeplechase, rather mild, to terminate the proceedings, but the, to us, most interesting, or at all events most novel event, was the "Two-mile heats," which is quite an American institution. It is very rough upon the horses, I think, as sometimes

they have to run as much as twenty miles in various heats one after another until the contest is decided. The winner is the winner of the best of five heats, which are one, two, or four miles long, and are run at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes. Naturally, this does not give much breathing time, and as the same horse does not always win his three heats straight off, though the same horses run every time, they have often several severe races one after another, which is, I think, rather too hard upon the horse. We got back to town about 6 o'clock, and adjourned to the club to dinner,—at which repast, by the way, we eat some excellent mallard duck,—and returned to the hotel to bed early.

*"The Manor."*

*Wednesday, 19th.*—We breakfasted at the club, and afterwards called on a Mr. Voss, who was not at home; and on a Mr. Bruce, who was. This same gentleman seemed very nice, and has promised to show us the country around when we return to Baltimore. He took us also to call on the British Consul, a Mr. Donahue, a Kildare man, but he had just left for the races. So, after the regulation cocktail with Mr. Bruce, we returned to the hotel to get ready for our departure to this place—"The Manor." We met Mr. and Miss Carroll and Miss Ogden at the station, and came on with them. The train goes as far as Ellicott City, about ten miles, and from there it is a six-mile drive through a pretty, rolling, wooded country, and along a good, though hilly, road. We came over in two "buggies," the baggage finding its way over in a cart. This is a most delightful place. It is even nicer than I had expected from all that I had heard, and in the few hours we have been here I feel quite in love with it. It is one of the few old properties that have remained in the family since the war of secession, as the greater part of them have fallen into decay and ruin, or been broken up through the inability of the owners to keep them up, so many of the Southerners having been completely ruined. The original grant was to the present Mr. Carroll's great-great-grandfather, in 1640, so that it is now in the fifth generation of the family, which is of Irish extraction, the above-named ancestor having hailed from the Emerald Isle. The whole estate, some 14,000 acres, has been kept in the family through all the "troubled times," with the exception, I think, of a few hundred acres, and Mr. Carroll, our friend, has most of it in his own hands, with the house. The house is a regular quaint, old-fashioned place; some of it has been added to and restored, but the dining-room and a great part of it is just as it was rather more than a century ago, when built by Mr. Carroll's great-grandfather. This man seems to have been the "star" of the family, and was one of those who signed the Independence—indeed, he was the last survivor of them, dying only in 1820, at the age of ninety-six. The Carroll family too, I think, held important positions in the last war, and Mr. Carroll

himself lost his brother and other relations in the cause of the South, to which Maryland belonged. There is a fine open park in front of the house, backed by some fine undulating woodland country; while just round the house, both in front and in the garden behind, are some grand specimens of old trees, especially elm, cedar, American pine, and boxwood. There is also the largest weeping willow I ever saw in the garden, a splendid old tree; we got a tape and measured it: 13 feet 6 inches round. Soon after arriving, after walking about and admiring the garden, trees, &c., we adjourned to the tennis ground, and had some very mild play. In the evening, after dinner, there was a little "dumb-crambo" proposed and executed, which caused some amusement, especially when, trying to act "nag," I nearly kicked the coachman's eye out.

*Thursday, 20th.*—Mr. Carroll took us down to the "Quarters," as they are called; in other words, the farm buildings and the houses that were built formerly for the slave retinue of the property. These, with the barns, stables, &c., all date from about the same time, or about a century ago. Afterwards we came and had some tennis with the young ladies till lunch time, and then about a quarter-past 3 we split up into three parties to go and see the country. There were two carriage-loads, which both went in different directions, while the third detachment, consisting of Miss Ogden and myself, took another route on horseback. We had a very jolly ride of about three hours, through some lovely woods. The country is very pretty, wooded and hilly, or rather undulating, as none of the hills are very high or steep, while it is just "rolling" enough to give some beautiful views. It was a glorious bright autumn day, and the foliage of the woods was quite perfect. I must not omit a good word for our nags, which, though nothing very wonderful to look at, were good free goers, enjoying a gallop along the soft roads as much as we did.

*Friday, 21st.*—Another perfect day. We have certainly been favoured with the weather; and it is most enjoyable spending a few quiet days out here in the country. The family are very nice, making us feel quite at home, and leaving us to ourselves as much or as little as we like, and these lovely days in this jolly old place are most enjoyable. George and I had a game of lawn tennis after breakfast, in which he distinguished himself greatly. He is becoming quite the lawn tennis player, so that I shall have to look out for my laurels, or he will be cutting me out in this department!! About 11.30 he went out riding with Miss Carroll, and until lunch time we others read, wrote, and lounged. After lunch we had some tennis, and walked about the place, and in the evening there were some people to dinner, including Mr. Brown, the M.F.H., who put up here for the night with his hounds—at least, the hounds were down at the farm preparatory to the hunt to-morrow.

*Saturday, 22nd.*—We were supposed to have met at 8 o'clock, but it was a good bit past that before we eventually threw off in the woods behind the house. We got on the line of a fox at once, but

it was too dry to do anything. Most of the field, too, got thrown out early in the day, and we had a long ride all to ourselves, looking for the hounds. At length we found ourselves back at the house, and there learnt the direction in which they had gone. We soon afterwards fell in with them, but on our way we met a most unmistakable "bagman" just let out. Of course we were supposed to know nothing about his last resting-place, but it was a generally known secret. Anyhow, the hounds were before long hallooed on to his line, and did not take a great time to run into the poor varmint in a little copse. George and I were duly presented with a pad, which we accepted with appropriate pride. We then went to draw another covert, but though they owned the line of something almost immediately, it was much too dry and dusty for anything like scent, and about 11 o'clock we had perforce to give it up. We had had a nice ride and a little fencing, which our hunters negotiated very well. I rode the one I rode on Thursday, and he went capitally, and though he would occasionally make a great noise against the timber rails, he would jump beautifully sometimes. The Master, his father, and another man, were mounted and turned out in most irreproachable style, and rode well, as did also the huntsman, who was a fine fencer. The rest of the field, numbering perhaps a dozen, would not have passed muster quite so well, notwithstanding that most of them sported pink. The hounds were mostly of the Virginian breed; but the kennel has been unfortunate in losing several hounds lately, besides which it was only the second day's hunting this season, so that the seven-and-a-half couple which were answerable for our sport, including as they did several young hounds, cannot be fairly criticised. There was a goodly sprinkling of people in to lunch, and the rest of the afternoon passed in tennis and loafing, and getting rid of the people. The house party was increased in the evening by the arrival of Messrs. May and Murray—the former from Baltimore, the latter an Englishman from New York, and we were a merry party after dinner.

*Sunday, 23rd.*—Spent a quiet day about the place. A lot of people came up to the Roman Catholic Chapel adjoining the house, which is also the Parish Church, and among them Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, the eldest brother and his wife, who live a little way off, and who stayed for dinner.

*Monday, 24th.*—We left "Dooulrheagan Manor" with much regret at 10 o'clock, and parted with mutual hopes of meeting again *somewhere* some time or other. We have enjoyed our visit to the Carrolls immensely. They are a charming family, and seemed so really glad to have us, making us, from the day of our arrival, so perfectly at home, and being so hearty and free from formalities. We felt quite as if we were leaving old friends, and would have liked to have stayed on several days longer, but that there are other places besides the Manor claiming our attention. We were quite a large party leaving the house, as, besides our three selves, May and Murray,

Miss Lee and Mr. C. came up to Baltimore with us, the last-named having to go down to Easton for some political speechifying. After depositing our things at the Mount Vernon Hotel we sallied forth to call on Messrs. Voss, Morton and Bruce; the last only we found in. After arranging to go to the theatre, we came away and were on our way to the club when, to our surprise, we tumbled across Murray. We had parted from him at the station before Baltimore, as he was to pick up the direct New York train, but he managed to get into the wrong car and found himself at Baltimore instead of New York. As we could not take him to dine at the club, where we had intended feeding, we brought him to the hotel and dined together there. About 8 o'clock he went off again to his train, and we were presently joined by Messrs. Bruce and Morton, and went to the theatre together. We saw the "Royal Middy," the most utterly absurd and stupid mixture of a performance I ever witnessed. Coming in, we found May waiting for us. He has promised to put us in the way of "seeing the Germans squirted" to-morrow morning; in other words, a performance of the Fire Brigade at the City Hall, for the benefit of the Prussian Yorktown centenarians.

*Tuesday, 25th.*—I had an unexpected, but none the more agreeable visit from some mosquitoes, who were most attentive and tiresome in their attentions all through the night—the brutes! They discovered a grand field for their cowardly attack on my devoted forehead, and kept me in a perpetual state of irritation in more senses than one, without assisting my slumbers.

## JOURNAL XV.

### *Rigg's House, Washington.*

*Tuesday, 25th.*—We began the day by going to see an alarm of the Fire Department which was got up for the benefit of the German visitors who had a day's fêting in Baltimore to-day. May belongs to one of the companies himself, and he went down to his engine-house soon after 12 o'clock. These Fire Departments, I believe, are not quite such marvels of rapidity as the New York ones, which we have not yet seen at work, but still they are wonderfully quick and well managed. We had hoped to have seen the whole business, and to have seen the horses rush into their collars of their own accord at the sound of the electric bell, but there had been a real alarm of fire just before, which had rather thrown them out, and the horses were standing ready harnessed, having only just returned from the fire. However, we saw all the men rush to their places, the doors fly open, and the engine and hose gallop off to the City Hall, where the "bosses" were to see the squirting display. There were soon six or seven engines at work watering an imaginary fire, and soaking the crowd of real flesh and blood which had congregated to see the fun. The fire escapes, &c., of course were run out, but there



was a nasty accident to a waggon full of the Salvage Corps which came into collision with a tramcar, and overturned when galloping full tilt to the scene of action, and two men were dangerously, and several others more or less seriously, hurt. When it was all over, and the Fatherland guests had gone off to something else, we returned to the engine-house, and were shown all over it by May. Such jolly horses as they have—four greys—and such dear, intelligent beasts. They simply dart into their places directly the bell sounds, which bell, by some contrivance, opens the doors of their box simultaneously, and though they gallop like racehorses to the fire, nothing on earth will induce them to come home faster than a walk. There was one especially magnificent animal, a perfect monster, and yet beautifully shaped and well-bred. We lunched at the club, and went immediately afterwards to see the lacrosse match between the Baltimore team and the Shamrocks, the champion Canadian team, and therefore the best players in the world. They had the game their own way all through, and simply *played* with their opponents. But it was beautiful to see the ease and skill with which they dodged about and caught the ball, when thrown upwards of 100 yards, as easily as possible. What was as pretty as anything, too, was to see the way they played *together*; passing the ball from one to another, even when they seemed to have a chance of distinguishing themselves individually by a single run. We met Morton upon the ground, and after the game was over we went together into the Park, an extremely pretty, well-wooded and well-cared-for place, with pretty rides and walks, and some fine trees. We saw several fashionable buggies taking an evening drive, and any amount of grey squirrels, which George would persist in chasing until they took refuge up a tree. We brought Morton back to dinner at the hotel, and at 9 o'clock took the train on here, where we arrived an hour later.

*Wednesday, 26th.*—Our first visit after breakfast was to the French Embassy, Henri having letters for Madame Outray. We had some little difficulty in finding the house, and when we did get inside met with a painfully stiff and formal reception, so that I was very glad to get away again. We then got into a tram which took us all down the length of Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, the great sight of Washington, and, as the inhabitants tell you, "the finest building in the world." It certainly is extremely handsome; built to a great extent of white marble, and well situated in a wide open space outside the town on a slightly rising ground. The interior, too, is very fine, though we were unfortunately not able to see into the Hall of Representatives, as they were sitting at the time with closed doors, and there was consequently no admittance. The dome in the centre of the building is very handsome and well-proportioned, nearly as high, I believe, as St. Paul's. Of course we climbed energetically up to the top to see the view, and got a very good idea of the town. At present it might almost be called a skeleton of a town. There are a great number of splendid buildings, chiefly government, and the streets

and squares are as large as you will find in any town: well laid out and well kept, but frequently you come across a bare place and poor houses, which give the town an unfinished look. Still it has the makings, and in a few years will undoubtedly be a magnificent town, and well worthy of the capital city. There are of course statues of Washington in every nook and corner, and in every possible and impossible position, until you have quite a nightmare of the dear man. The finest is in the gardens of the Capitol, facing the east portico. It is in white marble, and was erected at a cost of nearly £9,000! We lunched at a restaurant in the Capitol, and then returned into the town and went to call upon Mr. Hunt, to whom we had a letter. He is in the Navy Department, and related to the Secretary of the Navy, and showed us over the offices in his department, which are most comfortable, handsome, and luxurious. The whole block of buildings comprises the Army, Navy, and State Departments, and is a huge and very handsome structure, adjoining the White House. Beyond this again is the Treasury, another fine building, so that with a fine large square *en face*, and each building standing by itself, enclosed by iron railings and surrounded by trees and grass lawn, this is the most interesting and handsomest part of the town. Hard by, too, is the Corcoran Gallery, a very good collection of statuary, pictures, and bronzes. The finest thing in the place is, to my mind, the statue of the "Last Days of Napoleon I," a splendid piece of sculpture, and the most expressive and living bit of marble I ever saw. It is by Vela. After being on our legs all day we were not sorry to finish up the day by taking a drive out to the "Soldiers' Home," a sort of "Invalides" institution. It is situate about three miles out of the town, in a large and very pretty park, overlooking the town and with pretty views all round. We returned to the hotel in time to dine and go and hear "Othello" at the Theatre. Keene took the principal part, which he sustained very well, though with rather too much ranting for my liking, and the whole piece was fairly given.

*Thursday, 27th.*—After breakfast we went in search of some photographs, and were tolerably successful in getting some good reproductions of the Capitol. There was nothing much left to attract our attention, and we left at 3 o'clock and returned to our quarters here at Mount Vernon, Baltimore. Went down to see Bruce, who was not in, but met May on our way back, who told us that Morton had our cards of invitation for the theatricals at the "Wednesday Club." So we continued our homeward way, dressed and dined, and at 8 o'clock adjourned to the theatre in company with Morton, who had fed with us at the hotel. The performance—"A Scrap of Paper"—was first-rate, the acting capital, the piece a most amusing one. It had a great run at the Court Theatre in London a year or two ago. The club is essentially a dramatic one, and there is a room and stage built on purpose for these performances, which they have about once a month: acting, concerts, &c. There are ordinary club rooms, however, besides, and a member need not

necessarily be a dramatic genius, but can belong to the club as to any other. The room is a very large one, but a very good one for hearing; as, although we were quite at the end, we could hear every word, for which of course, besides, the performers themselves deserve no small share of credit—they were all very good. May, of course, was there. He is one of the leading spirits, though he was not acting to-night. After it was over he took us behind the scenes, and certainly they may well be proud of their theatre. Everything is beautifully organised and arranged, and the dressing-rooms, &c., most roomy and commodious. The scene-shifting is done by regular men from the theatres, but everything else is entirely amateur work. The stage scenery was most beautifully arranged, and the effect extremely pretty. They take a great deal of trouble about the furniture, ornaments, and general arrangement of the room, and borrow different articles—chairs, china, silver, &c.—from private people, so that the result is perfect. We were introduced to one or two of the actors and other people by May and Morton, and altogether spent a very jolly evening. Mr. Bruce was there too, and asked us to go and take tea with him to-morrow evening.

*Friday, 28th.*—We breakfasted at the club, where we met Mr. Voss, and with him arranged to go down to the Cattle Show and races at Pimlico. After breakfast we went down town to see Morton at his office, and were there introduced to his cousin, Mr. Stewart Morton, who asked us to go down to his place in the country to dine and sleep, but as we were booked for Bruce we had to decline. Twelve o'clock saw us on our way to Pimlico with Voss and Morton. We went and inspected, on our arrival, the big beasts of the show, machinery, poultry, &c. There was nothing very striking there, though some good Alderneys and Jerseys. The races were not so good as the other day, being much less select in the way of company, and the best horses were not so good. We went over George Lorillard's stables, and saw eight or ten of his horses that have been running this last meeting, and had a look at some other horses. Mr. Voss gave us a very hearty lunch at the Jockey Club, and showed us all there was to be seen. We returned in the evening in time for us to dress for our evening meal at Mr. Bruce's. This proved a very pleasant affair—a sort of high tea. The company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. B., and three or four young ladies variously related. Mr. B. is quite an artist, and paints beautifully. He has a fine collection of paintings, some of them by very well-known French artists, besides any amount of very fine engravings from well-known pictures.

*Saturday, 29th.*—We all had a horrid night with the mosquitoes. The brutes kept us in a fine state of rage and sleeplessness all night. I should have thought their day was passed, as it is quite cool now and last night poured hard. We had intended starting with Mr. Bruce for Hampton at 10 o'clock, but the morning looked so bad that we put off our departure for an hour or two in hopes of the day

mending. We employed some of the morning in going to see the "Peabody Institute," or sort of general art and knowledge establishment, where are given all sorts of scientific lectures, high-class music, lessons by eminent swells, &c. What we chiefly went to see was the "Art Gallery," consisting of very good casts of celebrated statues, ancient and modern. The gem, though, of the room was a bronze copy of the second Ghiberti Gate of the Baptistery of San Giovanni at Florence. This copy was made for the Vienna Exhibition of '73, by Barbedienne, of Paris, and is very beautifully sculptured. It is, I believe, one-half the size of the original, which must be a splendid work. The only other bronze copy ever done was executed for Prince Demidof's Palace in Florence, and has lately been purchased by Mr. Vanderbilt for his house in New York. We repaired to Mr. Bruce's office about 12, had some lunch with him, and about 1 o'clock started off for Hampton. Henri was not with us; he having a bit of a cold preferred remaining behind. The day had not improved much; it was very black and stormy, with frequent heavy showers, so that we were not able to have the carriage open. It was a great pity its being such a horrid day, as it is a very pretty drive to Mrs. Ridgeley's; even as it was, it was very enjoyable, the country very much like that round "The Manor," rolling and wooded, and the woods quite exquisite in their autumn colours. We arrived at the house about 2.30, and found the ladies at home, but the house all upside down, as they were preparing for a great ball next month, on the occasion of the youngest daughter coming out. The house is a delightful old one, about the same age as "The Manor," but with finer rooms, altogether larger. Of the place it was difficult to judge on such a day, except to see that the park and gardens must be very pretty, and the views from the house fine. As it was, we were only just able to take a hurried run in the rain to have a look at the terraces, which descend from the house down into the wood below—all beautifully laid out in flower beds, though the flowers, of course, numbered with the past. We peeped into the orange house too, a splendid place, with a grand show of oranges and lemons, which in the summer-time are all round the house. Mrs. Ridgeley, who is a widowed lady, seemed very nice indeed, and was good-natured and jolly in showing us all over the house, as were also her two daughters, the youngest of whom is to be the heroine of the festivities on the 10th prox. Mrs. R. was very anxious for us to come down for it from New York; I don't know whether we shall. It was half-past 4 before we were off again, and we arrived back at Mount Vernon just in time to swallow a bit of dinner before leaving for Philadelphia, where we arrived about 11 o'clock. It poured hard all the evening; we haven't seen such rain since leaving England. They have had a regular drought all down the east coast, and farmers were crying out loudly for rain; while in New York the police had begun to warn the people to be careful of their water. Funnily enough, further west there have been heavy floods.

*Sunday, 30th.*—After church and lunch we went out to call on Jackson's sister, and on the Powells, but finding it to be the dinner-hour of both houses, went on our way up to the Park. Just as we got there down came the rain in bucketfuls; so, as we did not fancy walking about to see the beauties of the Park under the influence of umbrellas, we stayed in our car, and started back again after some few minutes. We had not gone far, though, before a change came o'er the look of the clouds, and it stopped raining, so we jumped out and harked back, and this time got a little further into the Park, when down came the rain again. We waited some time under shelter, but as it continued a steady pour, we hoisted umbrellas and made tracks for the cars, and so returned to the hotel, when of course it cleared again, but it was not tempting enough to try it again, and as there was nothing much to see or do, we kept indoors. About 5 o'clock the Powells came round and asked us to come and dine with them. Henri was out when they called. He had gone to see one or two people to whom he had private letters, and did not come in again before we started for the Powells', so we had to go without him. However, we found on coming in that he had been to pass the evening with Mrs. Frazer, Mr. Jackson's sister, and had been very happy without our society. I don't know, though, what private larks he may not have been up to! George and I had a most delightful evening, and came in for a pleasant family dinner. The two brothers live together, the eldest being married to a charming and very pretty wife. Papa Powell also dropped in for dinner, so we sat down six, and spent a most agreeable evening. They have all been a great deal in Europe, Mr. and Mrs. having lived four years there and travelled in pretty nearly every country, so that they have many tastes and habits European; in fact, we made great friends, and came away quite delighted with the family and our pleasant evening.

*Monday, 31st.*—Spent a good part of the morning with Mr. Harrison, visiting his Chemical Factory, or, as I call it, Compound Conglomeration of Scientific Stinks Establishment, warranted—viz., to suffocate you gratis with every variety of odour. Of course we didn't understand them all, but as the worthy owner was anxious to show us something, we waded through all sorts of chemical preparations, sights, *and* smells, until we were intensely edified!! As it was pouring hard all the time, and there was nothing to be seen in the town itself, we were just as well employed in this as in anything else. In the afternoon we went up to the Park, which is the thing most worth seeing in Philadelphia; but with an inky sky and frequent heavy showers of rain we did not see it under the most favourable circumstances. We went as far as the Zoo, situated very prettily in the Park, and tastefully laid out. There was a very good collection of beasts and birds, and all very well kept. On our way back we called at Mrs. Powell's and at Mrs. Frazer's, Jackson's sister. Returned to the hotel, packed, dined, and left at 7 o'clock for New York, where we arrived at 10 in our old quarters at the Hoffman House.

*Tuesday, November 1st.*—After breakfasting at Delmonico's our first point was naturally 53, Beaver Street, where we found Ernest and René. Mr. La Montagne came down later on, and brought us news from England and Bordeaux, he having arrived in the "Celtic" yesterday morning. He is looking very well and jolly, several years younger than in the summer, and in great spirits. In the afternoon we paid some calls—Mesdames Duncan, Hadden, Morgan, and La Montagne, finding only the last two at home. In the evening we went to see "Patience;" it is extremely well put on, and some of the dresses are magnificent.

## JOURNAL XVI.

### *New York.*

*Wednesday, 2nd.*—Went down to the office after breakfast, and went to see Mr. Phelps and Frank de Luze at their offices. The latter was not in. We lunched at the "Lotos Club," to which we were inscribed by Mr. Serré, and later on went to call on Mrs. René, Miss Cotting, Mr. Travers, Mrs. French; all out. After dinner at Delmonico's, we joined René and his wife at the Mastodon Minstrels, and were much amused by the performance.

*Thursday, 3rd.*—Went down to Beaver Street after breakfast, and found letters from Langoa. In the afternoon we called on Judge Brady, and Mrs. Bloodgood. Morrice and Eddie dined with us at Delmonico's, and we afterwards went to see Lotta as Musette. Weather still wet and beastly.

*Friday, 4th.*—Went down town in the morning. After lunch, took the elevated railway out to Harlem, where it is carried about 100 feet above the road; returned to 104th Street, and walked across the Central Park, a fine large place, and prettily laid out, where we saw the driving rank and fashion—though the poor pedestrian cannot see much of the carriages, as there is no footpath along the carriage drive. We stopped for a short time at the Metropolitan Museum, where is a very good collection of old Greek vases, and several very good ancient sarcophagi. On a mound just outside, and opposite the Museum, is the New York Cleopatra's Needle. It has only been lately put up; in fact they have hardly yet finished the etceteras, but it looks very well. On our way down Fifth Avenue, we called at Mrs. Amory's, whose address we had found out in the morning; she was delighted to see us, and has asked us to lunch and dine there on Sunday. In the evening we went to the opera with Pierre, who dined with us at Delmonico's first. They gave "Le Barbier," and the different parts were very well taken. The *prima donna* was a young Parisian, who made her *début* in this country this evening. She was, on the whole, very successful.

*Saturday, 5th.*—As we were turning out of the hotel this morning, we ran against Harry Tolson, much to our mutual astonish-

ment. As we were both of us in a hurry we arranged meeting for dinner at Delmonico's, and duly assembled there at 7 P.M. He (Tolson) has been out here for about six months, and is staying on rather indefinitely—at least he doesn't quite know how long.

We paid a most interesting visit to-day to the Sailors' Home, or "Snug Harbour," as it is very appropriately called—on Staten Island. We went there with Mrs. and Miss La Montagne, and two Canadian ladies—a Mrs. Foyer, a niece to Mrs. La M., and a Miss La Framboise. This admirable institution is designed, as its name implies, for old and infirm sailors. It is open to men of any nation, with the stipulation that they have served five years under the American flag, and there are, in fact, representatives from thirty-two different countries. They number at present 700, though before long they will be able to house over 1,000, as they are building. The founder is one Randal, an Englishman, who in the beginning of the century left his little all—\$80,000—to establish a refuge for aged and infirm seamen. His property included a farm at the bottom of the present Fifth Avenue, and other plots in the town where now the most fashionable private residences are built. Consequently the value of the charity has increased enormously—so much so that the annual *income* now is \$450,000, or more than five times the original *capital*. The organisation and internal arrangements of the place are perfect; everything is the picture of cleanliness and method, from the kitchen to the dining-room, and while the men are allowed plenty of liberty, there is strict discipline ruling the whole concern. But they have everything that can make them happy and comfortable, yet without luxury: everything is quite plain and good. We returned to New York by 6.30, Staten Island being about half-an-hour's steaming in the direction of the Bay. The day was lovely, though cold,—not so cold, however, as it was yesterday, when it was really bitter,—and coming after the muggy weather we felt the change more.

*Sunday, 6th.*—Another bright, cold day. Went to church at family chapel, and on returning to the hotel found two letters from Harry, the second of which announces his safe return to Oxford, and reports the Vice as having been most amenable and affable. Lunched with Mrs. Amory, and afterwards went to the Racquet Club, where we met Pierre and Mr. La Montagne, Mr. Travers, and others. In the evening we dined with Mrs. Amory, and after dinner went round to Mrs. Brady, she having informed us she always remained at home on Sunday evenings. We found the Judge and his wife and daughter at home, and spent an hour there very pleasantly with them.

*Monday, 7th.*—In the afternoon I went down to the Racquet Club, to which we have been put up, and had a game of racquets with the marker, an Englishman from Prince's, and a very good fellow. I astonished myself at first by my play, but after the first game I was nowhere, and couldn't do a thing. It is ages since I've played, and I was naturally rather out of it; but I intend having some more games

while I'm here. Tolson dined with us in the evening at Delmonico's, and we went together afterwards to the ball given to the French and German visitors at the Casino. We arrived there about 11 o'clock, just as the swells were coming in, and were undergoing presentation to Governor Cornell. That over, they opened the ball with a formal quadrille. There wasn't much form about the dancing it though, and I never saw such a ridiculous sight. George and I nearly had a fit on the spot from laughing. There was only Monsieur and Madame Outrey who had the slightest idea of what was expected of them. The others managed to struggle badly through the first figure, but afterwards all was chaos, and they all got frightfully "mixed," and you might have seen now and then a stray man wandering inanely and helplessly about the middle, quite regardless of any particular figure, and delightfully bewildered. At last they gave it up as a bad job, and merged into a few turns of a valse, and then dispersed. The dancing then became general, and it was a pretty sight enough: the room, a fine large one, a sort of theatre on ordinary occasions, was very prettily decorated and arranged, and there were plenty of fine dresses. Mrs. Wm. Astor was especially conspicuous, with her cartloads of diamonds pitchforked on to her. Several of the Germans and French were in uniform, but I hear the latter made an absurd fuss because they were put in the same quadrille as the Fatherland guests,—just in the same sort of way as they did at Yorktown on some other occasion. This ball is the winding-up of the Yorktown festivals, and a good thing too; they seem generally to have been rather a fiasco, and very badly managed all through. I must not forget to mention a very funny little chap who caused us some amusement. He was a very short man, black-haired, and with a big snub nose and a huge bow window of a stomach. He was dressed in a wonderful sort of white swallow-tail uniform coat and blue trousers, and he strutted about with a most consequential air, thinking no end of himself. He was nearly too much for my feelings, and I had to splutter with laughter freely every time I looked at him. We met Mr. and Miss Duncan there, but not many other people we knew, and finally came home about 1 o'clock.

*Tuesday, 8th.*—We had a very jolly day down at Rockaway. Left by the 11 o'clock train, and after a forage among the *débris* of the breakfast at the kennels, started forth for the chase. There was quite a large meet of about forty people, with a fair show of "pink" and several ladies—one of whom, by the way, got a nasty fall early in the second run. George was mounted on a rare little pony belonging to George Work. I had a grey-haired horse which never arrived till a quarter-of-an-hour after the hounds and field had left the kennels. However, I bucketed along when he did put in an appearance, and hit them off just as the hounds were crossing a road, when I joined in the run, and after about half-an-hour's more galloping reynard was run into in a marsh. Run No. 2 was a very fast thing—a great deal too fast for me and my grey, who, at this stage of the



proceedings, began to exhibit symptoms of distress, not being exactly in first-rate condition. However, we ambled along very pleasantly together, and negotiated several obstacles very amicably. I don't know exactly how long the run lasted, but we killed about half-past 3, about four miles from the kennels. The weather had not been perfectly delectable; in fact, it was quite worthy of the Bank Holiday that it was, being election day. The morning was pouring wet, but it didn't rain much once we were in the saddle, though a dense wetting fog came up about 3 o'clock. We returned to town at 5 o'clock, and dined at the La Montagnes' in the evening at their house. Among those who went down for the hunt was Mr. Duncan's son, who was at Eton at the same time as I, though we did not know each other there. Of course we discussed matters Etonian, and we had a grand jaw on Eton "shop" coming back in the train.

*Wednesday, 9th, Lord Mayor's Day.*—I renewed my acquaintance with the racquet court, and just as I was beginning with the marker a Mr. Millbank came down anxious to have a game; so we had a friendly fight, in which I had the better by two games to one. I must say my adversary was a very mild performer. We dine to-night at the Lotos Club, at Mr. Serré's invitation, but as the "City of Montreal" sails at break of day I must close my mails this evening.

## JOURNAL XVII.

### *New York.*

*Thursday, 10th.*—Met Duncan at the Racquet Club at 8 o'clock by appointment, and had a game of racquets, and then breakfasted with him at Delmonico's. Last night, by the way, we dined at the Lotos Club at Mr. Serré's invitation, and had what is called here a "stag" dinner—*i.e.*, a dinner of men, numbering on this occasion fourteen. Among the guests was a Mr. Rath, an Irishman, and rather an amusing man. We met him this morning coming up by the elevated railway, and he invited us to dine at his house next Monday. As he was going to the Horse Exchange—the "Tattersalls" of New York—I went with him to see some horses sold, his own among the number: rather a nice-looking cobby roan, and about the best of a very shady lot. Afterwards I took a stroll through the Park with George. Pierre dined with us in the evening, and we afterwards went to see the "Passing Regiment" at Daly's Theatre, which proved to be a very stupid piece.

*Friday, 11th.*—I had a game of racquets in the morning, and at 11 o'clock went to keep an appointment with the dentist, Dr. Main, a very talkative old cock, and a keen antiquarian. He pulled out from among his curiosities a heap of old coins, very rare specimens according to him. He detailed at great length on a wonderful "Noah" and a most perfect "Cleopatra," with graphic (?) descriptions of the inscriptions and devices on each. Very nice of him, but

I suppose we shall be charged for it all. The visitation (dental and antiquarian) over, we went off down town to lunch with Frank de Luze, at the "Down Town Association," or, in other words, a sort of superior business men's lunching club. Later on we went to call on Mrs. Hadden and Mrs. Duncan; they were both out, but we met Mr. D. and his son just coming in. The latter walked up town with us as far as the Knickerbocker Club, to which Frank de Luze has just put us down. We dined there in the evening, and afterwards went to hear "Martha" at the opera.

*Saturday, 12th.*—A pouring wet, raw, beastly day. I went down to Beaver Street and settled with Ernest about going down to Rockaway to-morrow to hunt on Monday morning. In the afternoon Duncan came round to us at the hotel, and took us to see over two of the large hospitals: Rosevelt and St. Luke's. He has several old friends of his at them practising as surgeons, and they showed us everything. They were both very interesting, and beautifully kept all through; the wards are quite marvels of ventilation, being ventilated on some wonderful and most effectual plan. In St. Luke's there was a children's ward, and it was quite pretty to see how fond the little things were of the young surgeon; they all looked so happy, and several of the more convalescent ones rushed up to him directly he appeared and pulled him about in the most affectionate way. We dined with Mrs. Amory in the evening, where we met, among other people, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were at Profile House at the same time as we were. He is a very keen artist, and, I believe, a good one, and is very nice, as is also his wife.

*Sunday, 13th.*—We breakfasted at the Knickerbocker Club, went to church at St. Thomas's, and lunched with the Amorys, afterwards going with Mr. to call on Mrs. Smith. We met there Judge Russel (Judge Hilton's son-in-law), whom we had met at Saratoga in the summer. We were shown Mr. Smith's studio, a very snug little den, and several of his sketches: among others, a lot he had done this year in the White Mountains and at Quebec, which to us were naturally of especial interest. At 6 o'clock I went down to Rockaway, where Ernest met me at the station and escorted me to his house, where I put up preparatory to hunting on the morrow.

*Monday, 14th.*—Turned out at 6 A.M., day just breaking. It soon broke into a glorious fresh morning, and we had a very pleasant matutinal gallop. About a dozen fellows turned up at the kennels, and two energetic carriage-loads of ladies. We tried at first for an outlying wild fox, but not being quickly successful, and our time being limited, we had a merry gallop after a drag for a few miles, and returned in time to catch an 8.30 train into town. I was riding René's mare, a nice-looking grey, and we got along on very good terms, except at one fence rather stiffer than most of the others, where, as she failed to clear the top rail, she came down on to her nose. However, no damage was done to man or beast, except that the hat

of the former received its quietus. Luckily it was the old one, so it doesn't matter. George and I had a longish sitting with our friend the dentist, and afterwards went to call on Mrs. La Montagne and Mrs. René. In the evening we had a very lively dinner at Mr. Rath's, where we found quite a bevy of Irishmen. Mr. Rath and his brother both come from Dublin, and there were besides: Father Healy, parish priest of Little Bray, and a rare specimen of the best type of Irish priest; Mr. Mealy (?), an old Kildare man, once in good estate in his old country, until the force of circumstances drove him and his wife, some eight years since, to seek his fortune across the Atlantic; and Mr. Robinson, from I forget where, in Ireland; Ernest La Montagne and Mr. Serré completed the party, and a very jolly one we were. I sat between the Father and the ex-Kildare man, so came in for a good share of Irish gossip and stories, and we found many mutual friends before long. His reverence was in great form, and kept us in roars with his stories—told with a grand brogue put on for the occasion, and in such a comical, amusing manner. His really witty sayings, too, were the source of continued laughter, as were some of his American experiences. He took to his liquor too kindly, did the old chap, and his parting shot as he rose to leave at 1.30 A.M. was, "Well, I think I'm just about as drunk as any priest ought to be," though in reality he was as sober as fifteen judges. Among various speeches and songs Mr. Mealy sang two capital Irish hunting songs, with some proper "whoo-oops," &c., and we did not adjourn the meeting until just 2 o'clock.

*Tuesday, 15th.*—Lunched with Tolson at Delmonico's down town, and afterwards took him into Beaver Street to introduce him to Mr. La Montagne and Ernest. Later, we went down to the White Star and Pacific Mail offices to inquire as to the service between Francisco and Yokohama. We dined at the Union League Club, to which we were put up by Mr. Cabot Ward. So we are, on the whole, not badly off for clubs. This one is the finest in New York, as far as rooms are concerned. The decorations are most gorgeous—too gorgeous perhaps, sometimes, but still it is all very handsome, the staircase and some of the suites of rooms being especially so. It is the only political club in New York, and, I believe, until recent years it did not stand very high socially. We finished our evening by calling on Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Morgan. It has been pretty cold to-day—bright, but with biting east winds. They say it is an exceptionally bright dry month this year.

## JOURNAL XVIII.

### *New York.*

*Wednesday, 16th.*—Spent a good part of the morning under Dr. Main's care and afterwards went down to Beaver Street, and

walked back all the way up Broadway, stopping to leave cards at Mr. Cabot Ward's. We dined at the Lotos Club, and afterwards went to hear Patti at Steinway Hall, in her charity concert for the Michigan Relief Fund. The great woman was in great force, and met with a most enthusiastic reception—almost absurdly so, but rendered perhaps more intense by the fooleries of a certain Mr. Sande s, Chairman of the Mayor's Fund, who began operations by giving a long, twaddling, theatrical bit of speechifying, very badly spoken, and with shocking bad taste: a sort of mixture about the sufferers, Patti, the President, the audience, and lots else that no one understood or heard. At last he was politely requested to make himself scarce, but once or twice during the evening he broke out again and had again to be hissed to his senses!! especially when he tried to put a laurel wreath on Patti's head. Then of course Adelina had to be brought forward again and be treated to a "thunder of applause" to show that no disrespect was meant towards her. Altogether it was not exactly a creditable scene, and most absurd.

*Thursday, 17th.*—After breakfast we went and saw Mr. A. T. Stewart's picture gallery, Judge Russel having given us his card on Sunday to admit us. There are some very good ones, and very well known among the collection—including Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair"—several famous ones of Gerome and Meissonier. We are to see the Vanderbilt Gallery one day in next week, and perhaps Mr. Belmont's, if it is in order before we go. These three comprise the best art collections in New York, and, I suppose, in America. In the afternoon we went to Mr. Travers's grand reception at the Racquet Club. This is an annual treat given by the President, Mr. Travers, to the Club and his own particular friends. There were, I should say, about 300 people there: among them a good proportion of ladies. Luncheon is the first order of the day; then, for an hour or two, there are racquet matches—in one of which Mr. La Montagne played and greatly distinguished himself—some boxing matches, and three first-rate tumbling acrobats. Then every one adjourns downstairs and begins to eat again more or less heavily according to the state of his or her stomach, &c. There are any amount of little cosy tables where little parties are made up, and everybody enjoys himself. The great dish of the day is "Terrapin à la Maryland," supposed to be a great delicacy in these parts, and in order that they shall be quite right a cook comes all the way from Baltimore to dress them! I am sorry to say I have not yet learnt to appreciate their excellence. People begin to adjourn about half-past 5, and soon after 6 o'clock, when I left, most of the ladies had departed, though many of the men stay and dine and finish the evening out. We three dined at the Duncans', and had a very pleasant evening, there being nobody there but ourselves. Of course Duncan and I got talking a young volume of Eton, especially when he pulled out old photographs and school lists.

## JOURNAL XIX.

*New York.*

*Friday, 18th.*—Did nothing very much all day except go down town in the morning; not feeling very well. In the evening we dined with Mrs. Smith, and met there the Amorys, Judge Russel and his wife, Miss Emmet, and Signor Alphonso del Aldama, a Cuban swell, who, funnily enough, knew Nathie Johnston well, and several other friends of George and Henri, having been in Paris a good bit. He told us a good bit about Cuba too, and promised us letters.

*Saturday, 19th.*—In the afternoon we went up to the Polo Ground to see a football match between Princeton and Harvard Colleges. There was a large concourse of people, and a whole lot of hotel coaches hired for the occasion by partisans of one or other of the colleges, and decked with their distinguishing colours. It was a very exciting affair, judging from the row that was kicked up. The college cries are most absurd, and they continued with scarcely an interruption, and with more or less vigour all the time. The Princeton cry is three hurrahs and then "Tiger-siss-boom, ah!"—it sounds very ridiculous on paper, but I believe it is supposed to be a rocket going up. Harry should remember some of the college cries Mr. Duncan taught us coming over. The Harvard shout is a succession of apoplectic "Rah, rah, rah's" and "Harvard." You get rather tired of them after a whole afternoon of them—at least, I did. They play a sort of modified Rugby Union rules, and there was some pretty good kicking on the part of the "backs" of both sides. The match ended in a draw. We met Tolson up there, and after the match started to walk home through the Park, but it came on to pour so, that we turned aside and took the "Elevated Railroad" down. In the evening Henri dined with Jackson, and George and I went and saw "Esmeralda" at the Madison Square Theatre. It was a very pretty piece, though we went principally to see the house itself. It is considered the prettiest in New York, and is certainly a little gem. The stage itself is a moveable one—*i.e.*, it goes up and down—so that there is never more than four or five minutes between the acts, and sometimes not a minute, and the stage comes down most beautifully arranged. I never saw such carefully got-up scenes.

*Sunday, 20th.*—After church we went down to the La Montagnes' for lunch, and then went with them on board the French man-of-war, "Magicienne," where there was a sort of reception. We were taken on board in one of the ship's boats, and stayed on board till nearly 5 o'clock. We were shown all over the vessel during that time. She is not a large one, and quite old-fashioned in her build, but everything is kept very trim and neat, and the officers

entertained their company very hospitably. In the evening we dined alone with Mrs. Amory.

*Monday, 21st.*—I had a morning with the dentist, and in the afternoon had a turn in the Park, dining in the evening with Mrs. René, who has a very snug little house in 48th Street.

*Tuesday, 22nd.*—Went down to Beaver Street early, and at 12 o'clock adjourned to the St. Nicholas Club, where we were treated to a very sumptuous breakfast by Mr. Potter. Present, another Mr. Potter and a Mr. Leslie. The "breakfast" lasted till nearly 3 o'clock, and we then had one or two things to see about for the dinner in the evening. Our guests arrived at Delmonico's soon after 7. We were fifteen in number, and I think it went off well, and all seemed to enjoy themselves.

*Wednesday, 23rd.*—Breakfasted rather late and then went to keep my last appointment with Dr. Maine, who has now settled me up and made my grinders beautiful for ever—at least for a long time, I hope. Went down to Beaver Street, and later went with Ernest to Alexandre's office to settle one or two things and ask as to steamers from Havana, &c. Went to see Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" in the evening, and were much amused.

*Thursday, 24th.*—"Thanksgiving Day" and general holiday throughout the town. Packed all the morning; lunched with Mrs. Amory, and from 2 o'clock till 6 paid visits frantically. It was a bitterly cold day, so that a good many people were keeping warm within doors, and we found more than half our friends at home—an unusual circumstance in the afternoon. We had a farewell dinner with the La Montagnes, and spent a very pleasant evening with the family, Tolson, and Mr. Monk.

*Friday, 25th.*—Good-bye to New York and all our kind friends. We had quite an ovation down at the docks, and a regular assembly came to see the last of us on the "City of Washington." There were three La Montagnes, Monck, Tolson, Duncan, and Rath. We were to sail at 3 o'clock, but it was 4 o'clock before we were under weigh. After steaming down the Bay for about an hour we lay to till about 8.30, as there was not water enough to cross the bar. The boat is *crammed*, and we are lucky to get good berths. George and I have a good-sized cabin to ourselves, and Henri a smaller one to himself. Among the passengers are a circus troupe, with all their apparati, going down to Havana to set up for a short time, so I suppose we'll renew our acquaintance there. We have knocked up friends with a Mr. King and cousin, to whom Duncan introduced us before leaving; he seems a very good fellow. We dined at a table together, and got hold of our cabin steward to attend on us. There are a lot of little tables in the saloon, and as there is not room enough for every one at once you have to be pretty sharp at getting down and seizing a table, as it pays better to be among the first relays before the food gets eaten up. This we have learnt by experience, and have received instructions as to our future feeding movements

from our friend the steward. However, we got a very fair meal on the whole. The wind was very nippy in the evening, and I was very glad of my big coat while pacing the quarter-deck.

*Saturday, 26th.*—"Jim" woke us up at 7 this morning with a cup of coffee, and told us to be sure and be ready at 8 sharp and go to his table. We followed his advice and had a capital meal. Jim is a very good chap, and looks after us capitably. He is a thorough specimen of a Yankee—as genial and friendly as the best of friends; but we are accustomed to domestic familiarity in this country of liberty and equality, and I guess he'll prove very useful during the trip. We have a glorious bright day: fresh, but not too cold, and just enough "white horses" dancing and kicking their heels in the sunlight to make the sea look pretty, and without giving any qualms of stomach—at all events, not yet.

### *Off the Coast of Florida.*

*Tuesday afternoon, 29th November.*—Well, we are nearing our desired haven, though we have had a rather slow voyage of it. We should have been in port by this time, but we have had head winds nearly all the time, and it will be to-morrow morning ere we are anchored in Havana harbour. However, we've been pretty lucky in the weather. Sunday was another perfect day, and quite mild—sea perfectly smooth but for a sort of lazy roll. In the evening we had the most gorgeous sunset I think I ever saw, but one that augured bad weather, which came in effect yesterday. The morning broke dirty-looking, and by the afternoon it was raining steadily and blowing pretty fresh—so much so that we had to take in the sail we had set. Dinner-time saw several empty seats, for various reasons. For myself, in my first attempt I was unsuccessful, and before the second course was over I found a retreat necessary. A second essay, however, two hours later, proved more fortunate. We are a tremendous crowd on board, about thirty or forty passengers more than the regular allowance—not a choice lot either. We are lucky enough in having King and his cousin Testenoir to associate with. The latter is a Frenchman, and both very good fellows; King is especially so. He knows a good bit about Havana, so will start us well on our way there while the ship remains in port, as he himself is going on to Mexico. We all "mess" together, attended on by the faithful James. The table is very fair indeed, and the ship altogether, for her size—260 tons—tolerably comfortable. The circus troupe do not make a choice addition to the list of passengers: we amuse ourselves by "spotting" the different characters. We think we have been correct in several of them. The clown was performing some antics up the rigging yesterday, and daring some of his comrades to follow him. All the men are very dirty, and the women horribly unhealthy, sallow-looking creatures. There are some fifty-odd horses down below—pretty uncomfortable I fancy, poor brutes; they were

yesterday. The most objectionable part of the troupe is their band, who favour us with strains discordant at intervals during the afternoon. Just now they are hard at it murdering some lovely valse, "Last Rose of Summer," and other airs; each member of the orchestra in his own peculiar style and time—conducive to good writing, very. Since morning we have been steaming down the coast of Florida, about five miles from shore, and we are now just entering the Gulf of Mexico. Lovely day: bright sun and soft balmy air, with just a dash of foam on the sea. What a difference in temperature to the day we left New York! and to-morrow, I suppose, we shall be quite hot.

*Hotel Telegrafo, Havana.*

*Wednesday, 30th November.*—To think this is really the last day of November, and we sitting in the lightest of attire, in a cool place, and perspiring pretty freely, while only Friday last we had twelve degrees of frost! We got in this morning about 5 o'clock, and anchored outside the harbour until daybreak, when the pilot came on board and brought us safely into the pretty little harbour of Havana. The entrance is very narrow, and we pass close under the quaint old Moorish fort which nominally guards the harbour, though it wouldn't take very many shots now to bring the whole thing down about the ears of the brave defenders. May that day be far distant, as the removal of this stronghold would sadly spoil the picturesque entry. The harbour is small, but looks lovely in the early morning, with the old town on one side and the rising hills on the other, where we get our first view of the tropical palms, cocoa-nuts, &c. We respectfully fire a salute as we pass the fort, and the inevitable band strikes up as we glide to our anchorage. We cannot get right in to the wharf, and are in consequence soon surrounded by a whole fleet of small boats clamouring for our patronage. However, we get off very comfortably. We put ourselves into the hands of the hotel man who comes on board and looks after all our little packages, and puts us and them into a boat, and so we arrive on shore. The Custom House gives us little trouble. Under the patronage of our hotel friend, a very officious but useful little body, all our things are passed without being opened, and leaving the keys of our big trunks, which had been in the hold, with the same hotel official, we jump into three carriages—sort of small "victorias"—and are soon at the hotel. Such a quaint old rambling place as it is, this hotel. We have got some very fair rooms, on a sort of piazza round a courtyard: a nice airy situation, which is a great thing, and the rooms and beds seem very clean. After settling our things, our next care is to have a cup of delicious chocolate, preceded, I should not forget to mention, by some quite too luscious oranges. Then a tub and general wash-up—highly necessary and agreeable after our close quarters on board ship. About 10 o'clock we assemble for breakfast, and have great fun with the



waiters in finding out all our dishes in Spanish. The waiters mostly understand English, but we think it right to pursue our Spanish education, and we think we are making great progress, and have got an ordinary bill of fare off by heart. We keep up a running fire, too, on the unfortunate waiter as to the Spanish of any words that we want to know, and are very particular about the pronunciation! Contrary to our expectation we have an excellent breakfast, as we had heard dreadful things of the Havana hotel restaurants. So far we have nothing to complain of. After breakfast we sally forth to take a stroll through the town. I should mention Testenoir is still of the party, and will be, I hope, till he leaves on Saturday. From the little we have seen of the town we are enchanted with it. It is such a contrast to the monotonous regularity of the American towns we have been accustomed to lately. It is quite an old Moorish town, with mostly narrow streets and quaint old houses. There are some very picturesque old bits of architecture in many places, and curious old courtyards, many of which we peeped into *en passant*. In the more aristocratic part of the town the houses are higher, with fine arcades fronting them, under which are the shops. Then there are several more civilised open parts, planted with palms, &c., quite refreshing to look at. The population seems very mixed, and you see several types of face even among the blacks, who, of course, are numerous. Their clothing seems equally varied, though among the commoner class the dress consists only of a thin white jersey (we call it *white* out of charity, always supposing that at some distant date they bore that same purity of colour), a pair of white (?) or blue cotton trousers, and straw hat. We even saw some little urchins in some of the back streets who discarded even that limited amount of clothing, and trotted about with no more superfluous garment than Nature had provided them with. We created quite a sensation as we walked along, and every one indulged in a good stare, and occasionally a laugh at us. On our return to the hotel we left Testenoir, and we three went off to present some of our letters. Messrs. Tod, Hidalgo & Co. were the first ones we favoured. They are the agents for the Alexandre line, and we were furnished with drafts on them for some Cuban money,—the change is very good, by the way, and you can get nearly two dollars for one American. Mr. Hidalgo received us most kindly; gave us information about steamers for New Orleans, and other “tips” for our visit here. He has given us some letters for two or three people at Matanzas, and finally asked us to accompany him to the theatre on Friday night. Signors Zuluetta and Sobrino—Murietta’s people—were not in; Dussaq, too, is away, but his partner received us very kindly, and seems a very nice man. This brought our visits to an end, with the exception of one to a Mr. Durutti, where Henri took some money, and we returned to the hotel to repose. Despite what I said just now as to the heat, it is not really at all unbearable. The sun is certainly pretty hot, but there is a nice air, and I expected to find the place

much hotter. They say, though, that to-day is hot for the season of the year. Our hotel looks out on to a large open space, surrounded by a rather broken-down iron railing. I should think it had once enclosed an old court-house or warlike building of some sort; just now it is in a state of disorder: they are making a sort of "Jardin Public" of it, but only about one-half is planted as yet. We are told the good people of Havana are not a particularly interesting set, nor very choice in manners and customs. There has been a sad falling-off in the whole place ever since the Revolution, and certainly the general look of the town and people, though quaint and interesting to a foreigner, does not give one an idea of wealth, energy, or prosperity. In fact, Havana has sunk very low compared with what it was ten or twenty years ago, when it must have been a little paradise. But the people seem to have lived too fast, and that and the Revolution, and the continued mismanagement and impositions of the home government, combine to the present unsatisfactory state of the town and island generally. They appear to be an idle, listless set of people, not doing a stroke more than they are actually obliged; unenterprising, and content, apparently, to have barely enough to live on. There is a large Chinese element here, and, from what I have seen, a most degraded lot they are, though good men to work. Of course everybody smokes fiercely, and the beggars come up to you with a cigar in their mouth, while occasionally you see an old woman puffing away vigorously at an enormous weed.

About 5 o'clock King came round to the hotel with his friend Haly, an Englishman, who has been out here about fifteen years. We went out with them and strolled about the town, and through the market, where there are every description of articles to be had, from butcher's meat to a government lottery ticket. Part of the building is a sort of Lowther Arcade on a primitive scale. We dined at the Restaurant de Paris, and afterwards walked about what is called the Park—a huge square, planted with trees and plants, and with seats and walks about. This is, I should say, the finest part of the town—the modern *quartier*. We have not yet seen it by day, but, judging by its nocturnal appearance, there seem to be some fine buildings round, all with these arcades, which it seems they are obliged to build on every house now on account of the heat. It is quite the fashionable evening resort, and there are crowds of people walking about and listening to the military band. We saw, too, several fashionable carriages—pretty smart turns-out they looked, large open victorias. This is just the time for the Havanese to take his little walks or drives abroad. The evenings are delicious. We turned in for a short time to a theatrical performance, which did not prove very entertaining, and we finally parted with King and his friend in the Park, and we four found our way back to the hotel.

*Thursday, December 1st, 2 P.M.*—So far we have not stirred out: partly as we have been expecting a farewell visit from King, and partly to avoid the heat. From our piazza we have a most

delightful airy lounge for writing, &c. We had a visit from Signor Arrizabalaga, of Messrs. Zulueta & Sobrino, at 8.30 this morning, and are to go with him to the plantation on Saturday. Our beds are rather curious, there being no mattresses, but a sort of steel chain spring affair, very nice for hot weather, *mais il faut s'y habituer*.

## JOURNAL XX.

### *Havana.*

*Thursday Evening.*—We did not go out till 4 o'clock, when we got into two carriages and drove out to see a Mr. Stable, living just outside the town. Him we did not find, but had a good benefit on the way there of the lower part of the town and its very mixed and dirty inhabitants. We dined in the evening at the Paris Restaurant, and met there Mr. Hayley and Gohier (Dussaq's partner), who joined us in a stroll after dinner in the "Park," and a small spell at one of these comic theatres, where we saw some nigger performers who were rather amusing. Hayley explained us King's non-appearance, the cause being the latter's being unwell, and only being able to be just ready in time for the boat.

*Friday, 2nd.*—We rose at 4.30 A.M., and after a cup of chocolate were steaming away in a fast and furious train for Matanzas. Rather trying motion, this train: we were shaken to pieces, and the noise—ye gods! I never heard anything like the deafening clatter. The country we passed through was not particularly interesting—rather flat, with solitary palms scattered about—until we approached Matanzas. Here we came into an undulating richer valley, with a few (comparative) mountains, starting abruptly out of the ground. At the station there was a swarm of carriages of the Havana type and importunate drivers. We seized upon two of them, and giving the word for "Hotel el Leon de Oro," were soon rattling through the town, and before long found ourselves at our destination. An hour later, after a fair breakfast, we were starting to visit the caves, in two most delightful old-fashioned vehicles known here as "volantas." I have already sent home a photograph of one of these conveyances, so I need not describe it, as the photo gives a very good idea of the original. I need only say that the wheel of one of ours had seen better days once upon a time, which made us look rather closely into the workmanship thereof. The result of our inspection showed us that there were about three whole spokes between the two wheels!! Two or three were completely missing, several were split and cracked, and the rest were bound round more or less securely with string. However, the proprietor assured us he didn't think they would break *this* time; of course they would one day, and then he would have a pair of new ones, but he thought they would probably hold together another month or so. The event

proved him right, and we got over the three miles of roughish rocky road without accident, and most comfortably. In any other carriage we should have been probably shaken to pieces, but these charming conveyances, hung as they are on sort of C-springs, carried us most beautifully over the irregularities of the way. I should not omit a word as to our postillions, who were got up in a very knowing short blue jacket braided with gold, blue and white linen trousers, a wide straw hat, and slippers, without any socks, but surmounted by a single spur on the inside foot. The caves—the chief object of our visit—are most beautiful, and the stalactites, their colour, size, and variety, beat description. It is these which make these caves so remarkable, as their size is not very great, nor are there any other curious formations. These stalactites, though, are wonderful; some of them are enormous, and when you think of their slow formation it makes you carry your imagination back *a few years* to think of the beginning of them: one especially must have been forty or fifty feet in height, and as big as a good-sized tree round. Then the beautiful transparency of some of them, and the delicate crystallised formations of others, was a sight. The roof in places was a single mass of them, and here and there tinted with a lovely rose hue—I suppose from the colouring of the rock. There was yet again another form some took which resembled exactly the appearance of a glacier, sometimes broken up, and sometimes smooth, but always with that frozen snow look of a glacier, including even its delicate tints. Our guide was a very good chap, but he could not speak a word but Spanish, and so gave us a good opportunity for airing the few words we know. We had grand fun finding out words and carrying on a conversation; much to the guide's amusement, who was very quick at finding out what we wanted, and really we got on very well; and with a polyglot of Latin, English, French, and patois, found out nearly all we wanted. Henri, perhaps, was most successful with his Gascon, which, in a great number of words, resembled Spanish, but we all think we would soon become quite proficient in the language! The roars of laughter which greeted some of the sentences made the caves re-echo. We walked, I suppose, a mile into the bowels of the earth, all the time finding new beauty in these lovely silvery stalactites. We returned to the air about 12 o'clock, resumed our carriages and drove back through Matanzas and away about a mile the other side of the town to see a famous valley, which, however, to us did not seem particularly wonderful. It was a wide flat valley surrounded by hills, and evidently an old lake or arm of the sea at some distant date. Our surmises on this point were confirmed on my consulting an old man—of course in Spanish—who had let us up into the church tower on the top of the hill from which we viewed the valley. Our postillions then took us off and deposited us at the station in time for the 2 o'clock train back to Havana. As we found we had a little time to spare, Henri and I went in search of a "bite," and with that intent repaired to a café. Our first attempts were not successful, as the

man would persist in bringing us down tinned meats, *paté de foie gras*, &c., until I espied in a corner some sponge cakes and laid violent hands on them; these, with some tip-top lemonade, made a very good lunch, but I think we were properly swindled for our refreshments when pay time came. We were the source of considerable interest and amusement to some aborigines in the shop, and our host would have it that we were Italian players, and would not believe us when we told him our nationalities. We arrived back at Havana at 4.30, without any event worthy of note, having enjoyed our day immensely.

I find I have forgotten to take any note of the town of Matanzas, which is the largest in the island after Havana, but with no particular attractions save a fine harbour and a very pretty one, and the other "lions" afore-mentioned. In the evening Mr. Hidalgo came round for us about 8 o'clock in his carriage, and took us to the theatre—the largest in the town—where, though naturally we didn't understand a great deal of the play, we managed to pass the evening very pleasantly with Hidalgo, and two other young fellows from his office.

*On Board Steamer "Hutchinson," bound to New Orleans.*

*December 8th.*—I take up the thread of my narrative from Saturday morning, when Mr. Arrizabalaga, from Zulueta's firm, called for us, as arranged, at 6 A.M., and took us off to the sugar plantations, about eighty miles from Havana. We breakfasted about 10.30 at a small place called "Bemba," where we had to change cart, and arrived at our destination, "Perico," about an hour later. Here we found two horses and a "volanta" ready to convey us to the plantation, some two or three miles off. George and Mr. A. mounted the horses, while Henri and I took possession of the carriage. This was just the same sort of thing as the ones at Matanzas, only we had an extra horse, harnessed in the same way as the postillions, by traces outside the shafts. Our postillion, too, was a great swell in blue linen jacket and breeches and high Mexican boots with enormous spurs. He drove uncommonly well, selecting all the smooth places in a tolerably rough road. Arrived at the plantation, the "Administrator," as he is called, a Mr. Breuil, a Frenchman, received us very cordially, and, after a short time to wait for a heavy shower of rain, took us off to visit the premises.

They have not yet begun "grinding," so we could not see any of the machinery at work, but we were shown all over it, and Mr. B. explained everything very carefully, from the time the canes are put into the grinding machine to the time when the juice comes out a raw sugar of different qualities. I will not detail the processes, as the result would prove neither interesting nor, perhaps, intelligible. I will merely remark that all the machinery is very complete and complicated, one of the pieces alone having cost £5,000. I should have mentioned that before coming out from the house we had seen

the slaves all turn out after their midday meal, and the female portion of them set to work on the huge yard, which is in the centre of the different buildings and the Administration House, to clean it of the grass and weeds—a fortnightly occupation, by the way, in this country of quick growth and luxuriant vegetation. The said slaves were a great surprise to me, as I had no idea that slavery existed still in the island. Nominally it was done away with last year, and in the course of a few years the present slaves will have finished their time or purchased their liberty. Now, however, practically, slavery exists as much as ever, except that the slave-master is now called “Patron,” and he cannot sell or buy his slaves, only exchange them. Then they are given as wages about three dollars a month, and have a place set apart for them where they can keep their pigs—a very profitable occupation, and they say the slaves can earn their liberty in a few months if they choose, as they have no expenses, being clothed, fed, and housed on the property. But as they are pretty well off most of them would as soon stay as they are; some of them were pointed out to us as having upwards of 1000 dollars, but most of them spend their money in gambling and drink. They seemed to me, though, a painfully uncivilised, degraded race, and I couldn’t find out that any great steps are taken for their improvement. They have all their old customs, and still retain their old habits, &c., even to the matter of a love of beads, and you scarcely see a negro without them. The owners, though they have more regard for their comforts than formerly, still appear to look upon them rather in the light of machines. We went and visited their quarters, where they are very fairly off, though the sleeping apartments are not over sweet. Of course they are all secured at night, and just before the gates are shut they are all assembled and a sort of a roll-call held to see that all are present. During the day they are watched over by men, and if ever one does get away he is immediately looked for, and when found put into the stocks for a night. Then there is a hospital with excellent arrangements, and where they are well looked after by the doctor on the property. They number about 800 on this plantation, the “España,” which is the newest and one of the best of Zuluetta’s. Altogether, he has over 2,000 slaves on all his plantations. Well, after seeing all this, we returned to the house, some horses were brought round, and we sallied forth into the plantations to see a steam plough at work. The best time to be in these parts is from a fortnight later, when all the plantations are full of life and the crops are being got in. Unfortunately, we cannot afford to be later, and so do the next best thing, which is, to learn all the different operations, and I think we have a pretty good idea of how everything is done. I can’t say the actual sugar plantation is exactly pretty, and certainly nothing like so graceful as a fine field of corn. No doubt one reason is that the canes are above

your head, as when you see over them from the rising ground the appearance is more pleasing. By the time we returned to the house it was 5.30, and not very long afterwards we were sitting down very gratefully to a good dinner. They had killed the fatted calf in honour of our arrival, and all the dishes, with perhaps one or two exceptions, were excellent. According to the fashion of the country *all* the dishes are put on to the table at once, and as there were a great many of them the table presented a strange medley. The worst part of this arrangement is that you have no time to breathe between the courses, and the pace consequently is killing. After dinner we strolled about in the brilliant moonlight for some time, and then, as we were to make an early start of it next morning, made an early retreat to bed. As to weather, the early part of the day had been stormy, with some heavy showers, but the afternoon was lovely and fine.

Sunday morning we started, at 6.30 A.M., for another of Mr. Zuluetta's plantations, about twelve miles distant, all on horses, the party consisting of our three selves, Mr. Arrizabalaga, and two blacks to carry our bags; one of them—the blacks—mounted on a very angular quadruped, with a halter as bridle, himself very lightly clad, with his naked feet in the stirrups, but strapped on to one of them the inevitable spur. Our own nags were a very good lot of beasts, of the small breed of the country, about fourteen hands high, but very strong, wiry little animals, capable of standing a lot of hard work, and upon very little to eat. They have a most extraordinary pace—a sort of a run, though some of them shuffle along, cantering with their hind, and trotting, or rather running, with their fore legs. It is not at all an uncomfortable pace, up to six or seven miles an hour, but faster than that rather shakes you up—at all events until you are a little accustomed to their ways. My mount was of the "handsome is that handsome does" class—rather a bag of bones to look at, but a rare little beast to go. Some of them are very plump, well-shaped animals. We had a most delightful ride, all through sugar plantations, groves of bananas, prairie land where the grass was as high as our heads, and quite impenetrable, and sometimes across wilder, uncultivated parts. We saw a good many flowers on our way, especially creepers of every sort, several times passing through young forests of them, where the other shrubs were literally in the shade, and the creeper reigned supreme in a perfect mass of colour. There were a good many other flowers, but I'm afraid their names are beyond me. Birds, too, we saw in considerable quantities; quails were there to any amount, and as tame as chickens; and we saw one gaudy yellow-breasted fellow, but didn't know his name. Hawks, too, were very numerous, the commonest being a great big black ugly brute, with a head rather like a turkey, which was always to be seen hovering about. As a set-off to him, though, we saw one very handsome

one, who seemed very proud of himself, and came and showed himself off to us quite close. We reached the "Alava" plantation about half-past 9, and were duly presented to the "Administrator" and doctor of the place. Neither of them could speak French or English, so that our Spanish faculties were called into very active requisition. The breakfast which we sat down to half-an-hour after our arrival witnessed some very curious conversation, and our frantic endeavours to find or coin words, or say a whole sentence at the dictation of Mr. Arrizabalaga, gave rise to no little fun, the doctor especially, having decidedly a sense of the ridiculous, "kept the tambourine a-rollin'," and we were by no means a silent party. Oh my! what a lot we did eat that morning. We had only had a cup of very nasty coffee and an antediluvian biscuit before starting, and our ride had given us most ferocious appetites. So we did not stop to consult the composition of the dishes, as we might have at any other time. Altogether, they were a wonderful collection, all very greasy and some of them very nasty. Luckily, as I say, we were hungry. We finished our meal with the regulation Cuban dish of cheese and preserved peaches. They always eat some preserve with cheese. I can't say I cared about all the juice of pears or peaches coupled with cheese; but jelly, guava jelly especially, is really not so bad, extraordinary mixture though it may sound. To crown all, after the cup of *café noir*, we had to drink a glass of gooseberry concoction, dignified by the name of champagne. But all good things have an end, and so did our breakfast in course of time. That over, we sat out on the piazza some time, until our friends had transacted some business, and then took a rustic tramcar (there are lines of rail running down to the regular railroad, for shipping off the sugar more quickly) to another of the plantations, and saw another Administrator and spent some little time lounging and eating sugar-canes and cocoa-nuts; at least, George went in greedily for the latter. Later on, some fresh horses were brought round, and we went off to visit a grove of bananas and oranges on another estate, a few miles off. This time I had a very corky little horse, and a regular high-peaked Mexican saddle, a sort of young tree sticking up in front of me, just the right height to catch me full in the stomach if the horse took it into his head to trip, broad 8-inch ornamented stirrup-leathers, and wooden stirrups with leather coverings, so that you could just put your toe in,—all very jolly when you're used to these sort of articles, but I began to find the saddle delightfully uncomfortable before I got in. When we got among the oranges, of course we picked them off the trees ourselves and ate them, and of course they tasted quite different to any oranges we had ever eaten! Joking apart, they are a most delicious fruit out here. You can get them for next to nothing, and we used always to begin breakfast by a good foundation of "Naranjas." The lemons, too, are very delicious, and make such



good lemonade. But to return to our muttons, or rather our orange grove. We got off and strolled about for some little time in the shade of the bananas. A grove of these I find very pretty and quaint-looking, though the fruit is maukish and tasteless; they are very nutritious, however, and the niggers and common people live on them. On our way back to the "Alava" we stopped and saw some men playing *jeu de Paume*. They were mostly "Basques," the Administrator himself hailing from those provinces, and he has a good many men from his native land. We went and saw some of the negroes, too, dancing in rather an inane sort of way to the monotonous music(?) of the "tom-tom." We came into dinner at 3.30. There were present, besides the doctor and Administrator, two lady friends, one of whom had an extraordinary phenomenon in the shape of a little boy, of between three and four years of age, who had a peculiar liking for tobacco. We had seen him in the afternoon at the house of the other Administrator with a huge cigar unlit in his mouth, and there had learnt his love for the weed. He was a delightful little imp—a frightful pickle, I should think—with a jolly roguish face. But at dinner he was for some reason out of sorts, and had frequent eruptions of temper. I stopped him several times by holding up my finger and speaking to him in English, which so astonished him that he stopped crying to stare at me in wonder. However, at last this charm failed to have effect, and, as a happy thought in the middle of a frightful tornado, I took up an enormous cigar and presented it to him. Result, electrical. His face of delight and gratitude was a study. He had already got hold of one, and now, the proud possessor of two, he was as proud as Punch, and put them alternately into his mouth, looking up at me in great glee. But imagine my surprise when Mr. A. handed him a match and the young monkey deliberately lit one of his cigars, almost as big as himself, and puffed away merrily for about a quarter-of-an-hour, sucking away and puffing out the smoke in the most comical, old-fashioned manner. It was as good as a play, but an early education for a young man not four years old!!

Monday morning we were away by 6 o'clock, in the tramcar, which was to take us back to the España. This tram deposited us about three miles from the house, and we traversed the distance in an "España" tramcar, and arrived to find Mr. Breuil ready with horses to take us on, as it had been arranged to visit the museum and garden of Dr. Gundlach, at Fermina. Mr. Breuil is, as I have said, a Frenchman, and a very pleasant, intelligent man, a grade above the other Administrators, I fancy. From him we learnt a good bit about the "Flora" and plants and trees of the island, and he gave us a letter to a man in Havana from whom we could get some seeds of different flowers. He very kindly proposed our going to see this Dr. Gundlach, who is a German, and, I fancy, a bit of a character. He is botanist and naturalist, most enthusiastic.

In fact, these subjects are a sort of mania with him, and I believe he understands more about the birds, beasts, and flowers of the island than any man. He has a museum of birds, butterflies, beetles, alligators, serpents, &c., of every specimen in the island, and all collected by himself. He has gone through the length and breadth of the island, and spent days and nights in his researches, waiting under a tree for a certain bird to lay its egg or for a butterfly to appear. He had a prize medal in Paris for his collection, where he was offered 200,000 francs for it when it was not as complete as it is now. Unfortunately, we had rather to hurry through it, on account of catching our train, as also through his garden, which he has very nicely arranged, and which is to us Europeans a sort of outdoor hothouse. I mean that we saw all those rare plants which we are accustomed to see growing with us under glass, here displaying all their natural size and beauty in the open air. There was an orange-tree also, the fruit of which was the most enormous I ever saw. I could not grasp it round with my two hands by about 2 inches!! The ordinary oranges, however, and the sweetest are not large, and they have a very delicate thin skin. Dr. Gundlach was also the happy possessor of several large boa constrictors and a small alligator. We could have spent several hours at this place,—not especially with the boas and alligators, I don't mean, but inspecting the museum and garden,—but our time was short, and we could only allow ourselves a little more than an hour. Still, “half a loaf,” &c., &c. We had lost no time in coming the five miles from the España, as the road was pretty good all the way, and now we remounted and did about another four or five miles at a smart pace to Bemba, where we were to take the train. Our good friend A. we found to be rather fussy in the matter of trains, and we could have spent more time among the birds had he not hurried us off. In consequence, we arrived just half-an-hour before the train left, which time we whiled away eating oranges and inspecting humanity—Chinese, Blacks, and Whites—of various shades and types, who swarmed the station, which is a junction, and it was just the busy time. A great quantity of these people were going about with a live cock or hen tucked comfortably under their arm, and afterwards I saw several with the friendly volatile sitting quietly by their side in the railway car—I suppose they were taking them home to tea. Our train left something after 11, and we immediately proceeded to discuss our breakfast, in the shape of some boiled eggs and chicken, which we had brought with us from the España—that is to say, a couple of negroes had brought it between them with our bags. We travelled back without adventure, and arrived about 4 o'clock at the hotel, having parted with Mr. A. at the station. He turned out to be a very nice man. We never quite made out what position he held in Zuluetta's house, but I don't think he is a partner. Anyhow, nothing could exceed his attention and kindness to us, and he would not hear of us paying a cent, even

in the matter of our railway fare. He said we were guests of the firm as long as we were in his charge. We found out next day that Mr. Murietta had written to Zuluetta beforehand, telling them to expect us, and Mr. Zuluetta would have come with us himself had he not been obliged to go away the day before our arrival, to visit a more distant plantation of his. This we learnt next morning, when we went to see him himself at his other office on the other side of the harbour. Mr. A. called for us at 8 o'clock, took us across, and presented us to the "Head of the House," who seemed in our short visit a very nice, gentlemanly man. He spoke English very well, though with a foreign accent. He is the nephew of Mr. Zuluetta, the former "Chef," who died a few years ago, and he has now the entire management of the business, an immense concern, comprising as it does the vast sugar plantation business, which is the business at the office on the Havana side of the harbour, as well as a large trade in coals, shipbuilding, or rather ship-repairing, and other details connected with these. After our visit Mr. A. took us through some of the wharves and the iron foundries, which are, comparatively with others here, very large; in fact, I believe, the only ones on such a scale in the place. Well, to return to Monday evening. Left to our own devices after dinner, we thought we could not do better than go and renew our acquaintance with our quondam friends, the circus troupe. It was most ridiculous as we entered to see a lot of the liveried men who stand by the door as the horses and performers come in, recognise us and laugh among themselves as we took our seats just opposite them. The troupe themselves were very good on the whole, though some of the performers had evidently not quite got into tune again after their sea sickness. This applies especially to the poor horses, who seemed far from fit. The clowns were decidedly feeble, but the rest were all good, and some of the performance excellent. The circus is quite the fashionable thing in Havana, and very popular.

Tuesday morning we began, as I have said above, by our trip across the harbour, returning to breakfast at the hotel about 11 o'clock. In the afternoon we went out to see the friends of Mr. Breuil, who went with us to Mr. Armand, a Frenchman, to see about getting a few seeds, and we made an arrangement to go down to his garden the following morning. We then went and paid a farewell visit to Mr. Hayley, at his office, and had a look in at the cathedral, where there is nothing of note except the tomb of Columbus. He is said to be buried here, but I believe it is a discussed question. Anyhow, there is a slab of modern date to his memory. From here we went on to see the Captain-General's garden, on the borders of the town. It is a good-sized and pretty garden, but shockingly badly kept up, and very untidy. I suppose the great man has too much to do to think about his garden. They seem to be great scamps, these Spanish officials, as a rule, even

allowing for Cuban prejudice. They say that they always make a good thing out of the people during their term of office—exclusive, I mean, of their regular salary. Certain it is that the Spaniards and their Government are cordially hated, and apparently not without cause. They seem to desire only to “sit upon” the poor Cuban, and they appear to have been most successful in mismanaging the whole place. In any other hands the colony ought to be three times more wealthy and prosperous than it is. The currency alone shows they are in a bad state, and the double currency of paper and gold, besides being horribly puzzling, is really a disgraceful state of things. I know I have been driven half silly in trying to get the accounts square. I had the misfortune to have my turn at the exchequer, and I went very nearly crazy in my frantic endeavours to get a little order among my wretched figures. I could never quite understand how matters stood, except that the paper was at about 50 per cent. discount on the gold, there being scarcely any gold coinage. Virtually, the paper is purely fictitious coinage, I believe, and at the ticket office for our berths they refused notes, and we had to go and get change in gold. There, as the change varies considerably from day to day, the confusion in money transactions is quite delightful. It was the only thing I was glad to leave Havana for; and now, after distracting calculations, we are among the Yankee greenbacks again. But dear me, how I’ve rambled away! I was at the garden. Well, we footed it back to the hotel, dined there, and afterwards were called for by one of the friends of Hidalgo’s, whom we had met at the theatre, to go again with him to the play. He had his carriage there, so we first took a little carriage exercise down the fashionable parts, and found our way to the theatre in time for the rise of the curtain. It was rather an amusing piece, and with some very good acting we were able to follow it pretty well.

*Wednesday morning, 7th December.*—We went down to Mr. Armand’s garden, which is situate just outside the town. It is a lovely place and beautifully kept, with every sort of rare plant and flower. We spent some time there, going the rounds and looking at the different flowers, and before we left Mr. Armand promised to make us each a small collection of seeds and send them home to us, some time. His is quite the best collection of flowers and the best kept garden in Havana, which, however, I believe would not necessarily be saying much, as, though Nature does a great deal of gardening, she is not aided to a great extent by skilled human labour. But I have quite made up my mind that however pretty the palms and tropical plants may be, I would, on the whole, sooner have our fine oaks and elms and other trees. The palms are very pretty in a garden or grove, but look intensely idiotic when growing by themselves. The rest of the day after breakfasting was spent in packing, paying the bill, and going to make farewell calls on Dussaq, Zulueta, and Hidalgo, and at 3 o’clock we left the hotel and came

on board our ship, the "Hutchinson," in a steam launch, which Hidalgo had placed at our disposal. We were supposed to have been under weigh by 4 o'clock, but it was three hours later ere our anchor was up and we were steaming out of Havana harbour—just a week after our arrival. Well, it has been a very jolly week, and I think we've seen a good bit in that time. Of course we have not seen the whole island, but we have a very fair idea of Havana and Cuban life, thanks to our kind friends; and for the western end, with its tobacco, we must be content with what we have been told.

We have very comfortable quarters on board, with a cabin each to ourselves. To-day we are only six passengers, but we shall, I expect, ship some more on at Cedar Keys to-morrow. Last night at supper the first thing we heard, to my especial consternation, were the sounds of infantine lamentations. The origins shortly appeared, and, to Henri's disgust, we discovered that they came out of the cabin next to his. But I suppose they were too sick to cry in the night, or Henri slept too soundly to hear them, and we unshipped them at Key West, where we touched this morning and stayed a couple of hours. We rolled about like fun last night. We began immediately on clearing the harbour, and by the middle of the night were tumbling about most merrily. There was no apparent cause for such a fuss, as there was little or no wind or sea to speak of. It seems, however, our ship has only a light cargo on board, and is a little light-hearted and top-heavy in consequence. Otherwise she seems a pretty good boat—not large, but comfortable enough for a short trip. There is not a great deal of passenger traffic on this line. The "Hutchinson" is the best of the fleet. To-day the sea has been a perfect pond all day, with not movement enough to disturb even the equanimity of our good ship. The feeding, though not extensive, is good up till now, and for drink we are consuming Mr. Rath's old Irish whisky, and find it very good tippie.

We get into Cedar Keys early to-morrow, so I must seal up my letter bags to-night, in order to transmit them to the care of the post. All well up till now, 5.30 P.M., Thursday, 8th December, 1881.

## JOURNAL XXI.

### *St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.*

*Sunday evening, December 11th.*—Dropped anchor at 3 o'clock at the Company's wharf, on the east side of the river, and arrived two hours later at this hotel, having had our things beautifully jumbled and generally turned topsy-turvy by the obliging Custom House officials. Nothing particular to note on the rest of our voyage. We stayed a couple of hours at Cedar Keys on Friday, where we went ashore to post our letters and have a stroll through

the town. But there is nothing whatever interesting or amusing in the place, which is a small, dirty-looking, unhealthy seaport town. The only thing at all out of the common were the cedar-wood sawmills, where the smell of the wood was delicious. But even this was soon forgotten in the variety of unsavoury odours which cropped up at frequent intervals through the town. We exchanged our garrulous Boston couple and insipid Cuban here for a poor paralysed man, who was horribly sea sick directly we put off, and three or four garlic-loving yokels, so that our company, on the whole, was not of an engaging nature. We entered the mouth of the river this morning about 4 A.M.; consequently we could not see anything of the jetties. But I believe you see very little of them just passing, though they are a marvel of engineering skill, and completely successful. The river itself is a mass of dirty mud, with low, muddy, marshy banks, gradually growing more wooded, cultivated, and populated, though never to any great extent, as you go higher up. The river is no great width at any part as yet, and the country on either side flat and monotonous.

*Monday, 12th December.*—After breakfast we—*i.e.*, George and I (Henri having to go and see a dentist)—went round to Cavaroc's, who had been advised of our arrival by La Montagne. He "twigged" us immediately on entering his office, and expressed great delight at seeing us. He forthwith took us about the town, beginning by going down to the river, where the wharves were simply alive with nothing but bales of cotton and casks of sugar, as animated a sight as you could wish to see, with the immense steamers lying alongside, ever so far up and down the river. The whole place looked like an extra-sized ants' nest. We went over one of these huge boats, on which they take a cargo of—I'm afraid to say how many thousand bales, and several hundred passengers. The saloons are simply palatial. There is some very lively shipping going on, and the place is increasing in importance every year; and now that they have made the mouth of the river permanently accessible to large vessels, the biggest ship can come up the river and ride comfortable anywhere for a considerable distance above this. You can get a very pretty view from here of the harbour, as it can almost be called; the river takes an immense curve just at this point, and forms a regular crescent, resembling an immense bay. Hence the sobriquet of the Crescent Town. From here we went and had a look at the hall of the Douane. New Orleans is not rich in architectural beauty, but this forms a notable exception. It is a large, very handsome hall, very well proportioned, and supported by massive white marble pillars, each of which cost a young fortune. The exterior of the building, which comprises the Post Office and other official departments, is scarcely handsome, though of an immense size, being, after the capitol at Washington, the largest in the States. Mr. Cavaroc now took us to call on one or two people, friends of his, so as to put us

"in the running" of what is going on. Our first visit was to Mr. Carrières, who has promised to get us invitations for the ball on Thursday night, to be given to the French Legation. We then went to see Mr. Aligé, a very agreeable, gentlemanly man, who, after we had sat some little time discussing Bordeaux and Arcachon, both of which places he had known very well twenty years ago, took us off to the Boston Club to put our names down. Funnily enough, just as we got there we found a gentleman in the act of inscribing our identical names. But the mystery was soon explained by his being a Mr. Simpson, Rothschild's agent here, to whom Henri had been in the course of the morning to get some money. On our way back we were shown the Cotton Exchange and given cards of admission for our stay here by a member of the Exchange, in case we feel inclined to look in there at any time and speculate in that market!!! We returned to the hotel to read our letters and lunch, and at 3 o'clock repaired to Mr. Bienville's office, he having promised to take us over his cotton oil works. We drove down there in quite a new style of carriage, a sort of omnibus on two wheels, which just held four *uncomfortably*. We stopped at some cotton stores on our way, to see the process of compressing the bales of cotton ready for exportation. Each bale weighs between four and five hundred pounds, and it is subjected to a good deal of pressure when packed in the country. Here they are subjected to an enormous pressure, which reduces them in bulk by more than one-half, at the rate of seventy-two an hour, without any further packing or otherwise touching the bales. They are just taken as they come in from the country, jammed down by the press, and, at the same time, bound with iron girders, and are ready for exportation in less than a minute. A little further down Canal Street—the street of New Orleans, a fine, broad roadway, 200 feet wide—we came to Mr. B.'s works. Here we had a most interesting inspection of the different processes the cotton undergoes before the oil is procured, and the different uses to which every particle is put, so that not the least little bit is wasted. The cotton-seed is first cleaned, and all rubbish and dirt which may be mixed up in it is sifted and separated. The seeds then undergo a process of "brushing," which results in a large quantity of cotton wool. But so little *apparently* is taken off that you can scarcely detect the difference in the seed before and after the operation. It is then cleaned again by means of "blowers," after which it finds its way into a machine which cuts the pod and at the same time separates the interior grain from the outer shell, or "envelope," as it is called. This latter forms naturally a refuse of considerable amount, which is used partly as fuel for the furnaces, where it gives out a tremendous heat, and thus saves the expense of coal; partly as food for cattle, for which purpose it is also considered very highly. The grain

is now put through a process of steaming, then run into bags, and placed in very powerful hydraulic presses, which in about a quarter-of-an-hour squeezes out all the oil contained in the grain. The grain that is left is then the oil cake, which is exported to England for cattle; the pressure which the grain has undergone leaving the "cakes" in the form in which we see them at home, and quite hard. Here this cake is not so valuable. It is used for cattle, but it is also ground again to powder and used as manure for the cotton plantations, so that the cotton returns to the soil again. The "crude oil" is then refined and ready for use. The demand for it is largely increasing every year, Mr. B. told us, not only in its natural and genuine state, but also for adulterating and "personifying" olive oil. For the latter purposes it is largely exported to Marseilles and other places. Mr. Bienville also amused us by telling us other uses to which it is put, viz.: It is frozen hard and then pressed, when the oil which is extracted is very fine and will not freeze any more (at least, it will stand a temperature of 28° Fahr. without being congealed), while the solid mass which is left goes to adulterate butter!!! The same process is used with the extra refined oil, which is almost white in colour, only in this case the hard white substance left after being pressed is sold largely as lard. The refuse of the "crude" oil, too, after refining, goes to make a soap, so that I think the friendly cotton-seed makes himself an extremely useful member of society in this establishment alone. By the time we had finished our most fascinating tour among the cotton it was past 5 o'clock. On returning to the hotel we jumped first into some black coats and then into a carriage, and went off to call on Mrs. Bermudez and her daughter, for whom Miss Noel, in New York, had given us a letter. I should be more correct in saying, perhaps, Miss Bermudez and her Ma, the letter being for the young lady from her friend. Anyhow she was very charming, and, funnily enough, had been at school with the Misses Carroll in Paris, and knew them intimately, as well as a few others of our New York acquaintance. After a very pleasant visit, and having arranged a rendezvous to be taken to see some other people (I forget the names) on Wednesday, we returned to the hotel to dine, and went to hear "La Mascotte" very well given by the French Opera Company, with Mdlle. Paola Marié as Bettina.

A very good day's work, on the whole, I think, and very enjoyably spent. So far, all our acquaintance is French, who, indeed, form more than half the population, though, as at Montreal, the two tongues inhabit distinct quarters of the town. In the way of sights there is nothing much to be seen at New Orleans. It is rather a funny, old-fashioned town, and has, perhaps, a "cachet" of its own, but the houses are "interestingly picturesque." The river is undoubtedly the most worth seeing, with all the shipping that is



continually going on, and curling round the town as it does, so as to embrace two sides of it. Every one agrees in saying that the town is increasing in importance every year as a seaport, especially as railroads are being opened every day into Texas and other parts of the interior.

*Tuesday, 13th.*—Henri and I went off this morning as soon as it was light—*i.e.*, about half-past 6—to pay a visit to the market, and we were fully rewarded by a most amusing stroll. It is a most delightful market, all so scrupulously clean and well kept; the stall-keepers, with scarcely an exception, being as clean and tidy as you could wish to see. This was especially noticeable in the meat market, not generally the sweetest and cleanest of places; but here the meat all looked so fresh and nice, the floor spread with clean sawdust, the stalls without a speck, the butchers neatly and cleanly dressed, and with beautifully *clean hands*. The rest of the market was in keeping, and we spent an hour and a half walking about, watching the old women, with huge baskets under their arms, making their collection of stores and driving their bargains. There were various types of face, and equally varied were the tongues: it was a sort of Babel, only there was no loud chattering; they one and all seemed most seriously bent on the business of the morning. All the women, black and white, wore huge "coal-scuttle" linen bonnets, projecting far in front of their face, and they all partook of the general air of tidiness and cleanliness which enchanted me so much, and all looked so bright and jolly. We had many a little conversation with the different stall-owners, but scarcely two of them spoke the same dialect, though French was the predominating element. We had great chaff with one old lady as to the leanness of her poultry, some of which were all leg and neck. She wasn't at all offended, and rather entered into the joke. Of course the fruit stalls proved a great attraction to me, and I wanted to taste the apples and oranges of nearly every stall, only Henri remonstrated. In fact, we went closely into every department—fish, game, garden, orchard—oh! and bakery, such delicious, tempting-looking longbreads. They did smell so good. However, we thought them a little too large to put in our pockets, especially as we have excellent bread at the hotel. We did, however, do some little marketing besides the afore-mentioned apples and oranges, and eventually came away with some very superior handkerchiefs, three for 10 cents = fivepence, and two extra-superfine ones, 15 cents each, which Henri thought reckless extravagance. A pot of currant jelly and some bunches of violets completed our purchases, and we came back to the hotel quite ready for our breakfast, when we found the jelly very good! At 12 o'clock we went round to Mr. Cavaroc's, and drove out with him to spend the rest of the day with him in the country. He has a little place about three miles out of the town, on the banks of the Mississippi. The intervening road is about as villainous

as you can wish to see. Until you clear the town it is paved with big round stones. I say "paved" for the sake of euphony, as their present disposition will scarcely bear the name. As soon as we are over this we begin a regular steeplechase over a succession of holes and chasms, right across the road. We do not stop at once at the "Villa Cavaroc," but go on a few miles further down the river—the ditches increasing as we go in size and frequency—to the property of Mr. Bayhi, where they were gathering in the sugar-canes, and we saw what we had been unable to see at Cuba, viz., the grinding the canes, and the whole process of sugar-making. The works were miniature compared with those of Zuluetta, but the principle is the same; and having seen the theory of the machinery there, we now saw it put into practice, *i.e.*, the sugar-canes being crushed and the juice going through all the different performances until it adopts the form of sugar. We returned to Cavaroc's house by the same celestial (*pour ne pas dire infernal*) road, and proceeded to make the tour of inspection through his little property. He has only lately bought it and has been gradually bringing it into order, and now has just got his first lot of orange-trees in. That he intends to make his principal product, though for a few years he will have a large stock of artichokes, which will return him a fair revenue while the orange-trees are small, and before they bear. Of course, as the trees get larger the "chokes" will have to remove themselves. I forget how many thousand trees he has planted. He explained to us that he never planted the sweet orange, as it answered much better to plant the bitter ones and then graft the sweet. He has a very nice little garden in front of his house, with some nice trees and shrubs, among them a tangerene orange-tree, of which we ate the last between us—such a monster! as large as an ordinary orange, and deliciously sweet. *The* gems in the garden, however, were his camelias, of which he has about half-a-dozen beauties. When in flower they must be simply "quite too awfully consummately too too"; even now they are one mass of buds. A few were out, but only a stray one here and there. The size of them thoroughly staggered me—one especially, which stood about 10 or 12 feet high, and as large round and thick as a large laurel, and beautifully shaped withal. But this is a wonder, even for this country.

We were presented to the family at dinner at 6 o'clock, when the party consisted of three Misses C., two grown-up and one child, a son of about fourteen, just recovering from a severe typhoid fever, and a son-in-law, his wife being upstairs, but unwell. The family numbered once thirteen, of whom there now remain eight. Poor Mr. Cavaroc is only now beginning to pick up again, after losing all his fortune some years ago by the failure of a bank. It is rather sad to see the house, a nice little one, with all the walls quite bare, as he had to part with everything. We spent our afternoon and evening very pleasantly, Mr. C. seeming really

pleased to have us and show us about, and returned to town by tramcar. On our way back we had a small excitement in the way of running off the track. We were suddenly brought up short with a jerk, and the next thing we saw was the head of our mule peering in at one of the windows, the glass of which he had carefully broken with his nose. We were not far from home, but as it was pouring cats and dogs, and we had no umbrellas, we preferred remaining in the car to exposing our persons to the fury of the elements: so stuck to the ship until she recovered her position, and continued her way, landing us a few minutes' walk from the hotel. By this time the storm was raging furiously; the lightning, which had been giving us a continuous electrical performance all the way home, became even more vivid, while deluges wasn't the word for the rain, and we flew like demons to the hotel. The rain lasted through the night, and for more than half-an-hour after getting in, in torrents, so that the street under the window was a young river, and I'm sure there were two or three inches of water on the pavement.

*Thursday, 14th.*—Cloudy and showery all day, but, despite the weather, we went out in the morning to have a look at the Lake Pontchartrain, about an hour and a half's ride by train, which goes right down Canal Street. We were scarcely rewarded, as we found the lake carefully wrapped up in mist. The country is a continuous marshy swamp, and how the people live in some of the places without all dying of fever astonishes me. There was one cheerful locality just out of the town—a succession of cemeteries; very nicely kept they seemed, but I'd as soon not live in an atmosphere of tombs and marshes. In the afternoon we were to have called on some people with Miss Bermudez, but we made some mistake in the time, and arrived too late. In the evening we went to see "Hazel Kirke" at the theatre, where we were amused muchly. There was rather a sensation in the middle of the performance. Some awful specimens in a box just over the stage had been making a disgraceful noise all the time, talking and laughing at the top of their voices, when one of the actors stood out and said he refused to go on unless the obnoxious parties were removed from the house. Loud applause from the audience. After a few high words with the managers, the offenders beat an ignominious retreat, amid the jeers, yells, and hootings of the excited gallery. I forgot to mention that this morning we visited the cathedral, but both the exterior and interior are uninteresting and ugly.

*Thursday, 15th.*—A lovely bright day and quite fresh. We spent some part of the morning knocking about the wharves, or Levée, as it is called, watching the unloading of a cotton vessel and the general movement along the water's edge. We were in hopes, too, of seeing a large steamer come in laden with bales, but though she was expected at any moment for the space of three hours she never turned up. In the afternoon poor Henri had



another sitting with his dentist. George and I took a long walk out of the town and back along the river. We must have gone between ten or twelve miles. The end of our tramp was not interesting, as we found ourselves among the slums of the town, where the pavement was charmingly fanciful and varied, and, as it was by this time dark, we had great excitement as to who would break his nose first. Fortune, however, favoured the brave, and left our nasal organs unimpaired. We were to have gone to the ball given to the French guests of the nation, but for some reason it has been postponed.

*Battle House, Mobile.*

*Saturday, 17th.*—Who'd have thought we were going to spend the day here? Certainly not we when we started from New Orleans at 5 P.M. yesterday, with the settled purpose of going straight through to St. Louis! But fickle Fortune played us rather a dirty trick, and having sent us supperless to bed proceeded to turn some of the cars off the track and delay the even tenour of our way just twenty-four hours. The facts are simple enough, and are as follows:—and, first, as to missing our evening meal, which was not really connected in the least with the other delay. The regular place for the train to take supper—I mean for the passengers—is at a little place called “Bay St. Louis.” For some reason the train pulled up outside, and the car conductor, thinking we were waiting for a freight train, did not give the word to get down, and only discovered his mistake when we had gone on again. However, there was nothing to be done for it except try not to feel hungry, there being nowhere else to get anything to eat. Later on, about 10 o'clock, we did get some extremely nasty prehistoric sort of cake, but not very satisfying. It was just about the same time that the mishap occurred which has delayed us. A couple of cars left the lines, and though no damage was done it was some little time before we could proceed, and we arrived at Mobile at midnight, above two hours late, to find that the regular through train had got tired of waiting for us, and had gone on its own way rejoicing, while we have to wait until this evening's train, and are not allowed to have an engine to ourselves. It is a bore, as it delays us a day and gives us an extra night in the car. However, we might have been worse off, and although there is nothing to see in this town we have managed to while away the morning pleasantly enough. We began our peregrinations, after breakfast *bien entendu*, down by the quays, then up “Government Street,” a broad avenue of nice trees, and flanked by small, unpretending, but neat little detached villas. Farther down we jumped into a tramcar, which took us clear of the town, where we found the country rather pretty and well wooded, though flat. We walk on about a couple of miles and presently strike another wide road

down which we turn, and are soon afterwards picked up by another tram. We jump in and learn that its destination is "Springhill," some seven miles out of the town; so as the country looks pretty we think we'll go on the whole way. The said Springhill is in effect a hill, or, more properly, rising ground, overlooking the city, and is a sort of village suburb, pleasantly situate among the woods, rather resembling the "Landes," and there are some fine trees of different sorts, especially oaks; otherwise, there is nothing striking, and we retrace our steps for some way through the woods on foot, when we are again picked up by the car and restored to the hotel in safety.

## JOURNAL XXII.

### *Southern Hotel, St. Louis.*

*Monday, 19th December.*—We resumed our journey from Mobile Saturday night, and arrived without further let or hindrance at this extremely smoky and nothing-particular-to-see-in-it town at 6.30 A.M., since when we have run about the streets and gone as far as Lafayette Park (?), a good-sized square at the southern end of the town, where are most of the private residences. There are some fine buildings in the town, notably the Post Office, which is not yet finished; but there are a great many inferior ones to fill in the gaps, which prevent any handsome street, and everything is blackened with smoke. The bridge is supposed to be a great piece of engineering; and it certainly is a fine one, with lower story for the trains and top story for carriages and pedestrians. We travelled up very comfortably yesterday in a Pullman, with only two or three other people, and with an extremely nice car conductor and a very good specimen of a nigger, to make the beds, &c., who were both most civil and obliging. We had an interesting specimen of "Yankee 'cuteness'" at Columbus, where we crossed the Mississippi by ferry, the Pullman cars and two baggage waggons being bodily pushed on to a monster steam ferry boat, which took us safely across the river, here about a mile wide, in about ten minutes. But before this we had had our wheels changed!! to suit the gauge of the new line we were taking on the other side of the river. It was a decidedly ingenious yet at the same time fairly simple, contrivance. The body of the car was simply raised up on levers, worked by some steam machinery, when the two pair of "bogey" wheels were wheeled completely away and two fresh pairs of a narrower gauge (*i.e.*, 4 feet 8½ inches instead of 5 feet) substituted. The car was then let down on to the new rollers, into the framework of which fitted two large iron pins, fixed to the bottom of the car. And this constituted nearly all the fastening. The entire performance took eight minutes. It is only the Pullman and luggage coaches

which are treated in this free and easy style. But the Americans stop at nothing, and only the other day an hotel in Boston was moved back off the road nearly 14 feet to widen the street. The preparations for this trifling manœuvre occupied about three months; the actual moving about twelve hours. This is fact, and nothing was moved or disturbed at all inside the house, nor did the paper, woodwork, or anything else suffer in the least—as I have been told by an eye-witness.

*St. James' Hotel, Denver.*

*Wednesday, 21st December.*—We left St. Louis on Monday, 8.45 P.M., since when we have been living in the train, and arrived here at 6.30 this evening, after a comfortable journey, but without any incident worthy of note. We reached Kansas City yesterday morning, and had just a small excitement as to whether we should not have to spend our day there; our train being two hours late the conductor assured us the train to bring us on on here would not wait, and we had, after a certain amount of grumbling, begun to resign ourselves to the fate of kicking our heels about Kansas City and spending another night in the cars when we steamed into the station, and our glad ears were greeted by the announcement "All trains waiting"; half-an-hour later saw us in our new Pullman, continuing our way Denver-wards. The day was beastly. Torrents of rain in the early morning, which soon changed to snow, with cold wind and ugly black sky. To-day, however, has made up for it. Clear blue sky and bright sunshine, with still a keen wind. All day long we have been traversing a vast, bare, arid plateau, with scarcely a habitation or a human being to be seen, only a few stray cattle here and there. Some antelope were pointed out to us once, and though, of course, I quite believe they were the said beasts, I had to take them entirely on trust, as they were so far off they might have been hyenas, for all I could see.

Though totally devoid of a single tree or any cultivation, this bleak country is, I believe, excellent pasturage, and for this purpose is divided into large grazing farms. We were shown a paling where a man's property began, which extended sixty-five square miles. Just now it looks anything but good pasture, so dry and burnt-up, but we are here over 5,000 feet above sea-level, and it is mid December. The ascent all the way is very gradual, and, except for increased slowness of our progression, you scarcely notice the ascent, and even the pace does not vary greatly—we never exceed five-and-twenty miles an hour. About 5 o'clock we catch our first glimpse of the mountains, in the form of Pike's Peak, 15,000 feet, which looms up just as the sun is setting, at a distance of seventy-four miles, if we are to believe our informant, though the clear atmosphere makes it seem, at most, one-half that distance. Shortly after we get a distant view of the whole range, but not for long, as

darkness soon hides everything from our view. The next excitement is our arrival, and nothing loth are we to leave our Pullman. It is certainly most comfortable travelling. The days slip along very quickly, and the nights you sleep quite comfortably in a roomy berth, the only drawback being the heat at which they keep the cars. Still, I am eyeing with pleasure a nice, large, inviting-looking bed, and I feel I breathe more comfortable in a first-rate, clean, snug room in this very good hotel, which is quite a new one, and furnished with all modern luxuries and requirements, including a bath-room attached. I was forgetting to say that for our meals we pull up for twenty minutes three times a day, for breakfast, dinner, and supper, provided at set places by the Company, the food being, as a rule, very fair.

### *Colorado Springs.*

*Thursday, 22nd.*—We woke up this morning to find it pretty nippy on turning out of bed, and on going to the window found we had a lovely view of the mountains, just appearing away on our left in the morning haze, and gradually showing themselves more clearly as the mist gave way to the rising sun. Our first care after breakfast was to see about our tickets for the rest of our route to 'Frisco, on Monday, and we then set off on a stump out of the town and towards the mountains. The range very much resembles the chain of the Pyrenees as seen from Pau, only instead of the foreground of wooded *coteaux* there is nothing but a vast, flat plain, of some fifteen or twenty miles, between the town and the mountains. Still, the mountains themselves are very beautiful, and present some fine rugged bits and several ranges of perfectly snow-clad peaks. They appeared at their best too to-day, under a gorgeous sun and brightest of blue skies. In fact, the day was perfect, the atmosphere dry and clear, though with just that faint distant haze which, I trust, means fine weather. We returned from our walk about 2.30, to stroll about the town for half-an-hour before putting our things together, feeding, and starting for this place at 3 o'clock.

Colorado Springs is a little village, about seventy miles distant, and is the centre for tourists in the summer time, where, I believe, a good many of that species congregate in these environs to drink the waters of the various springs, within a radius of a few miles, and visit the beauties of the country, about which I hope to have something to say before Saturday. The country between this and Denver is nothing particularly striking, nearly all the time—at least, as long as we could see that bare bleak plateau of parched herbage. As we neared the mountains, though, it became more broken up, with mounds and hillocks and rugged cliffs in the foreground, where a few trees found means to struggle into existence, and where a few patches of snow served to cover the "nakedness

of the land." We had some fine sunset lights on the snow and rocks away on our right before the shades of night closed in and left us to the calm enjoyment of a dense atmosphere of tobacco smoke, which the heat of the stove, the closed windows, and the general human savour of a rather mixed society of Colorado natives combined to render truly delightful and invigorating! But I find it is the same thing through all America, and when indoors they keep up a tremendous heat—be it private house, hotel, or railway car—directly it is the least cold. Consequently, at this time of year you have to undergo the most trying changes of temperature, and after baking in a room at 80°, you go out and suddenly have your nose frozen at 30°.

Since writing last night I find that last Tuesday night we were within not a great deal of being stopped by the snow. The guard told Henri that about the middle of the night it came on to snow so thick and drift so much that it was quite on the cards that we should be snowed up if it continued, when suddenly—so to speak—we emerged into a region where there was little snow at all, and, as I have said, all day long we saw the green (?) grass the whole way, though there was ice in all the bits of water. But I am only surprised it is not colder, considering the time of year, and that we are up over 5,000 feet above the sea. True, the nights are cold, but the daytime, judging from our short experience, is beautiful, with quite warm sun and the air delicious and bracing.

*Friday, 23rd December.*—Pretty sharp frost again last night, and coldish turning out this morning at 7 A.M. But a peep out of the window showed us a lovely range of snow-sprinkled mountains, and induced us to jump into our clothes, so as to make the most of the day. Our first point was the Cheyenne Cañon, a fine gorge about five miles from the hotel. A neat buggy for four persons, drawn by a pair of strapping white horses, appeared at the door about 8.30, and we were soon bowling along a good road, the Arabians seeming to enjoy the fine morning as much as ourselves. They were both fine white steeds, pure white save that the off one had red ears. This was the finer of the two, and his owner told us he had paid \$350 for him. I suppose a good bit of the sum went to pay for the ears. As we neared the valley the road got rougher, and was not improved by patches of frozen snow, the remains, we are informed, of a heavy snow-storm which they had a month ago, when they had 18 inches of snow. We got out of the carriage a little way before the regular place, as the snow got worse, and took to our legs. We were now at the entrance of a valley guarded at the end by a narrow gorge, or "cañon," as it is called here, over which tower, about 1,000 feet above us, some grand, precipitous, castellated rocks on either side. After passing this, the valley expands and breaks off into numerous little pockets and hills. We follow the stream, running down the main valley for some distance, and George begins operations by slipping on a piece of ice into the water, which he finds a trifle cold! We



scramble up one of the little pockets and to the hill above, whence we have a fine view straight down the valley for six or eight miles, and a very pretty little valley it is, especially now with the snow coming right down to the water's edge on the north side, while the sunny side is quite green—not so green and bright as in summer perhaps, but I'm not sure it is not prettier as it is, with the dark pines growing up out of the white snow, as they are not dense enough to form a solid mass. Around us are fine, bold specimens of single rocks and groups, one of which is an exact miniature of the Matterhorn; opposite us, the massive bluffs under which we have just come. We now have a sharp tug up to another higher ridge, up a steepish slope of loose powdered rock, in which we slip back two steps for every one we take. Here we come to the conclusion that railway travelling is not, on the whole, the best training for mountaineering. Luckily, the struggle, though sharp, is short, and we arrive, breathless but triumphant, at the summit—a thought warm, perhaps, as the sun is becoming fierce, and pitches down upon us with almost summer heat. The air, however, is delightful, the sky cloudless, while the atmosphere is so clear that every rock and every twig stands out in beautiful distinctness against the blue sky. Altogether, we are enchanted with the day, and the view, which now from our higher “coign of vantage” is more extensive, and embraces the higher ranges of mountains and the vast plain underneath us. On our way down we wander into different directions, and I strike a little higher up the valley, so as to make a little detour and see if I cannot come across the waterfalls, which we have been told are to be seen. After crossing a couple of ridges I am partially successful—*i.e.*, I come upon the place where the falls ought to be, but now there is nothing beyond a humble trickle. There is the making for a pretty cascade—a narrow ravine and a succession of descending rocks, ending in a sheer fall of 30 or 40 feet. A monster rock overhead, looking like an old feudal fortress, perched upon an inaccessible precipice, helps too to give it a very picturesque look. I have a good scramble down some rocks to the stream again, and in my descent disappear several times in snow-covered holes up to my knees. I reach the bottom, though, with all my bones sound, and join the others at the carriage, which then brings us back to the hotel about 12.30. After partaking of some of the good fare of the inn, we re-started at 1.30 for, as it turned out, rather an eventful drive, to visit the “Gardens of gods” and the little village of Manitou. We had our same Jehu and chariot, but a fresh pair of horses—a fine-looking bay and a grey. They seem like going all over as we drive off, and we were not a long time in covering the four or five miles between this place and the “divine resorts.” They lie underneath the mountains, in the opposite direction to Cheyenne, but following the same chain. We had crossed the intervening plateau and had descended into the valley,

but before turning into the "gardens" our fiery steeds treated us to a pleasing little *entr'acte*. The bay had been pulling like a fiend, and at the bottom of the hill got the better of his driver and began to quicken his pace. "The trot became a gallop soon," and before long the two horses were off at a good stretching pace. Fortunately there was a fine, long bit of open ground before us, so not much danger, and the driver, though not otherwise a brilliant whip, kept his head at this crisis, and put his horses straight at a hill and soon brought them to their senses and a standstill, when we turned and entered the gods' pleasure ground. This name has been given to a wild, "romantic" bit of broken ground. The feature of the spot consists in some very curious formations of rock, chiefly red sandstone, varying in height from 10 to 200 feet, and in all sorts of fantastic shapes. The finest is about 60 feet long, but quite a narrow ridge, and there is quite a line of these tall, slender rocks, continuing at intervals. Then there are other grotesque shapes and sizes, but all, as it were, growing out of the ground, and you ask yourself what they mean by standing alone in their glory like this. There seems no reason to the uninitiated for their appearance in this otherwise barren spot. But it is all very wild and grand, and the white mountains rising in front of us form a pleasing contrast to the bright red of the rocks. A few miles further bring us to Manitou, the "Saratoga" of Colorado, with a great number of mineral springs. It is only a small place, but in the summer time crowded with a water-drinking population. Now of course it is empty, except for the natives and a private cottage or two. It is prettily situated among the mountains, and in summer must be a pleasant retreat, though the view is not so extensive as from the (falsely called) Colorado Springs. A short distance outside the village the main high road to Kansas passes through the Ute Pass, a narrow cleft in a bleak and rather dreary rock, where the road has been blasted away for a good bit. This was the last point on our programme, and we turned our faces homewards along the direct road, which leads in six miles to this village. But we were not destined to come quite direct home by it. I have mentioned already that our bay was rather a free-goer. Well, he had made one or two attempts to bolt and had been altogether pulling our coachman's arms off, so I volunteered to take a turn at the ribbons. They went on pretty well for some way together, but presently my friend began his larks again, and a boy galloping past on a pony quite settled him, and he went off, dragging the poor grey along again at a frantic pace. We had a good straight road before us, but a mile or a mile and a half at runaway pace didn't take long to cover. The driver had taken the reins soon after the horses were off, and not knowing the country I was not sorry to resign them. Arrived at an open space on the side of the road, he, to my surprise, turned off on to it and made straight for a house, with the intention, I believe, of charging it, or thinking the horses would stop when

they saw it. But just before reaching it he changed his mind, barely in time to shave the corner of the house: the hind part of the carriage just caught it, and the back seat was carried away and the hind wheel a bit damaged. Luckily, the turn had pulled the horses out of their stride, and they stopped almost directly after the collision. I don't think the carriage would have stood much more. The front wheels were splintered, the hind wheels strained and one splintered, while the fore carriage had suffered from the horses' heels, the horses themselves being cut about the hocks and feet. As it was, we were close upon home, and were just able to go carefully in, thankful enough the accident had not been worse. We found that the reason we had turned off the road was the man feared a sharpish hill just further on with an ugly curve, and a railway crossing just at the bottom. It turned out that the horse is a well-known bolter, and it was by no means the first time he had been up to these larks, and lately he has been short of work!! It was nearly 5 o'clock by the time we got in—very pleased with our afternoon, and, indeed, our whole day, despite the thrilling scene just recorded.

*Saturday, 24th December.*—We started at 8.45 this morning to visit another "lion" of the neighbourhood, the Monument Park, about ten miles off. We had our coachman of yesterday, but another buggy and a fresh pair of horses, a substantial pair of blacks of rather a "carty" build. No fear of these running away, I think. By the way, it appears that our bolting friend of yesterday had not been out of the stable for a fortnight!! also, that it was the first time he had ever been in a light buggy. He is generally put to a heavy carriage, to keep his spirits down a bit; small wonder that he was light-hearted yesterday—as fresh as paint, and with nothing behind him. Well, we went off this morning up along the plain, leaving the gardens of the gods away on our left. It was a pretty drive, at the edge of a wide, wild, rolling valley, between the plain and the mountains; and in an hour's time we arrive without adventure at the beginning of the Park! Oh yes, there was just a little adventure. Coming down rather a sharp pitch one of the horses slipped up twice on some frozen snow, which was half hidden by the dust of the road. The second time he came down well on to his side, but picked himself up most cleverly, and we continued the tenour of our way for the remainder of our drive very evenly. Monument Park, as it is called, is a succession of several little valleys and ridges, running at right angles to the chain of mountains and the plain. Pine trees, thinly scattered about, form the principal vegetation, but the interest of the place is centred in a great number of eroded stones, that present a very curious appearance. They have nearly all large flat stones on the top of them, so that many of them have the appearance of gigantic mushrooms. But there are a variety of shapes and sizes—some running off to a point from a wide base, some thick round pillars, some single, some in

groups near one another, some all clustered together in a mass on one stem, but rising up independently to their particular height and shape, and each with their little flat cap of stone projecting over them, like a great dish. Some of these headpieces form part of the rock, only of a different, darker substance; others are almost loose, and seem as if they only wanted a slight touch to send them toppling over. All bear unmistakable signs of the influence of water at some remote period, though how, when, or where I leave for wiser heads than mine to decide. It looks just as if a tremendous flood or torrent had swept down, and these rocky bits had "alone been left to tell the tale." We rambled about here for an hour or so and then, returning to our carriage, drove back to the hotel the same way. We had a pretty view of the range as we came back, the day being as fine as yesterday, and the mountains standing out well, with their carpeting of snow lit up by the sunlight and shining under a transparent haze of blue. This is their regular winter weather here, cold nights and bright sunny—I may almost say hot—days, as the sun is very powerful in the middle of the day. We are here just at the beginning of the Rocky Mountains. The monarch of this region is "Rhe Rah," 14,300 feet. It is not by any means an imposing mountain itself, and is easily ascended on horseback in the summer. Indeed, there is no single fine peak, though as a range it is rugged and grand.

### *Denver.*

11 P.M.—Arrived here at last, only three hours behind time!! They had kindly sent on word the train was two hours late, so we had not to wait at the station but whiled away the time at the hotel. When the train did arrive it was crammed, and we were fortunate enough in getting seats, as there were lots of people standing. Such a "jam" and such a "froust" as there was. The cars are extra narrow, the line being a peculiarly narrow gauge, but they put just the same number of people into them. Consequently, if you happen to share your seat with a lusty party you are apt to arrive rather like a sandwich at your journey's end. The crowds of people were essentially of the rustic type, and our load was a most mixed one: old men redolent of—well, no need to specify of what, but distinctly not sweet; howling brats; old women with innumerable baskets and packages, which took up the little space that was left for your feet, and which all got hopelessly mixed and fixed and could never be got at when wanted; in fact, it was a most delightful three hours' journey!! But all good things have an end, and we arrive about 10.30, and are not altogether sorry to see our nice clean rooms again, the same ones as we had before.

Christmas Day we passed very quietly, going to church in the

morning and taking a stroll out into the country in the afternoon. A fine, bright day, but it clouded over this evening, and I rather fear the weather means breaking.

## JOURNAL XXIII.

### *Salt Lake City.*

*Tuesday evening, December 27th.*—We left Denver 7 A.M. yesterday morning, and arrived at this stronghold of the Mormons 8 P.M. to-day, after a snowy ride across the Rockies. There was just a sprinkling of snow on the ground when we left Denver, and the morning was thick and cloudy for the first hour, so that we could see little of the mountains; but later on the sun broke through the mist and we had a glorious panorama of the snow-clad peaks for most of the way to Cheyenne: magnificent they looked too at first as they appeared through the clouds, and afterwards, as these cleared away, in an unbroken range of snow and rock. We arrived at the junction, a few miles west of Cheyenne, almost simultaneously with the main line train, and, changing cars, were off at once, now fairly started on the cross-continent trip. Slowly and steadily we steamed up the bare rolling slopes, now just covered with snow, till we arrived almost imperceptibly at the summit, 8,242 feet. We get a few pretty views of the more rugged ranges in the distance, but the immediate scenery is something monotonous: still the same wide, undulating, or broken upland. The descent is not sudden; indeed, we have a succession of "ups and downs"—to quote Mr. Williams—the rest of the day. At 7 o'clock we arrive at Laramie, the beginning of the Laramie plains, where we have a rather poor and very dear supper. This morning we turned out early for 7 o'clock breakfast (poor) at Green River, a locality curious for the great number of huge pillar-like rocks, scattered about on the hill-tops, looking like the ruins of some ancient temple, very quaint and, for a geological mind, interesting. In fact, this whole country is a geologist's paradise. All sorts of curiosities are found: fossil trees, shells, fish, plants, leaves, huge skeletons of antediluvian monsters, besides occasional traces of impressions of palms and other tropical produce, which they say point back to this having been a tropical country in remote ages. Many sorts of stones, especially moss agates, are found in great quantities all over this region. Our guide book tells us there are splendid views of distant mountains to be had at various spots, but the whole country is hidden in thick mist or blinding snowstorm, so we have to leave the mountains to a fertile imagination, and find what beauty we can in a bleak barren plain, sometimes flat, sometimes broken or undulating, but always monotonously wrapped in snow and mist. There are a few curiosities, in the shape of some odd sort of "battes," as they are called, which rise on either side of us for

some miles. They seem to spring out of the flat surface of the plain—more like large artificial mounds, perfectly flat at the top. But they're not artistic nor interesting. We are not sorry when Evanston is reached at 2 o'clock, a fairly big town for these wild parts, of 4,000 inhabitants. Here we are provided with a pretty good dinner, and after half-an-hour's halt resume our way. But if the morning's journey was tedious we have nothing to complain of now, and for sixty miles we enjoy as grand and wild scenery as you can wish to see. About eight miles after leaving Evanston we enter Echo Cañon, and so into Weber Cañon, which takes us almost into Ogden. I remained nearly all the time on the platform of the car, which, being the last, gave me a splendid point of view, and I could see the whole valley as we left it behind, while, by leaning forward on the step, our pace not being fast, I could get a good view forward when we rounded a sharp curve or approached any curious formation or wonderful scenery. It had ceased snowing now, and the fall having only been since the morning increased the grandeur and wildness of the scene. The route we were traversing ran through a wild, rocky valley, now narrowing almost to a gorge between two precipitous cliffs, now widening out to nearly a mile in breadth. All the time we were twisting and turning round sharp curves or through tunnels; ever winding in and out the serpentine course of the valley, with the wild, grand cliffs, mountains, and rocks ever changing form and height. The rocks in many parts are very curious, and stand out in solitary grandeur or group themselves in many a fantastic shape. The little transverse glens and pockets which break into the main valley, give a charmingly rugged, varying break, while the red rocks and broken crags, the fir trees and stunted bushes, peering out of the white mantle of snow, makes one seem almost in fairyland. We only passed one or two little villages, at one of which, Echo City I think it was, I descended from the sublime to the ridiculous—*i.e.*, from the car into six inches of snow, and had a fierce snowballing match with two little urchins (always hit a man smaller than yourself) who were larking about the line. They were rather timid at first, but soon grew bolder as the fight waxed hotter, and were greatly delighted when one of them crept near and caught me a beauty in the stomach!! We supped at Ogden while waiting for our train to bring us on here, which it did most punctually in an hour and forty minutes, and we arrived at the "Walker House" soon after 8 o'clock.

*December 28th, Wednesday.*—We began our tour of the town this morning by a visit to the Mormon Tabernacle, a building certainly unique in the world. Outside it looks like an enormous mushroom, or rather, perhaps, a beehive. It is all roof: a huge, wooden-tiled dome, supported all round on low stone pillars. Inside there are no supports at all; it is simply the interior of the dome, with seats for 12,000 people on the ground and in the gallery, which goes all round. The dimensions are 250 feet  $\times$  150

feet, and from one end to the other in the gallery you can distinctly hear a low whisper, or, literally, a pin fall. The roof is all covered with festoons of green, with a huge central hanging-piece, also in green. We thought at first that they were Christmas decorations, but it seems they have been up about seven years. The only other remarkable thing is the organ, which is an extremely handsome one, in stained pinewood and gilt pipes, and is said to be a fine-toned one. At the back of the Tabernacle is the new Temple, which has been in course of construction twenty-eight years, and, I should say, would take still about the same time to complete, though we were told they expected to have the shell finished in five or six years. It is all built in very fine granite, and should be undoubtedly a handsome edifice *when* complete; but it will cost a nice little sum. Two millions of dollars have already been expended on it, and they estimate another eight or ten to finish it; about two millions of pounds sterling!! At all events it ought to last some years; the walls alone are 9 feet thick all through. The "Temple" is rather a misleading name to ordinary mortals, as it is not intended for a place of worship, but more a sort of Masonic Hall, where certain rites and ceremonies take place and "Mormonic" meetings are held. But the matter of a "place of worship" itself seems almost a misnomer. I believe the various preachers discourse on any subject that takes their fancy. The preachers are selected from the twelve elders, or apostles, as they are called, who, with the President and other Church functionaries, are subject to re-election every six months. There are twenty-one bishops in the city, who have each the charge of one of the twenty-one wards—of ninety acres—into which the city is divided, and they minister to the spiritual wants of the "saints" residing in their respective wards. In the same block as the Tabernacle and Temple is the House of Endowment, where marriages are performed and converts admitted into the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." Service is held here, too, during the winter time. We had a very faithful saint to show us round, and before leaving him we invested in "The Book of Mormon," the original of which Joseph Smith is supposed to have received printed on gold tablets in a direct revelation from Heaven, and another Mormon work. We next visited a museum belonging to a Mr. Barefoot, the happy husband of the modest allowance of two wives. There are some goodish specimens of Rocky Mountain fossils, &c., a magnificent buffalo head, a few other badly stuffed birds and animals, some moderate heads and horns, Indian curiosities, and two live owls in a cage, very stupid-looking, very miserable, and very odoriferous. In fact, the whole place had a horrible smell—the owls, the room, *and* the man—and we went out into the fresh air again with pleasure. This concluded the sights of the town, and we strolled on through the fine broad streets, all thickly planted with rows of trees, and soon found our way out of the town and on the hills, on the slopes

of which the town is built. It certainly is a splendid site for a town, and Brigham Young deserves great credit for pitching upon such a pretty spot to settle himself and his followers. It is pitched in a bend of the valley of Salt Lake, the lake being eighteen miles to the westward, and all round is an amphitheatre of mountains, with the flat wide plain watered by the Jordan River in the centre. The mountains rise straight behind the city, and up here we wandered some way, eventually finishing with a good scramble up a steep, sugar-loaded spur, whence, despite some rather *low-minded* clouds, we got a good view of mountain and plain, the lake away to the west, and the city lying snugly at our feet. We had a fine fresh breeze when we got to the top, and, indeed, most of the way up, as we tramped through the slosh and thawing snow. We returned to the hotel for a "bite," and afterwards went out for a regular "tourist" drive in a very smart landau, drawn by a pair of very good-looking horses. We had a lively communicative Britisher to drive us, who pointed us out everything, told us all the scandal of the place, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and last, but by no means least, a true and faithful account of his own personal life and history. He also made us take note of any member of a particular large family who happened to pass. The largest family now in Salt Lake numbers fifty-one children, the offspring of six wives, five of whom are all living; but these big lots are the exception—indeed, the majority of the population content themselves with one wife a-piece. "Old Brigham," as our Jehu irreverently termed the great man, had sixteen or nineteen—opinion is divided as to the exact number—by whom he had forty-seven children: sixteen sons and thirty-one daughters. We saw one of each gender, by no means prepossessing specimens. The favourite wife was Amelia, for whom her husband built a very handsome villa, which we were shown; but since his death in '77 the fair Amelia has preferred to take up her abode in a more humble dwelling, next to her Pa. The dear departed seems from all accounts to have had a "real elegant time" during his life. He was quite a despot for a long time, and apparently thrived on the fat of his people, whom he bled right and left for tithes, &c. In the "good old days" divorce was a very easy, every-day occurrence—an affair of ten dollars—paid, by the way, to Brigham Young, who granted the case for the mere asking, *and* the aforesaid ten dollars. But now-a-days it is a much more complicated and expensive matter. Altogether, Mormonism is not an impressive creed, and does not improve on nearer acquaintance—not merely from the polygamous ideas of its followers, but from the religious tone and tenets they enforce. All the people are completely in the power of the elders and leaders of the Church, and believe and do anything and everything they are told, until in some happy cases common-sense interferes and the sensible ones get refractory and kick over the traces, and are either kicked out of the society or decamp of



their own accord, in which case of course if they have more wives than one they have to "shunt" all but the first chosen. I believe there is a great and growing feeling against them among a certain class, and several apostates are registered every year, but, on the other hand, their missionaries are all over the world entrapping quantities annually, and, I believe, the balance is in their favour. At present they number about fourteen or fifteen thousand in this city, out of a total of twenty-two thousand inhabitants, but the "Gentile" element is increasing steadily too. Apropos of Gentile our coachman made the sage remark, when pointing out the Jewish burial-ground, that this was the only place in the world where the Jews were Gentiles!!! The Mormons are very plentiful, I should mention, all through the State of Utah. Oh, I was forgetting to remark a sign, or rather sentence, over some of the shops, viz., "Holiness to the Lord." This was one of old Brigham's tricks when Gentiles first started stores in the town; he made all the Saints stick the foregoing sentence over their shop-door and tried to make all his people buy their goods from none but those of their own persuasion; but now it is only here and there you see it written up. There is, however, one large building which has it placed very conspicuously, as also the initials Z.C.M.I., which stand for "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution."

Well, after driving about the town for a bit, we broke covert at the east corner and drove up to Camp Douglas, a military station a few miles out of the town, and about 700 feet above it. From here we had a very good view, rather different from that which we had had in the morning, and much clearer, as the clouds had quite cleared off, and the day turned out lovely and bright. We got back about 4, and finished the afternoon buying photographs. I ought to have said that we had intended driving out to the Lake this afternoon, as a fool of a man at the hotel office had told us in the morning that it was only an hour's drive to go there. It turned out to be eighteen miles of bad road, so that it was out of the question to attempt it, and I'm afraid we shan't have time to-morrow morning, as the trains run contrary. However, except to say that we've been to the shores of the Lake, I don't think we should see anything more than we have done, and it would be a "leetle" too cold to take a dip in its waters, even to try the effect of not being able to sink. *On dit* that the water in the lake is less salt than it used to be some years ago, and that it is several feet higher in consequence, as the evaporation not being so great, and the streams of fresh water flowing into it having no known outlet, the water must naturally rise if it does evaporate in proportion to the influx of water.

*Thursday, 3 P.M.*—Just returned from a jolly walk. Left about a quarter to 10 and went round the shoulder of the mountain and up the valley, passing on our way two sulphur springs—very sulphury they were, too; you could smell them 100 yards off, and a hot

natural spring, which came bubbling up out of the water at a temperature nearly boiling. After walking on for an hour and a half, or rather more, we thought we might as well strike home over the mountains, as that was the only way to avoid returning by the same road. Accordingly, we struck up the snow and had a grand scramble home. The mountains consisted of a very broken range, so we had a good bit of up and down work. There was no road, but we struck a pretty direct line and finished up by a "proper" scramble over some rocks and rough ground, arriving back at the hotel just after 2, having enjoyed the good stretch we had given our legs. The snow was pretty crisp and good on the northern slopes, but soft and slippery wherever the sun had got at it, and we slipped up more than once as we "climbed the giddy heights." We saw the "slot" of several deer and other smaller denizens of the mountains, which we could not name for certain. Just off to take the train for Ogden, and so to 'Frisco across the Sierras.

#### JOURNAL XXIV.

##### *San Francisco.*

31st December, 1881.—Well, the old year has not many more hours to live, and in this famous capital of the West we are about to bid farewell to eighteen hundred and eighty-one, and begin the New Year with a new country, and its consequent new scenes and experiences. We arrived here at 1.30 P.M., after a comfortable journey, but not altogether without event, as we were delayed yesterday six hours at Battle Mountain Station, by the breaking down of a freight train twelve miles ahead of us. There were ten cars off the track, and as it was impossible to get them on the metals again under a very long delay, the way had to be cleared for us by capsizing them bodily down the slight embankment, so that the place when we passed presented the appearance of a tremendous wreck. However, once we did get off we flew along where practicable, and made up time pretty well, so that we arrived at 'Frisco only one hour forty minutes late. But the regulation rate of travel is so slow, being an average of not more than twenty miles per hour, that making up time is not so great a matter. But to take up the thread of my narrative from where I left off. We left Salt Lake 3.40 P.M., Thursday, changed cars on to the Central Pacific Railroad at Ogden, and turned out at Elko for breakfast at 7.15 yesterday (Friday) morning. From there the scenery is not particularly interesting, except for a short distance through two cañons, where the rocks are fine. The rest of the way runs through the wide desert plain of the Humbolt, with only distant peeps of mountains. It was in the middle of this plain, at 11 o'clock, where we had to pull up unexpectedly, and a dreary place enough it was to pass the time. The only thing to go and see was a sort of Indian village

just off the railway, where were half-a-dozen foul and beastly tents, belonging to these savages. But these occupied but a very short time: indeed we did not deem it necessary, or even prudent, to inspect them at a closer range than fifty yards. At that distance both eyes and nose were perfectly satisfied. Certainly these lot of Indians are a most revolting race to look at. At every station where we stopped, there would be six or eight squaws or more, and a few red male beings, sloping along the length of the train, and such hideous dirty-looking wretches, with thick mats of long black (dirty) hair, coming well over the cheeks, so as to leave a very small part of the face visible, and that part generally bedaubed with streaks of yellow and vermilion paint. For dress they had a scanty (dirty) petticoat, surmounted by a thick blanket, which they huddled round them from their head down. Now and then the squaws had their babies slung on their backs *en papoose*. They looked like miniature mummies, poor little brats of a few weeks old, strapped and wound round in a sort of wicker doll's cradle, with just the face showing. They looked scarcely like a living being, let alone human. The men are about as bad, as dirty, and as lazy as the women, without a spark of intelligence in their faces. Not a stroke of work will they do, but live somehow or other on what they get. They gamble to a terrific extent, I believe, and we saw one group of six or eight men and women squatting on the ground round an empty sack, on which were little piles of money. They were playing some game of cards with all the vehemence of the most inveterate gamester. At length, at 5 o'clock, a welcome whistle proclaimed "We're off," and we put out steam with a will for the rest of the way. This morning we woke to find the sun rising over a pretty, undulating moorland, having crossed the Sierras in the night and early morning. It is a great pity that this part of the road is always traversed at night both ways, *i.e.*, going east and west, so that passengers miss the beautiful scenery and wonderful engineering which is to be seen. The latter must have been a great triumph of "mind over matter," especially near the summit, where the workmen used to be let down from the cliff above, and proceed in the work of boring and blasting while suspended from several hundred feet, and with a sheer precipice below them of a good bit more. Gigantic masses of rock were blown away, and in one place alone a single explosion carried away 3,000 tons of granite!! *On dit*, too, that many monster pieces were blown a fabulous distance away, and one bit especially, weighing over 200 lbs., was carried at one fell leap upwards of two-thirds of a mile. Anyhow, the whole scheme was a plucky enterprise and boldly carried out, and now the line is paying right well. Soon, however, they will have to encounter opposition. Another line, joining the two oceans, has lately been opened, through Lower California, Texas, and Kansas, and before five more years are out there will be at least two more across the continent. Before we arrived at Sacramento, where we took breakfast, we had changed

our bright sunshine for a damp Californian fog, which prevented us seeing much of the country, though the limited view on either side of us displayed green grass and cultivated lands, rather a pleasing contrast to the wild mountains and bare or snow-covered plains we have been seeing of late. About 10 o'clock we arrive at Benecia, at the head of an arm of the bay, and here the whole train, engine and all, rolls bodily on to an enormous ferry, warranted to carry twice that amount of rolling stock, on four parallel lines of metals, and we cross about a mile of water, and go quietly on our way for another thirty miles till we reach Oakland, a large town of 40,000 inhabitants, just opposite Frisco, of which it is a sort of suburb. We take leave of our railway lodgings, and are transhipped, selves and baggage, to the ferry, and in another quarter-of-an-hour we are in San Francisco. Our short trip across the harbour had given us time to snatch a glimpse of the beauties of this magnificent harbour, though the mountains encircling it are provokingly covered in mist. De Fremery, jun., who had met us at Oakland with a goodly budget of letters, accompanied us to the hotel,—my word! what an hotel. Palace is its name, and palatial its proportions; regal too its appearance, its order, its rooms, its everything. There is a large courtyard roofed in with glass in the centre of the house, round which on every floor runs a gallery passage, on to which most of the rooms open. The hotel is open to receiving in its princely arms upwards of 1,200 guests, and from the appearance I shouldn't think there was a small room in the house. We had scarcely got our things into our room, and begun to open our letters, ere Mr. de Fremery, jun., is announced. After some little talk, in the course of which he invites us to his residence, near Oakland, for to-morrow, we go to an office to make inquiries from a man versed in Yo Semite matters as to our journey thither. Unfortunately the good man is not in, so we must perforce postpone investigations till Monday, as he is not to be visible again to-day. We adjourn for a bit of luncheon, after parting with De Fremery, and, having attended to the inner, proceed to redress the shortcomings of the outer man, and to the pleasing task of perusing our home packet: no affair of five minutes this, thanks to the fluent pens of kind relations and friends in the old country. It is dark before we have finished. We go out for half-an-hour, to stretch our legs up Market Street before coming in to a good dinner at the restaurant, a cigarette in the Crystal Palace, and an evening's scribbling.

*New Year's Day, 1882.*—We took the ferry at 10 o'clock A.M. landing at the two-and-a-half mile long pier in about fifteen minutes, and thence by train for seven miles to Oakland, where De Fremery, jun., met us with the carriage, and took us to the church. After service we joined Mr. de Fremery (*père*), who introduced us to his wife, daughter, and son-in-law (whose Dutch name I have not yet mastered). We then walked to his house, dined, and at 3.30 went out with the son for a short drive, a little way out

of the town. The day was foggy and the hills all enveloped in mist, or we should have had some very pretty views. In fine weather it must be very pretty. The town itself is delightful. It is essentially a "town of homes," and very neat, snug little homes too, each house standing in a little plot of ground, planted with trees and shrubs, all so trim and well kept, and looking the picture of tidiness. In fact, the streets are a succession of little gardens, and everything seems to thrive wonderfully well. They say this is the worst time for vegetation, but I never saw the grass looking so green on 1st January, or flowers and shrubs in such plentiful bloom. Many good-sized palms are to be seen on the little lawns, as well as other semi-tropical trees, while cypress and Australian acacia (*mimosa*) are very plentiful, also the ilex and eucalyptus. The last-named has been imported about fifteen or twenty years, and does remarkably well, and out in the country there are whole groves of it. I have said Oakland is a town of homes, and in truth these little family residences form the greater part of it, and it being quite handy to San Francisco, and almost in the country, it is a very favourite home of business men. We got back from our drive just before dark, returned to the drawing-room to chat till tea time, and at 9 o'clock took our departure.

*Monday, 2nd January.*—A damp, foggy morning, which we began by trying to unearth the Yo Semite agent; but the day being a holiday, the great man was enjoying himself, so he had not the pleasure of making our acquaintance. We went round to the Union Club for lunch, and found there a great New Year's Day banquet spread for all members who chose to partake. We did choose, and after doing good justice to cold turkeys and salads, went out to walk off the effects in seeing some of the beauties of the town. We began by taking the horseless cars, right away down California Street, where are some of the most fashionable private residences, and very fine ones some of them are—all built of wood, all detached, and with a plot of garden, more or less large, in front of the house, which gives them a very pretty, neat appearance. These cars are as yet a mystery to me, and I can't make out how they work. Hydraulic power of some sort it must be, but I can't make out any system on which they go. There are two or three lines of them along the hilly streets of the town. For San Francisco is built on a succession of hills, some of which are almost too steep for any horse and carriage to go up, so that these cars are a great boon. They look most funny at first, going along quite by themselves. Each train has two cars, the hinder one an ordinary tramcar, the one in front an open one, on which the conductor stands to manage the mechanism of the conveyance, but which carries passengers besides. We went the whole length of the California Street line, for about three miles, which brought us outside the town, into a sort of hilly moorland country, with very sandy roads. We climbed up on to a promising-looking hill, with a large cross on the top overlooking a very nicely laid-out cemetery.

From here we had a fine view of the town and the small part of the harbour which the fog was not taking care of. The day had improved since the morning; the sun came out for a little, and a peep of blue sky showed itself over the Golden Gate, a faint glimpse of which we now saw for the first time. The harbour must be a lovely sight when seen from these hills on a clear day, but unfortunately these articles are out of fashion this time of year. We strolled on for a little, till we came to the "Golden Gate Park," a large tract of land that has been enclosed, and laid out as pleasure grounds for the public, and it is quite the prettiest place of its sort I have ever seen. It only wants a few years for the trees to grow up a little more, where they have been planted afresh; otherwise it has all the natural advantages to make a nice park of it very easily. On one side they have all the civilised cultivation; on the other the wild moorland country, with little done to it except to enclose it, and cut walks and drives. In the civilised part there is a large conservatory, with a beautiful collection of all sorts of plants, ferns, &c. About 4 o'clock it began to rain steadily, and continued on and off till we got back to the hotel at 5.30, and we lost some pretty views which we ought to have seen.

## JOURNAL XXV.

### *Merced (150 miles from San Francisco).*

*Tuesday, 3rd January.*—Left San Francisco this afternoon 4 P.M., for Merced, *en route* for Yo Semite Valley. Stopped for supper at Lathrop at 8 o'clock, and reached this at 10.30, but minus George, who must have got into the Stockton train at Lathrop.

*Wednesday, 4th January.*—As Henri and I were breakfasting this morning, George appeared on the scene, having just been deposited by a freight train. He had, as we thought, got into the Stockton train, at Lathrop, but discovering his mistake when the train was off, had got out at the next station, and got on board a passing freight train. Just before getting into the train at Lathrop a great piece of cinder from the engine had got into his eye, and not having been able to get it out he arrived with a very inflamed eye, and suffering a good bit from it. After breakfasting we tried in vain to get the offending black out, but being unsuccessful, George adjourned to the village doctor, who quickly and cleverly set things right again, and, once relieved of the insidious mite, he was soon all right again. It was too late to get on to Mariposa to-day, as the stage had left at 6.30 A.M., so we had to kill the day as best we could: not a lively occupation in this place. There is nothing whatever to see or do, surrounded as we are by miles of flat plain, fertile though it be. It is a succession of monster farms, the largest extending to nearly 300,000 acres of land we are told. It is too stupid to walk about it, so in the afternoon we get a carriage and sally forth over the plains to pass the time. The roads are few and

something erratic, and after an hour's stumbling through the midst of stubble fields, undermined by rabbit-holes, or rather, as I believe they are, prairie dogs, a sort of cross, as they seem to me, between a weasel and a squirrel, we suddenly—no, gradually (the tracks being like the “Boojum,” and softly and silently vanishing away),—we gradually, then, found ourselves on the border or a tract of plough, extending for a mile or more. This looked a little too tough a morsel, so we turned in search of a track, and for some little time wandered round all points of the compass, sometimes getting on what we thought a likely-looking track, and as quickly losing it. At length, after a few hundred yards of plough, and a good many more of stubble, in the course of which I thought the horses would be down in a hole every minute,—it was impossible to steer clear of them all,—we regained a decent road, and arrived at the hotel again without event. We saw a good lot of “fur and feather,” in the course of our drive, in the shape of numerous black-tailed, black-eared, light grey hares, any amount of quail (as tame as chickens), several owls (mostly small), and a few very pretty kind of doves. Apples are cheap here, and very good. We turned in to a fruit shop, and on asking how much, were told we could take as many as we wanted for two “bits,” which make a shilling, or 25 cents. A bit in California signifies  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents. I have not yet discovered why, but if a thing costs one “bit” you pay 15 cents, and in the same way for any “odd bit,” the even numbers always making a “25 cents.” I have been quite a curiosity to the good people of Merced to-day, especially to the little boys, and if I had only thought of it soon enough, might have employed some of my spare time, and turned an honest “bit” by displaying my noble person bit by bit—or (query) bit *for* bit!!—to the admiring and simple-minded aborigines. The innocent cause of curiosity arose from the fact of my wearing a pair of knickerbockers, a species of unmentionables unknown, I suppose, before to the Mercedians; or (query No. 2) was it because they were all lost in wonder and admiration at the graceful symmetry of my calves? Be that as it may—I leave it for the chronicles of Merced to decide—I was the stared-at of all starers as I humbly walked the streets; and the little urchins—bad luck to their cheek!—pushed their rude mirth so far as to burst into unrestrained laughter, and obtrusive remarks such as “Sell yer pair o’ pants for a bit.” However, I invited them, towards the end of the day, to a closer inspection—of course on the supposition that they wanted to admire my legs, which tickled their fancy rather—and gave them an apple, which performed some other operation to their stomachs, and we parted very good friends.

*Thursday, 5th.*—We were roused at 5.30 this morning by a frantic hammering at our doors, which effectually precluded any chance of our oversleeping ourselves, and having dressed and broken our fast we proceed to take our seats in the U.S. Merced and Mariposa mail stage, which is waiting for us at the door. A rude conveyance enough it is—just a small rough waggon with seats

fore and aft, and a sort of headpiece attached. Four gallant greys are impatiently pawing the ground (? ?) and demanding to be let go. As I come out of the hotel I meet one of my small admirers of yesterday, who is there selling papers, and who offers me his hand to shake, saying in the most solemn and naïve way, "Good-bye, short breeches." I grasp him affectionately by the hand, and invest in 10 cents' worth of advertisements and twaddle; then away we go with a bound which soon relapsed into the soberest of jogs. We have the coach all to ourselves, as passengers are not numerous at this time of year, and for two or three hours of wide dreary plain we don't see many signs of animal life, save a few owls and a large vulture eating his solitary breakfast on a solitary rock quite close to the road. He disdains to move at our approach, and goes on calmly at his meal with his back towards us. Our road we should have called very bad six months ago, but, as the immortal Jorrocks has remarked, "experience does it" —at least, if it does not it ought to make our livers a little accustomed to, if not partial to, a prolonged combination of churning and jolting from stony-hearted roads and relentless springs. Little by little we leave the plain and draw near the mountains, and at 11 o'clock pull up at a little village lying in the midst of barren hills, and here we stop to change horses and refresh the inner man with some food of more than questionable excellence. Three-quarters of an hour and we again scramble into our "bone-shaker," and jolt away merrily up hill and down, and twisting among the hills till we come to a steady bit of collar work, of which George and I take advantage to stretch our legs and have a very pretty walk up to the top of the pass. The mountains are more wooded now, and as we near the summit we have a very pretty stretch of country—away on our left nice trees covering the green slopes, underneath us a few snug cottages nestling in the valley, and surrounded by the freshest of young grass; while far in the distance the dark green fir trees roll away into lovely blue haze. The day, foggy in the morning, has turned out beautiful. It is almost like a spring or summer day, scarcely a breath stirring, and the stillness only broken by the merry singing of the birds. I am quite glad to take off my coat, as we go on, and walk up in my shirt sleeves. "Porkers" meet us at every step, and very jolly and independent fellows they look, grubbing away under the trees, or scampering like so many deer with a cheeky face which almost grins at you. Poor piggy! make the most of your time while you may. There are few or no cattle, and these few, wretched thin specimens, and very different from our plump piggy. The carriage picks us up as we begin to descend, and we get in again. A painful descent that was, compared with the previous way,—but comparisons are odious; so was the road. We stopped in half-an-hour or so, at the village of Oso, in the valley, and then continued our drive up and down hill, through a pretty wooded valley, passing a few old gold-mining works, and one place where they are still digging the precious metal. Our driver had reserved us a grand "canter for the Avenue," and we



descended the last hill, a quite precipitous one, into Mariposa, in a series of leaps and bounds over the rocky surface, twisting round corners at a breakneck speed; the vehicle the while jumping up and catching us nasty whacks on the face, first on one side, then on the other, till we were flying about like three balls inside. Certes, if "*experientia docet*," we ought to be as *docile* as lambs by the time we get back to 'Frisco, whenever it is a question of rough roads versus springs. We put up at *the* hotel of Mariposa when we arrive here, at 5.15 P.M., ten hours since our start this morning, in which time we have traversed fifty miles.

*Friday, 6th January.*—We were under weigh this morning at 7.45 in a drizzling rain, which our driver declared would pass off in a little shower; but the clouds justified their appearance more than the good man's cheerful predictions, and we had a wet drive over here to Clark's, so had to draw on our imagination for all the beautiful views which according to our Jehu we ought to have seen. He was a very good chap, our Jehu, and drove his team of four good little nags very well after his own manner of handling the ribbons. He apostrophised them freely all the way, collectively and individually, and "Johnnie," "Sam," "Ned," and "Snowflake"—the last a very good shaped little bay mare—were continually being told to "git up," and asked "what they were about," &c. All the morning we were going through an open forest of rocks and trees, with occasional pretty little peeps through the clouds, but soon these closed round in an impenetrable cloak of mist, so that the line of our vision was extremely limited. We passed several old gold-workings, the scenes of some of the old gold fever, and among the first discovered mines in California. Our driver gave us some interesting stories of those rough days, he having been among the first attracted into those parts. He did *not*, however, make his fortune, nor indeed did he stay more than a very short time, not finding the amusement "good enough." Our road is decidedly better than yesterday, and our carriage's springs have more claim to that title than our conveyance from Merced, so we were quite comfortable. But though there was no view, there was plenty of interest in the trees—well grown pines, fine oaks, and quantities of the mansanita, or "varnish tree," a large evergreen shrub, the bark of which seems in effect to have been given a coat of bright red varnish. We continue our way steadily through the mountains, up and down hill, but gradually ascending, twisting and turning about, as only a mountain road can twist and turn—passing two or three hamlets, where we drop little papers and parcels for some of the cottagers, and at 12.15 arrive at a small village with a sort of general store of clothing and groceries, where we pull up for an hour's halt. After a short time we are served with an unlimited supply of delicious eggs and bacon, and equally good potatoes, excellently cooked, the latter being particularly fine and good all about here. After leaving this place we have a steady pull of six miles up to the top of the pass. It is raining as hard as ever when we start, but before we have gone

a mile it ceases, and we take to our legs. The whole time since our start the trees have been becoming imperceptibly larger and thicker, and in the morning we had already passed a great number of huge pitch pines, splendid, straight-grown, graceful fellows. The evergreen oak too thrives abundantly, and is magnificent in size and shape. But as we get further up the mountains the pines get perceptibly more numerous, and they are *all* immense, and every one as straight as an arrow: it is a very rare exception to find one out of shape, except where the head has been broken off or the tree blasted by lightning, or dead from natural causes; and then they stand out like a sort of mammoth scarecrow. Indeed, now and then they sometimes resemble the thinned ranks of a regiment in action as they stand among their more flourishing companions. But they are not like most stupid pines, all huddling together and suffocating each other; every tree has plenty of air around him, and room to display his fine proportions. As we near the summit the oaks fall off, and in turn we take up with huge specimens of *arbor vite* and gigantic sugar-pines. These last are, if anything, larger than the pitch pines: some of them, I should think, must have been over 200 feet high, and about 15 feet round. What will *the* big trees be like? We arrive at the summit, something over 6,000 feet, about 3,45, and are shown where we ought to see a splendid view of the coast range of mountains, &c. Needless to say, that as our horizon is about a hundred yards off we do *not* see much. But I am quite content with the trees, their proportion and different shades of green, the bright and more graceful *arbor vite* contrasting well with the sombre and severer form of the different pines. The cones of the sugar-pine are "*wappers*," from 12 to 15 or 16 inches long; those of the pitch pine are quite small. As the descent to "Clark's" is only four miles, George and I decide to walk down the rest of the way, and very glad I was of the decision, as it gave us more leisure to enjoy this splendid forest. The trees are thicker than ever on this side, but just as large—indeed, I think we saw the tallest here, but it is very hard to judge accurately their height and size, and it makes one's neck ache to look up to them. And here it is still more striking that you don't see a bad tree: all are majestic monsters, and most of them, but especially the *arbor vite*, beautifully shaped. By this time, too, it was clearing up a bit; we actually saw some blue sky, and were treated to a few evening lights through the trees. It was just 5 o'clock as we stepped into the hotel, the first object living to greet us being a perfectly tame deer, with a bright steel collar and bell round her neck. After an introductory sniffing at us, she allows us to pat her quite unconcernedly, and pokes her nose into our pockets, evidently for grub. She is no doubt accustomed to tit-bits, and, judging from her plump sleek form, thrives well on them. We find ourselves, as we expected, alone of our tourist species in the hotel, and as our landlord naïvely remarks, "the first visitors to the valley this year," which interesting fact he is very anxious to insert in the

visitors' book. On looking over this record of illustrious names, I recognise many friends: the British element are largely in the ascendant. I see Sam Bircham's name on the 18th September, and among others the names of H. P. Marriott, Campbell, Johnston, John Hawtrey, &c. Some good fare in the shape of venison and pork is provided us for our dinner, and some delicious baked apples, and after allowing due time for digesting these dainties, we turn in to prepare for the labours of to-morrow, and to dream of the grand trees and future visions of the Yo Semite. We have now come about 225 miles from 'Frisco, seventy-five of which we have "staged," and there only remains another three or four and twenty to land us in the valley. We hear capital accounts of the state of that region, and all agree in saying the winter is exceptionally mild. But it appears the road is kept open all the year round, as after every fall of snow a party goes through to beat the snow firm a bit, and so admit tourists as early as possible in the spring. But last year the road was never shut at all, and tourists visited the valley all through the winter. I had an interesting conversation this morning before starting with a very nice American, staying at Mariposa, who told me a good bit about the valley. He has been up there the whole of one winter with his wife and sister.

#### JOURNAL XXVI.

##### *Barnard's Hotel, Yo Semite Valley.*

*Saturday, 7th January, 1882.*—Here we are at last in this celebrated valley, after all our hopes and fears, and in a fair way, as I think, to see more of its beauties and wonders. People said that perhaps we had prepared ourselves for too much, and should be disappointed; but I am more inclined to say, with the Queen of Sheba, "Lo! the half was not told me." If we had bad weather yesterday, we have had all that is glorious to-day in that respect—such a day, such a sun, and such a sky, such a jolly drive altogether! It was full of interest and enjoyment from "find to finish"—not that the scenery can be said to be particularly grand or striking, but somehow seemed to be continually changing as we wound the mountain side: at times far above the valley, and away beyond, a dark rolling mass of fir-covered mountains. We were all the time in the forest, and mostly among the same magnificent pines and cedars as we saw yesterday, but perhaps with a larger proportion of big ones, their size varying according to the height. We had to get over another pass, or rather two passes, at a height about 6,000 feet, but it was by no means straight up and down each, but up and down according to the unequal sinuosities of the mountain. We got a good bit of walking, as we jumped out of the carriage when we came to a long spell of uphill, the longest being the first two hours after leaving the hotel. We had a short halt at "Eleven Mile Station"—*i.e.*, eleven miles from our start—at a small cabin where a hunter lives alone, minding the horses

of the stage in the summer, and hunting and trapping in the winter. At length, about 3 o'clock, we turn a corner in the wood, and arrive at "Inspiration Point," where the valley suddenly bursts upon us in all its—what? well, grandeur and awe, perhaps, are the chief sensations which "inspire" you most. We are at the lower end of the valley, which we can see straight under us two or three thousand feet, and we wonder how we are going to get there. But down we go along a road which rivals the Gemmi, twisting about like a corkscrew down the cliff. There are one or two pretty sharp corners where our leaders' noses seem to be overlooking the precipice, and it requires careful driving, especially as just now the road is very slippery with frozen slosh, or the hardened remains of snow. However, with the driver steady of hand and the horses sure of foot, there is not much to fear, and we jog quietly down. The corkscrew over, we come to a straighter and less steep road, but by no means smoother, and as Johnnie, Ned, Sam, and the Snowy Maid rattle us down at a good round pace, we bound from the roof to the bottom of the carriage, and from one side to another at every yard. But every yard that we jolt down, and the nearer we approach the valley, the higher grow the mountains that shut in this little basin. They seem to rise, and rise, as if they were going to close upon us in this sort of huge hollow in the earth, as we finally reach the level valley and a smoother road. Well, what are my impressions? "How do you like the Yo Semite?" Ah, those are questions more easily asked than answered. It is one of those things which you *must see* to appreciate anything like fully. I had been told I should see sheer walls of precipice 3,000 feet down to the valley; I had seen numbers of beautiful photographs; but the idea conveyed both by one and the other fell far short of the reality of "El Capitan," and his brother walls and towers of rock. Such rocks, such lights upon them up above, such a mass of magnificent forest down below! Yes, *I do* "like" the Yo Semite, and my present *impression* is, that no pen of the best writer, no brush of the finest artist, no lens of the most scientific photographer, can come within a good deal of giving a true idea of this little spot such as the visitor can have as he sees the valley in its natural magnificence. And to any one who has the time and opportunity I would say, "Come and see for yourself," if it is only to go as far as the hotel and back. We have had a good bird's-eye view from above, and now as we drive along our coachman points us out and names the different features. First, of course, there is "El Capitan," the "Monarch of the Glen," a monster bluff of 3,000 sheer feet. Just opposite are the Bridal Falls, now of course a poor show of water, though coming down a nice little jump of 900 feet; above are "Three Graces," or the "Cathedral," as it is called from the other end, with the cathedral spires, a perfect east end of a cathedral, between two lofty towers; further on, the "Sentinel" dome and rock, the latter the *prettiest*-shaped rock we see. On the other side, again, the "Three Brothers" raise their noble heads, more proudly,

more nobly, I'm sure, than did ever the Gracchi or Horatii of old. The Yo Semite Falls proper further up the valley soon claim our attention, and the scene is bounded at the end by the glorious "South Dome," or "Half Dome," as it is not inappropriately called. We drive up to the hotel about 4.30,—we had started this morning at 9,—and are shown to a little house over the way, the original hotel of the valley, established, as we see by a board, in 1857, by Mr. Hutchings, who resides there now, though he is away just at present, having lately lost his wife suddenly. We enter a small low room, where we are served with some light refreshments and introduced to two very delicious little brats of children, who soon become very friendly with us, and two or three very pet and very fat dogs. Inside the room we see the "largest indoor tree known," which is nothing less than a nice little stem of a pine 8 feet thick, which has a hole made in the low roof for the rest of its body to hold itself straight, some 150 feet above the house. The room is a very cosy one, and has a very quaint appearance with this gigantic trunk in the middle. After a bit we sallied forth to have a stroll down to the foot of the Yo Semite Falls, about half-a-mile distant. These Falls come down the cliff 2,600 feet in three cascades, the longest of 1,500 feet. Now there is but little water in it, but we can see the mark of where the water comes in spring, and it must be grand then. We stand here, snug and sheltered under a precipice of 3,000 feet, and watch the last lights of the sunset on the South Dome, and the stars succeeding quickly and as if by magic, till the whole heavens are a blaze of golden lights. The South Dome is a beautiful peak. It is exactly in the shape of a large dome, only with one-half cut clean away, save for a thin *arrêté* of rock which stands out sharp as a razor in the clear atmosphere against the darkening sky. I felt little inclined to leave this snug spot, but still one can't feed altogether upon rocks, and however much our minds may "drink in the beauties of nature," our bodies are not so easily satisfied, and we must even upon such occasions as these condescend to the vulgar practice of dinner. A capital meal we made too on plain though excellent fare, in the "tree" room, the old house belonging now, together with the new hotel, where are our rooms, to Mr. Barnard.—10 P.M., I have just run out to look at the night. I found a moon nearly full just risen over the mountains; I leave those who can, or who like to try, to imagine the result.

*Sunday, 8th January.*—I couldn't get to bed for a long time last night, the moon was too lovely. I went and had a last stroll up and down the valley, till 11 o'clock, "with my martial cloak around me," for "there was a nipping and an eager air" down the valley. But the mountains looked bigger than ever, and seemed to raise their rugged walls up to the starry heavens themselves, while the silvery rays of the moon illumined the same walls from the summit to the base, just caught the snow on the South Dome, and lit up the rocky peak of the Sentinel as he stood there in solemn grandeur, keeping watch over the valley. The villagers, of whom there are forty or fifty during

the winter, seem well guarded by faithful hounds, for as I walked down, awaking the stillness of the night with my footfall on the frosty ground, an angry growl sounded from nearly every door. Otherwise there was not a sound to be heard, except the dull roar of the water in the Yo Semite Falls. It was beautiful—it was grand! To-day we have had a glorious walk among the mountains, and are more and more impressed by the frowning precipices. Poor Henri was unable to accompany us. He has been suffering a good bit from his eye lately, and to-day preferred staying quiet, so George and I had to go off by ourselves. We left at 10 o'clock in our carriage-and-four, and drove about a couple of miles up to the end of the valley, where it branches off into three. Here the carriage road ends, and we took to our legs up the middle fork, through which the Merced River flows. We plunge at once into a wild forest tumble of fine straight pines and cedars—not so large as in the valley, but still good-sized trees—and huge boulders of granite, some of them of really gigantic size. There is a good trail leading up above the left bank of the stream, and after going a little way we find ourselves apparently quite shut in, as we bend up to the left, and the entrance is hid from view. It seems as if there were no possible egress unless we can suddenly provide ourselves with wings and fly up to the top of the precipices which tower above us and surround us on every side. It makes one feel very small. But having no notion of waiting till we get wings we content ourselves with a steady plod along our well-marked trail, which gradually grows steeper and more rocky as we come in sight of, and presently in front of, the Vernal Falls, where the Merced River comes dashing over a ledge of rock 400 feet high. There is not much water in it now, but it is a pretty fall even now with the fringe of ice and snow on either side its course through the air. Down at the base too the snow is beginning to collect, and most of the water becomes snow by the time it touches ground, or rather rock. We go along a track made in the side of the cliff; it is pretty steep and rough here, and we have to pass one or two *mauvais pas* along a narrow ridge, but nothing very alarming. Some of the rocks though are sheeted with ice, so we have to mind our footing a bit. A wooden staircase in the corner, formed by the wall-like ledge, over the middle of which the water flows, and the precipitous wall of the mountain at right angles to it, leads up under a huge overhanging rock to the level of the top of the Falls. Here again we have to be careful as the steps and balustrade are all a mass of ice, and a slip would not be conducive to comfort or expedition. On the topmost step we take a look back at the valley from which we have emerged. It looks like the bottomless pit; and another step lands us into another valley, a new world. It is like the change of scene in a theatre with extra lights turned on. The sun has not yet found its way in here even, but the wider expanse of valley and more sloping sides of the mountains admit more of his kindly light, and somehow everything presents a softer appearance;—no, not quite everything: at the end of the valley the

"Cap of Liberty" raises his noble dome-shaped top on a sheer precipice of 2,000 feet ; separated by two ravines he stands alone and imposing. A little to the right of them, and directly at the end of the valley, there is another semi-circular ledge of rock, cut as if by a knife, and here, in a little cutting, the Merced is taking a series of mighty cascades, 600 feet in all—which with a mass of water must be grand indeed. These are the Nevada Falls. We had intended making this our turning point, but it all looks so beautiful we think we'll go on, so forward is the word and excelsior it is, along a steep winding trail through a rocky cañon between the Falls and the "Cap of Liberty." On arriving at the top we find ourselves in a third valley, which, as we find out afterwards, is the "Little Yo Semite." We turn up to the left on to a ridge running from directly under the "Cap," and arrive at the back side of the mountain, which presents a very different face from the opposite one. From the ridge it slopes up, not too steeply, in a narrow ravine, and on this our eyes are bent. Our steps soon follow. The ascent is steepish and covered with snow, but not at all difficult at first. George though finds it a little too much after a bit ; but I get on a little higher, and pull myself up by the bushes that offer themselves kindly through the rocks. I get within perhaps two or three hundred feet of the top, but there the friendly bushes cease, the rocks are covered with a good bit of snow, and though I think I could have got up without a great deal of difficulty, coming down might have been ticklish, so after a short counsel of war, the "better part of valour" brings me down again in a series of short glissades, and joining George again we make tracks home by the same way, down the corkscrew track into the beautiful Nevada Valley, and back to the wooden staircase. We look down again before descending : it seems grander, deeper, than ever. It is not a gorge, nor a ravine, nor a valley exactly ;—well, it is Yo Semite, or connected with it, and that I suppose is the best thing to say. The steps are as slippery as ever, and almost worse going down, but all right here we are alongside the Vernal Falls. These are looking decidedly fuller than in the morning—as where the sun has made himself felt he has pitched down with a very burning heat, as we well know, for going up into Yo Semite, jun., we had a pretty warm climb. Now we are trudging down the valley at a good swing, through the rocks and forest. It is a sort of "Descensus Averni," as we leave the sun and light behind, only it is not always quite "facilas." At length we reach the spot where we left the carriage just five hours ago, and our Jehu is ready to take us on, for we have not quite finished for the day. A short mile up the right or Ternaya Fork of the valley brings us to Mirror Lake, a small sheet of water lying between the North and South Domes, and reflecting their prodigious heights and all that comes within its scope with wonderful clearness. It is not quite the best time for visiting it, as it is getting dark ; but still every branch and every tree is distinctly rendered, and, what is more beautiful, the rocky ridge of the South Dome,

almost on fire as it seems from the setting sun, is seen, as in a picture, in the still, clear water, and the eye wanders from the original to the portrait, wondering which is more beautiful. We had picked up Henri just before arriving at the lake, and we now all three tumble into the carriage and off we go at a rattling pace, and our merry little team do not take long to cover the three miles between the lake and the hotel. We again had a very cosy dinner in the "Big Tree" room. There is a good-sized dining-room in the hotel, but it is too big and cheerless for our small party, so we had a pleasant meal—we and our driver—and afterwards George and I tune up on a very out-of-tune piano. We are joined presently by the young and fascinating (? ?) daughter of our hostess, who in turn favours us with some sweet strains on the same harmonious instrument—until, the notes seeming very tired from the unwonted tax put upon them, we make our bow and retire for the evening.

*Monday, January 9th.*—Another glorious day, and as successfully spent as yesterday, but with new sights and a different clime. Truly we are in luck with the weather. To-day again has been cloudless, and the blueness of the sky and clearness of the air beats anything I ever saw. Looking up to the giddy heights above, you see trees, dwarfed indeed from the distance, but with every leaf standing out clear and distinct. We were obliged to leave poor Henri at home again to-day, his eyes not feeling up to the task of climbing to the "Eagle's Point," 4,000 feet above the valley, and the largest of the trio of "Brothers." So B. and G. go off *solì* under the care of a native to guide our steps, as, though in summer time the trail is distinct enough, it is now obliterated by snow after half-way. Our road lay up the side of the cliff just under our mountain, and to the right of the Yo Semite Falls, up along an endless series of zigzags. The night was again cold last night, and the trees are all tipped with delicate hoar-frost and look exceedingly pretty. But we are not cold for long, as we soon get into the sun as we ascend, and are soon much too hot. A thick growth of oaks and hollies though shield our devoted heads at first, but as we emerge from this friendly shelter, and get out on to a more bare rocky trail, gradually working round towards the Falls, it is really piping, and we gradually begin to "peel." All the way up we hear a continuous cannonade going on at the Falls. The ice which has formed all the way down the cliff in the night is now yielding to the influence of the sun, and comes tumbling down at intervals with a roar, more or less loud, like the rattle of musketry. As we stand just on a line with the Falls, we have towering above us on our left one of those gigantic bits of nature's masonry, a mighty wall cut sheer down 2,000 feet. One wonders at these mighty precipices more and more. Standing underneath them they seem bound to fall on you, and how small you do feel when gazing up. It took us three hours to get up the ravine, on a level with the top of the Falls, and here we first encountered snow, never again to leave it until we returned to this



place late in the afternoon. We found it in greater quantities than was expected, and indeed there was plenty of it, and soft and deep it was too. From the moment we struck it we were nearly up to our knees almost every step: now for a few yards it would be harder, and now again we would flounder in a drift well above our knees. About mid-day, and after fifty minutes of snow, we sat down on a rock to consider the contents of a small package our guide was carrying; which interesting inspection over, after a half-hour's halt, we again resumed our way. The snow was much the same as we went on, and we traversed one or two open and wooded bits and gentle slopes until we got to the last two slopes leading to the summit; these were "teazers" and no mistake. George was in front of me up the first one and went floundering up to his waist in the most helpless manner, until I got so feeble from laughing I thought I should never get up. However, at last, we surmounted one and then the other fiendish slope, and arriving at the summit were well rewarded for our pains. We were sitting on a heap of rocks immediately above the valley, and one could almost have dropped a stone into it, 4,000 feet below. Very pretty and snug it looked, though a mere scrap of a garden between the huge walls. Then away all round we had a glorious panorama of snow-clad peaks, more like Switzerland than anything I have seen, the splendid mass of the South Dome rising majestically in the foreground. We could only spare ten minutes to gaze around, as the wind was keen (we were up over 8,000 feet), and the day was waning. We had been just six hours making the ascent, including the halt for luncheon, and as they call it eight miles from the hotel our pace was not rapid, thanks to the snow. We came down nearly all the way following our own foot-tracks, and once off the snow we sent our best boot to the front, and came down the zigzags in fine style, arriving at the hotel at 5.15, just two hours fifty minutes from the top and nine hours since our start this morning, during which time we had been continually on the move excepting for forty minutes' halt. A pretty tough day on the whole, but we are "all right up till now," and did good justice to Mrs. Barnard's good dinner, notwithstanding the absence of our friend the coachman, who deserted us this evening—I suppose to dance attendance on his "girl"; for we have found out that his betrothed lady-love is in the village, being the same damsel who joined our carriage-load at Clark's on Saturday.

*Tuesday, January 10th.*—We had our last walk in the Yo Semite Valley to-day, and a lovely one it was to finish up, though we had again to contend with a good bit of snow. But we have been most fortunate in our season, which is so far the mildest that has been known for years. We might have got actually into the valley with more snow on the ground, but with more upon the mountain we should hardly have managed our expeditions of yesterday and to-day. Our guide said he never remembered the Eagle's Peak having been ascended this time of year, and his experience dates

from eight or ten years. It is seldom visitors choose the winter to come, and then they don't care about going up eight or nine thousand feet. To-day we have explored the opposite side of the valley to where we were yesterday, so that I think we have seen it well from all the best points, and favoured much, as I have said, by the weather. The trail was a pretty good one, and in better order than yesterday's. We had pretty views of the valley all the way up, and heard the distant roar of the Yo Semite Falls just opposite to us, —I mean the roar of the ice giving way, which from this side of the valley sounds more like the distant roar of the waves breaking on the shore. Two hours' walking brought us to "Union Point," a little resting and look-out spot, and we have a fine view of the valley below, and the bare precipice of the Sentinel, and the shapely forms of the "Graces." Close by us too there is a remarkable rock, about 40 feet high and about 12 or 15 feet at its widest part, near the top, narrowing down to about 6 feet by 4 feet at its base, which is poised on another rock of the same size. How it has remained there, isolated as it is, and on the edge of a precipice, I don't know. One day I should think it must come down, and then woe betide the houses in the valley just underneath that shall dare to interrupt his passage. From this point we have continuous snow up to the summit, but not so deep or fatiguing as yesterday, nor so long; nor do we go floundering into any drifts, as the snow does not vary a great deal, keeping, as a rule, about 10 or 12 inches deep, and we only occasionally plunge above our knees. "Glacier Point" is reached about quarter to 1, and a very fine outlook it is, straight above the valley, to which it descends in one plunge nearly 3,000 feet. But a prettier point is a few minutes further on, where Mr. Macaulay has built a little rough summer hotel with some dozen beds in it for the accommodation of visitors. From here we have a really magnificent view, and one the like of which it would be difficult to see. "Words fail me to describe it" is no empty formula now—indeed, I have never felt the force of this expression so much as I have the last few days, since entering the regions of the "Great Grizzly Bear," Yo Semite (or Yo hemite, as is the correct old Indian pronunciation). The first object that strikes one is the magnificent solid mass of the South Dome rising straight opposite us, and quite close, just the other side of the valley. It is quite the best view we have had of this grand and singular rock. We are standing opposite his side front so as to see simultaneously the clean precipitous wall and the massive shapely dome, rounded off in the most perfect symmetry. Further on are Mount Broderick and Liberty Cap, less imposing but standing out solid and striking, and this brings us to the entrance of the Little Yo Semite Valley and the Nevada Falls, and so down to the Vernal Falls and the valley up which we had walked on Sunday. The whole is a mixed mass of mountains, rocks, and woods, rising out of the snow-clad slopes, all emerging out from this little walled-in valley, and spreading out to a wide extent, in form

rather of an amphitheatre, but in a broken, tumbling mass. Away in the distance we ought to see the higher mountains of the range, but the clouds are beginning to come down, and we cannot make them out. We had intended going on up to the top of "Sentinel Dome," but from the threatening look of the clouds, and seeing them fast gathering on the mountains in gradually darkening shades, we thought it quite useless to trudge on for an hour or more through the snow just to look at a range of black clouds, so after partaking of a good lunch on a snug log behind the hotel—it was too cold to stay in front looking at the view—we made tracks home, or more properly we followed the tracks we had already made back again. As we wound down our path the heavens began to look more and more angry, and we could see a thick black mist gradually coming up along the valley until it became a race which would reach the hotel first, the snow or we. We were beaten on the post by a neck; though I must say we did not hurry ourselves particularly, and the snow caught us just before getting down into the valley when we had another three-quarters of a mile to do on the flat. It came down pretty steadily, until, when dinner-time found snow still falling, we began to ask ourselves, "Are we going to be snowed in?" but I don't think there is much chance now (9 P.M.), as the snow has ceased, and the storm seems to have passed off, the night being as bright and clear as any we have had. It was only 4 o'clock when we reached the hotel, so we spent some of the time before dinner in looking over the big Register book of the valley, kept at the saloon or sort of bath-house and bar, &c. I found several familiar names, looking through from the time the book was started in 1873. There are a few very feeble attempts at versification among the remarks, some other equally inane ones in prose, and other some intended to be witty, but really extremely idiotic, misplaced, ungrammatical, and *unorthological*!!

### *Clark's (alias Big Tree) Station.*

*Wednesday, January 11th.*—Eighteen degrees of frost and a broken pane of glass are not altogether congenial phenomena at 7 A.M., nor are they conducive to getting up in the morning. Nevertheless, such was the state of things under which I had to turn out from my cosy warm bed this morning and perform my ablutions, and other parts of my toilette, preparatory to making a start out of the valley. We had our last breakfast in the old Big Tree room, bid farewell to all the good people of the place, and started away in our carriage-and-four on a lovely bright morning. It had been but "a little winter shower" after all, and had left only 3 or 4 inches of snow on the ground, so that though we were a little longer on the road, we had no difficulty in getting across to Clark's. As we passed Leidig's Hotel, half-a-mile lower down the valley, we picked up Mr. Brightman's fair *fiancée*, who was returning here after her

jaunt with her dear intended. There was the whole family from the hotel to see us off, and a more good-looking, healthy lot of brats I think I never saw in one family. There were six or eight of them, or ages varying from about twenty to six years, and all of them as pretty children as you may wish to see. The mother of this lovely brood is a bonnie Scot, and a fine buxom dame too. Having waved them a fond farewell, we continued our way down the valley, but on the opposite side to the one by which we had entered, so as to get a close view of "El Capitan." It is the best place to see this solid gigantic mass of almost vertical rock, and we gaze upward with amazement and awe. Indeed I can scarcely apply the word beautiful to it; stern and majestic would perhaps suit it better. There are several curious grotesque forms and characters to be made out on the face of the rock, which our faithful Jehu carefully points out as we pass them; and not the least marvel is a fine tree—a pine, I think, over 100 feet high, growing in solitary grandeur literally out of the rock, in a little alcove, 500 feet or more above the valley. We joined our road again just under the "Bridal Veil Falls," and well did they deserve the name to-day—with the fringe of rock on either side, delicately sprinkled with a light covering of snow fluttering down 900 feet to the valley below. I never saw so beautiful a sight. Where is the artist who could do it justice? It was at this point that our ascent began, and we were soon peeling off our wraps to tramp up to Inspiration Point, not at all sorry for an excuse to stretch our legs and put a little circulation into our freezing nose and ears, which, despite numerous coats and rugs, would not keep warm, and were fast developing into respectable icicles of a bluish hue. However a good breather up the zigzags soon put a different tingling into them, and we enjoyed the bright fresh air. At Inspiration Point we tarried awhile to take a last long look at the valley which had received us so hospitably, and had given us such a delightful three days, and then in three strides "El Capitan," "The Graces," The Domes, and The Spires were hid from our view, and the Yo Semite a thing of the past—henceforth to be dreamt and raved of with many a pleasant souvenir. We jump into the carriage soon afterwards along a bit of slow trotting ground, though soon we jump out again to relieve the carriage going down some steepish pitches, and we jog down "'anging on be'ind," as there are some slippery places here and there underneath the snow. After this it was all plain sailing, and we had a delicious wintry drive through the forest, some parts of which looked lovely with the huge trees all draped in white, while the dark hills rolling away in the distance looked more blue than ever. We had a short halt at the half-way house, or "Eleven Mile Station"—renewed our acquaintance with the hunter and his dear dogs. I don't think I mentioned the dogs the other day. There are two: one a beautiful black retriever, such a dear pet of a dog! a very handsome well-bred one too, and as faithful to his master as he is affectionate to strangers. He is quite the host,

and seems to lay himself out to entertain visitors, which he does more successfully than many a human being, and perhaps a great deal more naturally and sincerely than many a host possessed of human brains. But "Don" must not have all the praise. His stable companion, a big black-and-tan hound of Virginia breed, though more plebeian and of less demonstrative a nature, is a very jolly dog, and both are first-rate sporting dogs, and accompany their master on all his hunting expeditions—in fact, form his sole companions, and a very happy family I should think they were. Soon after leaving the station we startle two fine bucks from a thicket hard by the road, and away they go with such a bound over the bushes; and we can just watch them as they skim up the side of a hill, through the wood, and then stopping a moment to see who it was who had been thus disturbing their afternoon nap—or perhaps to give us an opportunity to admire their fine proportions—plunge again into the forest, and are lost to view. About four or five miles from this, some clouds, which had been hovering overhead for some little time, suddenly darted down upon us, and we finished our drive in a good snow-storm. We found the people of the hotel very glad to see us again, and we are comfortably installed in our old rooms upstairs, and in a good-sized comfortable sitting-room down below, where, sitting round a huge log fire, we spend the evening pleasantly, and where I finish thus my record of this day's proceedings.

Oh, I think I ought just to mention the charms of our fair fellow-traveller, who with her "young man" was most sociable, and treated us to a number of songs from an apparently inexhaustible repertoire. She had a very good voice;—poor thing! her external attractions ended there, and I think she must have got into a very dark corner at the time when beauty was served out.

*Thursday, January 12th.*—Oh, my neck quite aches with looking up at these big trees. We have been among them all day, and think nothing now of a tree under 200 feet high, and 8 or 10 feet in diameter!! It has been the coldest day we have had since we have been out; my word! but it was nippy last night—the coldest that has been known for a long time in this place, and if turning out of bed yesterday was pain and grief, to-day was regular cruelty to animals, and notwithstanding having "wrapped myself in my rug" in the most approved fashion of the traveller, *i.e.*, in an extra blanket thoughtfully provided by the hotel, yet my poor nose resembled a young iceberg, and required frantic rubbing before being brought to his senses. I think I shall improvise a nose-bag to-night, as it promises to be a repetition of the dose. But the day, though cold, was beautifully bright and clear, and we saw the big tree (Mariposa) grove under the best circumstances. By Jove, but they are monsters, and especially the old "Grizzly Giant," as he is called, an aged and venerable specimen, with huge branches as big as good-sized trees. It is really quite appalling to walk round his enormous base, and then gazing upwards what a pigmy you feel! But there are plenty

of others, if not quite as large as the old monarch, of a perfectly imposing size, both in girth and height. I should like to have been transported suddenly into them, before seeing these other large trees since leaving Mariposa, which have, as it were, "educated us up to" the real "big trees." Even with this "education" their effect is striking enough. The more you gaze, the more are you impressed with their stupendous size. They look as if they never could have been small, and as if no power on earth could ever move them. Their beauty is all in their trunk, the foliage you really cannot see, the branches are such a height from the ground; and as for the top of them they are quite out of sight, and you nearly break your neck trying to look up to them and appreciate their height. There are one or two which are extended at full length from the course of nature—showing after all that they *are* mortal—and these, perhaps, give you as good an idea as anything of their thickness, as you go and stand up alongside of them and feel even that their width is twice your height some little way from the root. There are two groves of these big fellows at a short distance apart, and we drove through the lower one and on to the upper as far as the big tree, *through* which you drive with plenty of room to spare on either side, and a good thickness of stem left besides to support the arch and the tree, which still lives in full beauty. Certainly it is well worth coming a good distance to see such grand specimens of timber. After partaking of our lunch, which we had taken with us, we left the carriage to come on by itself, and walked home from the upper grove. What a forest to be sure! I may say that, except for the great size of the *Sequoia gigantea*, I much prefer the sugar-pine as a tree. There are some magnificent specimens all the way along, and for size, symmetry, and the deep rich colouring of bark and foliage combined, there is nothing that I have seen to beat them, and they are as noble a piece of timber as one can wish to see. But they have plenty of worthy rivals all about here. The *Sequoia* only grow in one spot, or rather two spots a little apart. They begin about six miles from the "Station" (Clark's), and it is about two or three miles to the end of the upper grove. But through the entire length of the road, the sugar-pine, the pitch-pine, cedars, and Douglas spruces vie with one another to display the tallest head and largest trunk, and it is continually, "Oh look at this enormous fellow!—What a magnificent monster! I believe that's the largest we've seen," &c., &c. With such fascinating objects to engage our attention, a bright sun darting through the branches, and a blue sky seen through the top of the trees, it is needless to say our walk was a pleasant one, notwithstanding a few inches of snow on the ground; while as we neared the hotel we could see here and there on the other side of the valley a little peak of snow emerging from a mass of dark green, and glowing in all the beauty of a wintry mountain sunset. We have decided to return *viâ* Mariposa and Merced—partly because the Madera route seems a questionable one, *quâ* state

of roads and sleeping accommodation, besides which the scenery is not particularly striking, and not worth the risk of a delay which we can ill afford. We have not seen much of the country between this and Mariposa on account of the wet day, and by returning to Mariposa we accommodate the poor landlord here, who is very ill.

*Gallison's Hotel, Mariposa.*

*Friday, January 13th.*—My paper I find gave out last night as I was saying that our landlord at Clark's had a good deal to say to our coming back this way. The wretched man was anxious to get to San Francisco as quickly as possible, and had no other opportunity of getting there. He was afraid of dying by the way if he had any rough accommodation, &c., to put up with, which indeed seemed probable enough from his countenance. So here we are back again after scarcely a week's absence. What a jolly week it has been—and what a pity it is all over. I felt quite sorry to-day to think it was our last walk. But, as I have before remarked, we have been most fortunate in seeing it all so well. We could not have had better weather if we had had the ordering of it every day. George and I started, before the carriage, at 9.15, and had a glorious walk through the forest where we had first seen the big pines. They looked as fine as ever though we had got so accustomed, that our admiration was less demonstrative. It was under very different circumstances that we had seen them before; instead of mist and rain, we had glorious bright sunshine. We had a fine view soon after leaving the summit, extending beyond the plains of San Joaquin (pronounced "Walk in"); then little by little the trees returned to their natural size as we got lower down. Still there are fine trees even there, and it was a lovely walk down through the forest to Cold Spring Station, which we reached a quarter of an hour before the carriage. Again we did justice to the excellent ham and eggs and potatoes of this little resting-place, to which a ten-mile walk gave an extra relish. At 2 o'clock we were "all aboard," and trotting along our last stage of fifteen miles through a pretty, hilly, wooded country—the vegetation showing signs of lower elevation and milder climate. About three or four miles from home we stopped to water the horses, and here we three jumped out of the carriage, and, leaving the coachman and the sick landlord to finish the drive alone, stumped the remaining distance in, to the great astonishment of our coachman, who cannot understand our fondness for walking. It is quite the exception here for anybody, great or small, to walk more than he can possibly help. He either rides or drives. We raced in up the valley. It seemed quite strange to be walking on *terra firma* again after all our slipping about, or plunging knee deep in snow for several days, and hence the active measures we took to reach our night's lodging. We found mine host and hostess quite glad to see us again, and two

or three other villagers too who had seen us start came up and shook hands with us, and were most anxious to hear the success of our trip.

*Palace Hotel, San Francisco.*

*Sunday, January 15th.*—Here we are again, back in the civilised world, after our most enjoyable trip to the backwoods. We had an uneventful, and on the whole rather tedious, drive to Merced from Mariposa yesterday, and all felt rather "flat" on getting into the plains again. The last twenty miles of the way especially we found very long, as we gradually left the mountains behind us, and as the carriage pitched and rolled heavily over the rough ground. I know one of the passengers who yawned very heavily more than once, and who felt his legs very stiff and cramped up under the seats of the carriage. True there were mountains rising on the horizon, but now they did not offer great charms, and before reaching them the eye got very cross at looking over an ever-lengthening foreground of dry and dreary plains. All things considered, we were glad enough when we pulled up at El Capitan Hotel, Merced, and still gladder when we learnt a few minutes afterwards that instead of remaining there all night we could come on directly by the Southern express, which, for some reason, was nine hours behind time. So half-an-hour afterwards we were bowling along the railroad, and after stopping for supper at Lathrop—where we took care to keep tight hold of George!!—we reached San Francisco at 11.30, and soon after midnight were snoring soundly in the Palace Hotel. To-day, on coming back from church, we found a telegram from De Fremery—whom we had wired our arrival from Merced—saying that he would meet us here at 2 o'clock. Accordingly, soon after that hour he turned up and took us off for a delightful drive through the Park, where frantic buggies were tearing recklessly hither and thither, guided by unreliable-looking Jehus, masculine and feminine,—and to the "Cliff House," where crowds of more buggies were enjoying themselves, eating and drinking and watching the seals a-bathing and playing on the rocks. The Cliff House is built on a rock overlooking the ocean, and the entrance to the Golden Gate, and immediately in front of the Seal Rocks, where quantities of these creatures were massed together or disporting themselves in the water around. One rock especially was brown with them, all huddled close together taking their afternoon *siesta*, scrambling or splashing about. Here we get our first real view of the Pacific, and a pretty spot it is too on this fine afternoon, with the mountains rising up along the coast. We get a better view of the Golden Gate entrance proper a little further on—barely a mile across it is, and opening into this beautiful and magnificent harbour it is a fine sight. We continued our drive back through the Park and up on to the hills above the coast, whence we had a fine view of the town and harbour. Then down into the town, and back to the hotel about 6 o'clock. We afterwards dined



with De Fremery at the Baldwin Hotel, the second largest in 'Frisco, and very luxuriously decorated; but it did not seem so nice as the Palace, from the little I could judge.

## JOURNAL XXVII.

### *Geyser Springs, California.*

*January 17th.*—We did not make a long stay in San Francisco, but came away again yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, *en route* for these celebrated Geysers. We got as far as Calistoga last night about 7.30, and put up at the Magnolia Hotel. We had a beautiful view of the bay as we came along in the train; it was clearer of mist and clouds than we have yet seen it, and we watched the sun set in most gorgeous colours through the Golden Gate. The waters of the bay were in a simple glow of fire, and the sky and mountains one mass of beautiful colouring to match.

This morning we began our drive soon after 8, with the well-known "Charlie Foss" to Jehu us along the road. We had only a modest pair to start, but they brought us along in good form some five or six miles on the road to the residence of Foss senior, the proprietor of the Geyser road and stages. Here we changed horses, and while waiting settled our route and the price of our conveyance with the worthy landlord. We found we had to alter our route a little, as the road to Cloverdale which we had intended taking is not open, so we are to go part of the way back the same as we came to-day, and then a fresh team will meet us and take us on to Heilsburg. This being settled, our friend courteously entreated us to a glass of excellent whisky; then bidding him farewell we jumped into our carriage, and were soon bowling along a wide, well-cultivated valley, with green sloping mountains and fine trees rising around us. For about seven or eight miles we had good trotting ground or hills that our four horses thought nothing of. Then we began a long steady drag up hill, winding through a series of pretty mountain valleys, with a good view of blue mountains extending to the coast range, spreading out behind us, and expanding as we rose. The last two miles to the summit (3,600 feet) were very steep, and the sun was grilling as we walked up it in our shirt sleeves, though the morning had been sharp enough. Arrived at the top we were told to take our last look back. We ought to have seen the ocean but didn't, so contented ourselves with imagining it behind a haze of blue. And now came perhaps the most interesting part of our drive, when we began the descent through an innumerable maze of mountain "pockets." We twisted and turned first on one side, then on the other of little gullies, winding round the most marvellous corners, where the leaders would be almost lost to view; really, I don't think we had twenty yards straight for some time: it was a continual serpentine, first to the right and then to the left, and all the time down a steep grade, and at a good round eight or ten mile an hour.

Luckily the road was (*mirabile dictu*) good,—yes, really good,—firm, and even: it was quite a novel sensation going along smoothly. By-and-by we got down into a lovely wooded ravine with a fine trout stream wending its silvery way below us, and well-grown trees of every species, scarce allowing the sun to penetrate through their topmost branches, crowding the slopes on either side. Soon again we rose a bit, and turning a corner yclept “Look-out Point,” a wide sloping valley showed itself for a few minutes; but it was soon lost again as we darted down a side glen to circumvent a mountain stream running down to join his big brother below. And so we continued twirling and wriggling about, now up, now down, now winding along a narrow road cut in the mountain side, several hundred feet above the bottom of the valley—the ground breaking away at times almost precipitously from the road—now turning an impossible corner and finding ourselves circling round a pretty little ravine, and lost in admiration of the greenness of the trees for this time of year, and the bright masses of fern growing out of mossy rocks. This all at good pace was fascinating enough. Our team was something scratchy, and not at all together; but our coachman, though young in years, is an old hand at the ribbons, and brought us down very creditably. About a mile from home we found our further course unequivocally barred by the vagaries of a huge tree, who had been and gone and tumbled himself, root and branch, right across our road. There he lay, triumphant, immovable, five solid feet through of timber. Fortunately we were near our journey’s end. We passengers walked on to the hotel, while two of the horses were unhitched, pulled over the obstruction, and coming on a little further, got hold of another waggon, and returned with it to the scene of *inaction*, when the “impedimenta” were transferred into the new conveyance, and the old one left to the care of the stars for the night. Meanwhile, we were inspecting the freaks of nature in the form of the Geysers. People say they are not worth seeing. Perhaps not to clever *blasé* folk; but to us young and uninitiated tourists they appear very curious and interesting, if not altogether sweet. They are just opposite the hotel on the other side of the stream, Pluto’s stream I believe it is (the whole cañon, by the way, is allotted to his Satanic Majesty), and there you see the whole mountain steaming and puffing away, proper! The best Geysers though are in a rocky cañon at right angles to the stream, and down here a hot sulphur stream comes tumbling down; I could just bear my hands in it. All along, the rocks and ground are bare and scorched, and you see jets of hot steam spurting out from the sides, while you hear a loud bubble underground as of a huge boiler on the point of bursting. In many places you see open springs bubbling, boiling, steaming away like fury. I try putting my hand in one, but quickly draw it back with a howl, and I don’t repeat the performance. In one place near the top of the cañon there is a tremendous outburst of steam, and in one little hole it comes out with an especially angry jet,

spurting scalding water 2 or 3 feet into the air. At the end of the cañon, which is about half-a-mile long, we get up on to a rocky mound and survey the steaming scene we have just come through. From top to bottom the sides are barren and scarred, and as you stand you see the innumerable natural safety-valves puffing away merrily, while from the hissing and bubbling underground you would be inclined to swear that there were some vast infernal steam workshop down below, practising some perpetual motion scheme. We follow on the trail which leads us back to the hotel another way, passing the most furious steam jet we have yet seen. It is all by itself, bursting out of a rock with tremendous force. The noise is enough to deafen you, the steam enough to blind you, and the violence of the exit has been such as to split the rock which receives uncomplainingly the brunt of its impatience.

*"Grand Hotel," Santa Rosa.*

*Wednesday, 18th.*—Our driver went on at 7 A.M. this morning to put the horses to on the other side of the fallen tree. We followed half-an-hour later, and found him and his mate struggling with a carriage, the wheels of which had been taken off so as to hoist it over the prostrate trunk. We arrived just in time to give a helping hand, and after some little difficulty got the vehicle over, and put the wheels on again. It was a carriage they wanted to take down into the valley for painting and repairs against the spring. Faith! it wanted both one and the other. The next thing was to get the horses across. We had to lead them one by one down a steep incline off the road, and so round the top (now the bottom!!) of the tree, and up another steep rough tug to the other side on to the road again. We then harnessed two horses to our yesterday's waggon, and two to the one we had just lugged over, and dividing our forces and baggage between the two, continued our way rejoicing. The valley and the woods looked almost prettier going this way than coming. The evergreen trees in all this part are particularly fine, especially the oaks, which are splendid trees. There is a species of laurel which grows quite a large-sized tree, and is very pretty, also a fine shrub and tree which they call the Madrone, with rather a laurel-shaped leaf: I had never seen it before. We "legged" it up a good part of the way to the summit, but once arrived there we took to the carriages and rattled down the hills at a rare pace till we came to the cross road about five miles from "the House" (Foss), and sixteen from the Geysers. Here we found the elder Foss waiting for us with a new stage, and a fresh raking-looking team, the off leader of which is a wonderful trotter, and has a record of a mile in three minutes. Paterfamilias takes the ribbons now, a fine big man he is, with a pair of shoulders which I have ample time to admire as I sit behind them, which would put Atlas to the blush. We don't lose much time in shifting our cargo, and off we go at a

spanking pace, the fast-trotting off-leader trying the broad shoulders' mettle and their owner's temper. The whole team is pretty fresh, and take us along at a good twelve mile an hour through a pretty cultivated valley country. We only pull up to water the horses and occasionally to alter the biting of the pulling leader, though the effect of the alteration is scarcely apparent, judging from Foss's hot face and hotter words, and in one-and-a-half hours we pull up in front of the hotel at Healsburg, after a sporting turn at full trot in the middle of the street. They swing round in fine style, but our burly coachman has the reputation of being the best whip in the State, and is not above a little show off for the benefit of the admiring townsfolk. At the hotel we found, to our dismay at first, that the last train for Santa Rosa had gone at 12.20—it was now 1.30; but our astonishment soon ended when, on looking at the date of our train guide which De Fremery had provided us with, we found it was for November. However it mattered but little. Santa Rosa was only sixteen miles further on, so after having a bit of lunch, we got another little carriage with a spicy pair of little chestnuts, who brought us over comfortably, under two hours. The road was flat and mostly good along the "Russian" valley and Santa Rosa plain—with fields of young wheat or orchards, &c., bordering our way. There were any amount of small birds, too, especially blackbirds and meadow larks. The latter are very numerous—jolly fat fellows, much the same colouring as our English lark, only with gorgeous golden breasts. By the way, George here tries—with more than doubtful success—to make a witty (?) remark at the expense of the poor birds. It is not worth detailing; of course it was something about somebody being on a lark, but it wouldn't go down, and we refused to have any more of his larks! Our *garçon cocher* too was a bit of a wag, and told us that white birds often appeared among the flocks of blackbirds, and they were called "white blackbirds."

### *Sonoma.*

*Friday, 20th, Morning, 8 A.M.*—I write from the hospitable residence of Mr. George Hooper, with whom we are staying since yesterday. We had expected a letter from him at Santa Rosa directing our movements from that place, and both he and Mrs. Hooper had written to us there, as we afterwards found out, but the letters had gone anywhere but to Santa Rosa. So in our uncertainty we gave ourselves in charge of the U.S. mail stage, running between Santa Rosa and Sonoma—a rude ramshackle trap it was, with a sort "Don't-look-at-me-too-hard-or-I'll-go-to-pieces" air about it, an air of which the raw-boned angular horses partook to no small degree. However, we were landed safe at the Union Hotel after twenty miles of charming valley scenery—rich-looking fields of young wheat, green meadows with fine oaks growing plenteously and grandly, fences kept trim and neat, and a general well-cared-for

fertile appearance. Orchards there were too, and several tracts of vineyards, as the Sonoma Valley is one of the great Californian wine-growing districts. From the hotel we took a buggy out to Mr. Hooper's residence, about four miles from the town, and delightfully situated on the south slope of the valley, with lovely views down to the bay and mountains beyond, as well as up the valley towards Santa Rosa. The latter is the view I look out on to from my bedroom window, and a charming one it is. Most cordial was our reception here by Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, who would not hear of anything but putting us up bag and baggage; so after lunch George drove round by Sonoma to get our things which we had left at the hotel, while Henri and I walked about the place till dark. We found our way to the "chai," where we introduced ourselves to, and had a chat with, Mr. H.'s nephew, who is here to study the wants and requirements of the grape juice. We then continued our walk on through flourishing slopes planted with vines, and little groves of almonds, nuts, and olives, and after climbing up the slopes to admire the beauties of the surroundings, came back in time for dinner, and spent a very pleasant evening with our new friends. Mr. H. is a cousin of Mr. Carroll's, and a great friend of Mrs. C., so we were able to discuss the charms of the "Manor" and its jolly family.

The grape topic was also a great subject on which to converse. Mr. H. has given himself up entirely to his vineyards, and has a very nice little place of a thousand acres, of which about a hundred are already in vines, the rest in orchards, grazing lands, &c. It is a charming place, and a most snug and comfortable house, and Mr. Hooper has made and built both himself.

*Friday evening.*—We have had a delightful and most interesting day, and are quite charmed with this part of the country, both in the way of scenery and vegetation. It is no doubt a wonderful soil, and must well repay the trouble of cultivation. Everything seems to thrive; the trees and shrubs growing naturally are splendid; the ones put in seem to do equally well, and in spring time it must be a perfect paradise with the masses of wild flowers which Mrs. Hooper tells us of, and the luxuriant foliage of the trees. After breakfast this morning we started with Mr. Hooper in his carriage to view his property, inspect the different vineyards, &c., and learn all the improvements projected and completed on the place. The labour is almost exclusively performed by the Chinese, who seem to be a very decent class, and give great satisfaction to their employers. Henri and I tried to enter into conversation with some of them last night as they were planting a new piece of vines, but all we could get from them was "No sabe" (I don't understand), which is the case with a great proportion of them. They keep so much to themselves that they scarcely understand English at all. We finished up our *tournee* with a visit to the cellar, where we were given several different sorts of native wines to taste, and afterwards drove on two

or three miles to Mr. La Motte's to see the fish hatchery. This was most interesting. It is on a very large scale, and the company have gone to some expense in building flumes and directing a supply of running water into their tanks. The quantity of fish in stock is enormous. We saw them of every size and description, from the eggs themselves, and the little fry just hatched, to large fish in the big ponds. Mr La Motte, who is the managing man of the company, is a great enthusiast of the business, and explained it to us all very clearly and simply. He astonished me considerably when he told me among other facts that it is only about one per cent. of the eggs of fish left to spawn naturally in the streams which is productive, while by collecting the "ova" as they do in this establishment, they calculate that about 95 per cent. are hatched. I was much amused, too, by the "hospital" for sick fish, or those who had been fighting with one another. Trout, salmon, and carp were the most plentiful—not in the hospital, in the whole hatchery I mean—but there are some of almost all sorts, and they are there by the thousands. They hold that the fish are much more delicate fed and looked after in this way. Pig's liver is the chief article of diet, chopped more or less finely according to the age of the fish. There is also on the establishment a small marsh set aside and tended for the nurture of frogs, which our cicerone informed us were, according to his taste, "a superlatively elegant dish"—the expression was very nearly too much for our force of gravity. Altogether, our fishy visit was highly original and interesting, and we returned much wiser men. The country certainly is pretty all about here, and the climate delightful. We have scarcely seen a cloud for I don't know how long. The farmers, however, would like a few showers of rain.

## JOURNAL XXVIII.

### *Palace Hotel, San Francisco.*

*Saturday, 21st.*—We took leave of the Hoopers this morning after breakfast, and drove over to Petaluma with the nephew. Petaluma is an important little town in the valley running parallel to the Sonoma. We drove over the range of hills separating the two valleys, but left the prettier one behind us. The Petaluma district is fertile enough for grain, &c., but is singularly bare of trees. We arrived there after a sixteen-mile drive in plenty of time to take the 2 o'clock train for San Rafael, and thence across the bay by steamer. I really think the bay looks prettier every time I see it. This afternoon, at any rate, it was lovely, as we passed right across the Golden Gate, with the mountains all round the immense harbour—at least as much of it as we could see rising out of the water and sheltering it from every sort of wind. Only a few days and we shall be steaming out of this golden portal, and at the commencement of a new phase of our voyage!!

*Sunday, 22nd.*—We spent the day out at Oakland, meeting the De Fremerys at church as on the first day of our arrival, and going up to their house to lunch afterwards. They have certainly a jolly wild little bit of a garden, with some fine old trees—though the flower garden is rather sacrificed to the quail, which swarm all about the place quite tame, and look very pretty. There is a fine cypress hedge which does credit to the Californian soil. It was planted fifteen years ago, and now is a splendid wall 50 feet high, and thick in proportion. After lunch we had a very jolly drive into the country, through what are called the foot hills—a very pretty country overlooking the bay for a long way. On a fine day you can see a long way out to sea, but to-day was unfortunately dull and cloudy. We had a good view down into the bay, however, for all that. Mr. William de F. joined us at dinner in the evening, and we had a pleasant musical evening, James jun. and his sister being both very musical, and playing beautifully on the piano. They gave us, among other fine pieces, some duets on two pianos.

*Monday, 23rd.*—After a busy day at various "O.J.'s," we went down with James de Fremery at 4 o'clock to San José, the third largest town in California, and two hours' rail from San Francisco. Poor Henri we had to leave behind, much to the regret of us all, as the oculist to whom he had been in the morning advised his remaining quiet, and besides wished to see him again in the afternoon. Our hotel at San José boasts in the name of the "Wazarais," and we put up there comfortably for the night.

*Tuesday, 24th.*—This morning we started, in pouring rain, at 7.30, for the New Almaden quicksilver mine, distant about twelve miles. We had a letter for the manager of the mine, who sent us up first to the foreman of the works, and we were shown all over the furnaces, &c., and learnt all about the process for extracting the metal from the ore, which was quite a new experience to me. Of course we saw lots of the quicksilver in its pure state, and tried to lift up flasks of it when packed, which looked as if they would be no great weight, but which we found on trial taxed our muscles to the full. Then after looking at pet specimens of different ore in the office, and inspecting drawings of the interior of the furnaces and condensers, maps of the mine, and a very ingenious plan of the same, showing the different depths of the various drifts, which were painted in different colours on several panes of glass, set one behind another, we went off to see the mine proper. We had to drive about three-quarters of an hour up the mountain. After some little delay we got hold of one Captain Harry, a boss among the miners, and such a good-natured, straightforward-looking fellow. He came up from a shaft where they were hard at work getting down to a level 100 feet lower, and where they were doing all they knew to keep the water in check while they lowered the pump down the extra 100 feet. He himself had been standing in water up to his middle, and the water only wanted to rise another 18 inches to flood them out

entirely, and force a speedy retreat on the men at work in that part. Well, under the escort of the noble Captain, we drove on to another shaft, where we entered the bowels of the earth. We were lowered by steam apparatus in about eight minutes, to the 1,700 feet level, and from there passed through on foot a succession of tunnels to the place where the men were working. It was a species of mountain-creeper underground, as we had to scramble over and up some very rough stuff, *dibris* of ore, &c.; but we succeeded in keeping our legs, and steering clear of numerous little pits and shafts, and at length arrived at one of the "drifts," where the miners were at work boring, and picking and shovelling away the rubbish. The atmosphere was naturally not sweet, and though I suppose not actually foul for a mine, the closeness of the air, and the "evaporation of humanity" in the low-vaulted chamber, were, to put it mildly, unpleasant. But I was much pleased and struck with the cheerful mien of all, and really handsome features of some of the miners. Mostly Mexicans they are, and fine, strong, well-made chaps, as the muscles on their bare backs, shoulders, and arms testify. It is wonderful, too, the accuracy with which they strike the iron bar with the heavy hammers as they bore the holes for blasting—one man holds the bar, while another man strikes, occasionally two—and they proudly show you their hands, and point out that there is no trace of scar from slip of the hammer as it descends. Our guide was very anxious to take us to other workings, but our time was short, and after all they would have been all the same. He insisted, however, on leading us down a long tunnel in the direction of the wet shaft,—a very wet and muddy tunnel it was too, and there was a strong current of air coming along from somewhere, and I could not keep my candle alight. At last I gave it up as a bad job, and pounded valiantly through mud and water, and after all found it much less trouble than picking my way. After this it remained only to regain our former shaft, which we did by another route, and were eventually hoisted up again to the light of day as we had descended. We found our poor horses looking very miserable under the influence of a drenching hail shower. They were soon untied though, and we made the best of our way home, not having any time to lose. We did have a train to lose though, and lost it too by about twenty yards, despite the good trotting of our nags, and my own frantic exertions as I flew up the hotel stairs sixteen steps at a bound to get our bags and pay the bill. But fortune favoured the brave this time, and there was an excursion train going at 6 o'clock, two hours later, of whose kindly assistance we availed ourselves, and we reached 'Frisco at 8 o'clock, after a safe but noisy journey. Half the city of San José were coming to see a last special performance of "Michael Strogoff" here, and our car was the jovialest of most jovial crews. We gained a most edifying performance, too, by missing the train, in the shape of a rope dancer, anticking with all the marvels of his trade on a rope stretched across the street from one roof to another. He was really



a first-rate fellow ; so it is an ill wind, &c., and it blew the poor man two extra "quarters" to augment his gate money. The New Almaden mine is the largest in California, and I think the second largest in the world.

### JOURNAL XXIX.

*Wednesday, 25th.*—We spent a very busy day running about San Francisco with James de Fremery, partly seeing the town, and partly little shopping excursions to fortify ourselves against the next few weeks of sea. Among the most interesting things we saw in the way of sights was the strong vault and safe at the Savings Bank, of which Mr. J. de F. is director. It is the strongest and most complete of its sort in 'Frisco, and has all the latest improvements and inventions for the safe keeping of valuable articles. It is a marvel of secret locks, innumerable "everything proof" plates, the most marvellous which man's genius can think of, and yet so simple when explained. Then, besides, there is the time lock—a species of clock mechanism, by which the doors can only be opened and shut at certain fixed times at which the clock is set. In fact, if a burglar or regular safe-breaker were given free scope, it would take more than a week's continued working to get in ; the door alone weighs five tons. We inspected also at the Bank one of those arithmo—bother ! I forget how the word finishes, but in plain English a calculating machine, and we had great fun in working out sums on it. They are most ingenious contrivances, and the book-keepers here use them a good deal ; but as they *are* apt to get out of order they are used chiefly for verifying calculations. From the Bank we went to the "Safe Deposit Company," another specimen of "safe" engineering. It is a gigantic safe with a number of drawers, to each of which is fitted a peculiar lock requiring two different keys to open. These drawers are owned, or rather rented, by individuals who can put away their valuables, documents, jewellery, &c.—anything they like in fact—and they naturally hold the key of their box, while the official in charge holds the "key to their key," and there are other different rules and regulations to ensure none but the rightful owner getting admission to the several boxes. The walls and doors are all of wonderful strength and proof, the former containing in their fortifications no less than thirty-two diamond proof steel plates, while the doors are a maze of ingeniously complicated simple locks and fastenings. We took our lunch in one of the speciality 'Frisco eating houses, where you get all the eatables you want free gratis for nothing, there being a slight charge put on to the drinks, which you are expected to partake of, and which in this way pay the whole establishment, and well too. But there is nothing to compel you to take a drink, and you can have a capital lunch for nothing at all !! There is nothing really to be called sight-seeing in San Francisco when you have been in and about the city and its park, and surveyed the bay from various points ; but being with a native of the place we



were taken to several of the different establishments and peculiarities of the town. Among these we went to have a look at the machinery and workings of the "cable" cars. I think I have mentioned these horseless street cars. They astonished and puzzled me at first, and until I learnt that they were worked by means of an ever-revolving steel cable, to which the cars are attached underground by "clips." To stop them, all that is required is to unclip them and apply ordinary brakes to the wheels; to go on again, clasp the cable and away you go smoothly and quickly. Truly the Yankee is mighty 'cute in his dodges and inventions, and always going ahead. We finished our afternoon by a long sitting at Watkins's photograph establishment, where we invested largely in Yo Semite photographs, and no easy matter it was to select from a huge assortment of fine views. At last we got back to the hotel, having been gadding about on and off from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. I had an amusing adventure in the evening. De Fremery having told me he had seen the arrival of Sir H. Parkes mentioned in the papers, I made inquiries at the office, and found sure enough that Sir. H. P. was in the hotel. So thinking I might as well get what information I could from him, *re* Japan, as I was not to see him at Yokohama, I sent up my card, and on receiving permission presented myself and my letter. I found myself in the presence of two gentlemen, and two or three ladies. One of the former rose on my entering, and to him I handed the letter, which after a few words he opened but presently returned me, saying, "I'm afraid this letter is not for me. I see it is addressed to Sir *Harry* Parkes, K.C.B., &c.; I am Sir *Henry* Parkes, K.C.M.G., of New South Wales." My face I expect was a study, but the old chap was very much amused, and said that it was not the first time it had happened to him to be mistaken for his namesake and, I believe, connection—upon which, after a few more civilities, I bowed myself out, and had the satisfaction of hearing hardly suppressed expressions of mirth from the evidently amused petticoats.

### *On Board SS. "Belgic."*

*Thursday, January 26th.*—"And so we started"—after six months of most enjoyable tramping about the United States of America—six months almost to a day. The day was dark and showery, and the clouds promised to weep upon our departure as we boarded our sea home that is to be for three weeks. It was not at all like our last departure on an ocean voyage, but still we were not quite without friends to see the last of us, and Mr. William de Fremery and Mr. Caire came down to the wharf to bid us farewell. There was a very small knot of good-byes standing by as we unshipped our moorings, and a faint flutter of white handkerchiefs, (but no covert coats!!) as we slowly glided out into the bay. Our pilot appears on the bridge, the engines and propeller begin the long series of revolutions, to be continued ceaselessly—at least I

trust so—for near five thousand miles of ocean, and we are off. The Golden Gate does not belie its name after all to-day, and as we glide through its narrow portal, the sun shines out from the clouds, and our last view of the American shore, our last sight of land, is clear and beautiful.

*On Board SS. "Belgic," lat. 32° 21', long. 175° 10'.*

*February 5th, 1882.*—Now that we have been ten days at sea, and have accomplished half our voyage, I must jot down a few little mems. of "life on board ship," and of our adventures up to the present hour. Not that the adventures have been of a very remarkable character. The elements have been most gracious to us so far, and we have had remarkably fine weather for this time of year. The first two days were pretty cold with northerly winds, but since then we have got down into more southern latitudes, and we have had mild balmy weather, and favourable winds—so much so that we have not yet been without a good spread of canvas set. Now and then it has blown pretty fresh, and at times we have rolled heavily, for it must be owned our good ship is a patent roller, and avails herself of every opportunity to practise this her favourite motion—a consequence, I suppose, of her extreme length compared to her narrowness of beam. But we are extremely comfortable on board, with good cabins, an excellent "table," a good set of officers, and a "harmless," if not choice, set of passengers. These, however, do not amount to a great number; indeed, the accommodation is limited to twenty first-class. They include a Japanese missionary and wife (rather milky and watery), an English, or rather Scotch, resident of San Francisco, and an Englishman, Phillips by name, on his travels, a very nice fellow. The above, with ourselves, the captain, first officer, and chief engineer, make up our table—which is the most genial by far. At the other are a junior officer or two, and half-a-dozen passengers of Spanish, American, and Japanese origin. I must not omit to mention our inevitable juvenile, who, however, does not cry more than twice a day. It makes up for this good point though by periodical fits of choking, and this morning I've come to the conclusion that it's going to have the whooping cough. I find we are just as well off in the "Belgic" as in the much-vaunted "Cities of Tokio" and "Pekin," which, though very commodious in passenger accommodation, are by no means of good seaworthy capacities which our old "Belgic," despite her rolling, is, and as I say, we're as comfortable as we could wish on her. She is worked entirely by a Chinese crew, who have risen greatly in my estimation since I have been on board. They are a very hardworking, steady set of fellows, and excellent sailors the captain says (the captain himself, by the way, and chief officers are British). The cabin attendants are also from the land of the celestial beings, and first-rate stewards they make: most attentive to all our wants in our rooms, while their

waiting at table is perfection itself—noiseless, quick, intelligent—and they are, moreover, scrupulously clean. It is curious how the outdoor Chinese servant changes his manners when he comes indoors. Naturally he is as piggish an animal as they make 'em, but directly he is taken in the house, or as here in the saloon, he becomes a model of neatness. He has a most charming capacity for "twigging" your likes and dislikes at meals, and getting you everything you want without your asking. He is a great improvement on the nigger waiter, flouncing about like a great buffalo, and *not* given to cleanly habits, outdoors *or* in. We have, however, *par contre*, a fine specimen of Chinese dirt on board—some two hundred steerage passengers. I have made short inspections of their habits, but they are not calculated to tempt one to prolong the visit. The greater part of them never leave their smelly retreat below, except when forcibly ejected from their apartment to be treated to a "smoking out." It is really quite a feat how they conglomerate into a small space, and literally seem to enjoy their dirt and stink. Oh, I must not be too hard on them wholesale, for yesterday I saw Johnnie washing his toes on deck. The performance was not elaborate; a large flannel, and a small tin mug of water,—but perhaps I'd better not proceed any farther. There are a good many opium smokers among them and I went and watched a sitting of confirmed *roués* the other day. The preparations for the pipe seemed to last about as long as the pipe, and to be quite an art of itself. The fumes were horribly sickly, and there they were, five or six of them, in a little box that you would have thought twice about putting a dog into, and often the smoking-room holds eight! There is another lot who gamble from morning till dark at a most incomprehensible game, played with a species of dominoes. Their stolidity of countenance is quite exemplary, and their tempers must be most angelic; winning and losing would seem to be quite the same thing to them, to judge by their looks. We have a capital institution for our afternoon's amusement, and regularly after lunch turn out for a couple of hours or more and have a capital game of cricket. It is grand exercise, and very good fun; we have bats made by the carpenter, balls of cork and string made by the sailman, and regulation stumps fixed into a short plank. There is a 10 cents fine for every ball hit overboard, which is augmented to 25 cents = 1s. for every one hit over in practice, or before the game has begun; the proceeds to go to the Seamen's Orphan Home at Liverpool. As there are between thirty-five and forty balls lost every day, I think the home will do pretty well by the end of the voyage. The sides are either "picked up," or settled by some combination, such as "Ship *v.* Passengers," "Married *v.* Single," &c. The great hit is up on to the hurricane deck, or into the sails, where the ball generally lodges long enough for you to run till you can run no more, especially if the ship happens to be rolling or pitching much. We have been accompanied incessantly by a large flock of birds they call "molly hawks," which follow the ship day

and night in greater or less numbers. To-day they simply swarm. They are silly-looking creatures, with huge long wings, black in colour, with web feet and long bills. We caught one yesterday—with a line and bait!! We had to shut off steam for an hour to screw up some of the machinery, and it was during that time the greedy bird grabbed at a bit of pork tied on to a string let over the ship's side, and was drawn triumphantly in. It measured 6 feet 9 inches across, from tip to tip of its wings. The last day or two also there have been several "boatswain's birds" flying about—very pretty birds they are, with one long single feather behind for their tail. But to my great regret we have not yet seen any albatross, nor any flying fish, and I just missed seeing an octopus early one morning. It was lying on top of the water, quite close to the ship—a huge monster.

*Tuesday, February 7th, 1882. Long. 179° 20' E., Lat. 32° 17' N.*—When we got up this morning it was Monday, but we passed the 180th meridian after breakfast, so poor Monday had a bad time of it—a short life and a merry one as far as we are concerned, and was ignominiously shunted and blotted out from our calendar. On the homeward trip of course some day has to do double duty. Last year they had two New Year's Days, and two New Year's Day dinners!! Of course there were the usual jokes that we had lost a day of our lives, &c., by coming round the world.

*Sunday, February 12th.*—We have not had quite such exemplary weather this week as for the first half of our voyage. Tuesday night the wind began to freshen, and Wednesday was a beastly day, with roughish sea, rain most of the day, and frequent squalls of tropical deluges. Thursday promised a little better, and was bright in the morning; but just as we were turning out for cricket the clouds came up, and we had the pleasure of another wet afternoon. Friday, wind got round to south-west and blew squally and fresh all day, and as the seas not unfrequently were breaking over the deck, on to our "pitch," we were again obliged to forego our game of cricket. About 10 P.M. it came on to blow hard for a couple of hours, and all night there was a good deal of "jump," which, with the stuffiness of the cabin department, from the closing of all port-holes, did not altogether conduce to a good night's rest. Yesterday though was the worst day we have had since we've been out. The wind had got almost dead ahead, and blew more or less hard all day, while the sea ran heavily, and we shipped a good many big ones from time to time. Our old ship behaved very well, but didn't make much headway against the wind. At midday our run showed a miserable total of one hundred and six miles for the last four-and-twenty hours!! I had a nice little episode in the bath-room in the morning. Just as I had finished drying myself, and was on the point of getting on my pants, a great wave suddenly appeared in the doorway, giving me a second, and quite uncalled-for, edition of tub, swamping the room and part of my clothes—my towels also, of course, so that the

process of drying for the second time was a feat of ingenuity. I suppose you will ask why wasn't the door shut? But the door wouldn't shut—or rather it shut so well that it required three Hercules to open it—and so, as a blind to modesty, a Japanese screen had been substituted, which, needless to say, was not waterproof. I had the satisfaction afterwards of learning that my two successors to the bath were served with the same trick—one of them worse indeed, as a sea caught him just before he got into the room, and nearly knocked him down. To-day (Sunday) the sea has moderated, and the wind got round a bit to the north, so we are able to get a little canvas up, which keeps us steadier—though this morning early we rolled heavily. The sky though is clearer, which is a comfort, and we have not had those horrible squalls of wind and rain, to a constant succession of which we were treated yesterday afternoon. By the way, one of the Chinamen died on board yesterday, and was duly embalmed by the ship's doctor, and placed in a coffin, to be restored to his relatives in China, as of course no such thing as a burial at sea is to be thought of for one of the celestial land.

*Monday, February 13th.*—Wind shifted back to south-west last night, and blew pretty fresh. It dropped again about midday, and the decks were dry enough to get a little cricket—our first game for nearly a week. The “pitch,” after all the *watering* and *rolling* it has had, should have played well. That it didn't, must, I suppose, be put down to the unsteadiness of the ship—or want of practice of the players. Anyhow, the play was not brilliant, and the total aggregate of runs made during the afternoon was, I think, something like half-a-dozen!!

*Tuesday, 14th.*—Valentine's Day, and a pretty valentine old Neptune sent us. During the night the sea was roughish, and the cradle of the deep rocked us very rudely during the hours of darkness. Soon after breakfast it began again to blow in earnest, and we had a regular dirty day of it, with the wind dead ahead, and very cold, and frequent heavy squalls of rain and hail. The sea ran very high, and at times it seemed as if we were making no way at all, when we got on to the top of a huge wave, and the wind howled pitilessly in our teeth. Once, I believe, the ship did lose steerage way for a moment. She behaved beautifully though among the great rolling waves, and when at times it looked as if one must break right over her she would rise like a duck to the top of it, and then descend into the trough below. It was a regular “ridge and furrow” country on rather a large scale; we seemed to go up and down like a cockle-shell. Between the squalls the sun would shine out, and then the scene was grand enough; all around, the deep dark water, a mass of boiling foam, or broken with white crested waves as they broke angrily in the air. It was jolly then standing in a dry sheltered place—if any part of the deck could be called either one or the other—to watch the big seas, and calculate as to the ones we should ship. The scene at dinner in the evening was something exciting, and at

times most ludicrous. When I first went down into the saloon there was rare havoc running riot. The tables looked rather like the feast in "Holiday House," only the order was lacking, and the knives, forks, and spoons were flying about, or laying in most delightful confusion, despite the determined efforts of the stolid Chinamen to keep things a bit straight. Everybody who had not got something to hold on by was sprawling helplessly about the floor; for somehow or other the waves combined together from time to time to have a joke with us, and came on so that we rolled and pitched frightfully on these occasions, and they always chose meal times for some of their best jokes. Well, dinner didn't get on very fast. We would progress pretty well for a short time, then would come a series of rolls which turned everything upside down, inside out. Despite the racks on the tables, your plates ran away from you just as you were helping yourself; the table-cloth had the appearance of some debauch where the debauchees had taken to hurling the things at one another. The dishes and utensils had been reduced to a minimum, so the board looked scanty enough, and with these few rolling and leaping from side to side, and up and down, there was a regular rattle of crockery—kept up too in some outer regions—mingled at intervals with a loud boom or crash of some heavier metal opening fire on the scene, and then careering about amongst the smaller *débris*. How the Chinamen were able to keep their footing, their temper, and their countenances, or how they didn't all end in a motley mixture of pigtails and *entrées* in the middle of the floor, I don't know. I know I had all my work cut out to sit on my seat, and hang on to the table, a plate, and a knife and fork with all the desperation of hunger, and even then got but an unsatisfactory meal; and of course always at the most critical point everybody would begin to laugh feebly and helplessly, till it was all one could do to keep from disappearing under the table. However, all good things have an end and so did the violence of the gale about midnight.

*Wednesday, 15th.*—Things were better. All the morning though the wind blew fresh, the sea ran high, and the decks were frequently washed by a big wave. After lunch it moderated, and we determined to try and have some cricket. It was the most extraordinary game I ever played. The ship was rolling and pitching pretty heavily, the decks were slippery from showers of rain that passed over us at intervals, driving us at times "to seek the seclusion which the cabin grants." Then when the squall had passed, and the "umpires had given their opinion that the ground was in a fit state for play," the staunch players would troop out from the pavilion, and resume the game. It was a ridiculous performance to see some one running frantically after the ball, stooping down cautiously to try and pick it up, and then, just as he had almost reached it, see it roll off some other way with the motion of the ship, while the frantic "field" would go off again in pursuit, or roll over ingloriously on the deck. The bowlers and batsmen were equally erratic: the only thing you

could be certain of was, that if the ball pitched straight you wouldn't be out; the runs were a source of danger, more especially when the "bats" would try to "steal" a run, and both come in collision with the "field," slithering about after the ball. Tableau! The consequences may be imagined. Finally, the game was brought to an abrupt conclusion by a vicious wave, which came breaking over the side, and swamping the ground; wickets, bats and balls floating off on their own account, and a general *sauve qui peut* taking place among the baffled players.

### *Grand Hotel, Yokohama.*

*February 18th.*—Turned out of bed 6 A.M. this morning, and going upon deck found we were in the Bay of Yeddo, steaming up in sight of land on either side, having made the light at the entrance at 2 A.M. Unfortunately the morning was cloudy, and we were disappointed in getting not even a glimpse of the peak of "Fuji." The coast on either side though was clear, and is very pretty, especially the northern, where a rocky mountain range rises straight up from the bay. We got to our moorings off Yokohama about 9.30, and were immediately surrounded by a large fleet of native small boats, and soon there ensued a scene which it was worth coming all the way across the Pacific alone to witness. We were scarcely at anchor ere they made for us simultaneously; it was just as if we were being boarded by pirates. They jabbered, they screamed, they scowled, they swore,—at least I'll give them every credit for doing so, for I'm sure if one could have understood their language it would have been far from edifying,—they hustled each other, they charged; but the best part was when they began to swarm up the ship's side. Of course only one or two could get up at a time, and the struggling and fighting for first place—the frantic endeavours as they staggered in mid air, before they got a firm footing on the gangway—the rude, varied, and half-savage appearance of the men—the motley costumes—all combined to make the most amusing and animated scene imaginable. We stood looking over the ship's side in roars of laughter. How more casualties didn't happen I don't know. I only saw one man sent into the water. About an hour later we went ashore ourselves, but most aristocratically in the hotel launch, under charge of the manager. The Custom House officers were most charming, and gave us no trouble. The hotel being two or three minutes' walk from the landing-stage, there was no excuse to take one of the "jinrikishas," which were in waiting in crowds, but within five minutes from seeing our things brought in, we were all four—we three and Phillips—careering through the streets of Yokohama in "Pullman cars" (as some witty Yankee once christened them) to the Bank and the telegraph office. The former we found shut, because it was Saturday; at the latter we sent our various despatches, and returned for "tiffin" to the hotel.



The afternoon we spent in going about the town, partly in "jinrikishas," partly on foot. We began by putting ourselves into these national "handsomes," and telling the drivers, or more properly "drawers," to take us about the town. Accordingly, they trotted us about in high and low quarters for a couple of hours; of course they brought us to a tea-house, where we had our first experience of a cup of Japanese tea—not a particularly taking beverage, made with a great deal of hot water poured on to a very little very green tea. Luckily, you are not expected to take much, the cups being merely the size of a moderate doll's allowance. Returning to the hotel after our drive we found Mr. Dunn, one of our fellow passengers, who has had a good bit of experience in Japan, and he forthwith led off afresh, taking us to inspect different Japanese shops—silks, bronzes, and curios. These are all delightful, but we reserve any purchases for the present. Yokohama is a most curious mixture of European and native inhabitants and customs, buildings and manufactures. The foreign element is so particularly predominant in this essentially foreign port, that at times you might imagine yourself in an European town, with such familiar names as "Colman," "Epps," "Crosse & Blackwell," &c., looking out at the shop windows. The genuine Japanese stores, though, are original enough—all beautifully neat and clean, and their keepers squatting complacently on the scrupulously kept matting, with their little brazen stove of charcoal ashes in the middle. It is a most grotesque sight, though by no means an uncommon one, to see a Jap. in all his native costume stalking down the street with the most British of "billycocks" perched on his head—and I believe some have been seen in "toppers." In the evening we had a "Belgie" dinner, consisting of our three selves, the captain, and Messrs. Foreman and Moore, and had no reason to complain of the *chef* of the "Grand," which is considered the best of the European hotels, and is kept by a French company, all the "bosses" in it being consequently French.

*February 19th.*—We had our first experience of Japanese travel and scenery to-day, and most enjoyable they have proved—the great "Dai Butsu" being the chief attraction in the "lion" line. Our party consisted of the same as last night, with the exception of Mr. Dunn in place of the captain, and at 8 o'clock we left the hotel in style, in seven "jinrikishas" with two men apiece—one man in the shafts, and another shoving behind. These carriages are most comfortable in travelling. They are in form like a miniature gig, with seat for one person, shafts in front, and a lithe little Jap. to take the place of the horse. He holds the shafts in his hands, and draws from them, and trots away as jolly as possible. I must own though, at coming back at the end of our forty-mile trip, I felt rather a brute as these hearty fellows were plodding along the muddy roads. But on a good road they go along so easily, you don't realise any compunctions—at least I didn't. They are a small set of men, but as wiry and strong as you like, and as a rule beautifully made, especially about the lower

limbs, and they jog along their five or six miles an hour without thinking anything of it. More than that, they are keeping up a ceaseless chatter among themselves the whole time, and now and then, if two or three "wags" get together, they chaff and laugh, roar at the top of their voices, or else if they know a little English they will converse with you. I have already acquired quite a Japanese vocabulary from them. I had a very talkative and amusing little man, and had quite a lesson in the language, to the great amusement of the colleagues in the shafts. It is really marvellous how they can stand the work, eating such wretched trash as they do. I believe, indeed, it does kill them off, and numbers of them succumb to heart complaint. But it is really charming to see their jolly, hearty, good-tempered faces, and they all work together in the most delightful manner. However, I must get on to our route, which lay through a series of thickly populated villages, and lovely hilly country, cultivated in every available nook. The country was of course not looking its best at this time of year; everything wore a brown and wintry look. Still, there were plenty of evergreens, firs chiefly, and great big camelia shrubs; and the young wheat, showing up thick and healthy-looking, gave a verdant foretaste of spring. The road itself varied between very bad and very good: in places it was very heavy going after the night's rain; in other parts firm and good. The first half of our way followed the "Tokaido," the main government road running between Tokio and Kioto; afterwards, we turned off across narrower by-roads, and out of sight of such unromantic things as telegraph posts and wires. We always turned out and walked at the worst places, and up the steep hills. We pulled up two or three times to rest and bait our horses for a few minutes at some of the villages through which we passed. These villages all consist of one street, so appear to be larger than they really are, but they all seemed thickly populated, and all presented a goodly array of small brats,—no, hardly "goodly," I'm afraid. They were all a miserably dirty-looking lot, and there was scarcely one who had not various eruptions, to a greater or less degree, on their more or less shaven heads. It is most curious, too, to see the little babies being lugged about on the backs of the women and little girls, and you see wretched little things with a baby almost as big as themselves tied up on to their backs in a sort of large handkerchief, not in "papoose" fashion, but *à la* pick-a-back. It seems it is the custom for the youngest girl to carry about the last born brother or sister in this fashion, until it is strong enough to look after itself and fight its own battles; and you see little brats lugging about the younger members of their family but little smaller than themselves. There is one great feature about the Japanese male or female, which is their fine head of jet black hair, and a great number of them take great pride in it after their own light. It is a great pity that the light that appears to most of them is to shave most of the top of the head. But this custom is not universal, and seems to be confined, as far as

I can yet see, to the lower caste, some of whom, however, take a great deal of trouble over their coiffure, at least what remains to be coiffe'd, especially over the little top-knot on the crown of the head. The women, however, nearly all have a most elaborate head-dress, the arrangement of which is largely assisted by copious dressings of some greasy material. I strongly object to the hideous custom in vogue among the married women of shaving their eyebrows, and blackening their teeth. The latter is more especially repulsive, and gives the otherwise nice-looking matrons a most fiendish and ghastly expression. I am happy to add that this relic of barbarism is, I believe, beginning to die a natural death. As we pass through the villages the little children greet us with energetic choruses of "Ohio!"—*i.e.*, "Good morning" (lit., early)—but we make but little impression among the generality of the natives, so accustomed are they now, especially round about Yokohama, to see Europeans. But I must be getting on the road. At 12 o'clock, or four hours after starting, we arrive at the sea-shore, where we dismount and walk along the beach to Yenoshima, about a mile. This little village is most picturesquely huddled together in the hollow of a little island, or rather peninsula; it is only quite surrounded in high tides. The narrow street separates a delightful collection of old-fashioned houses, the fronts of which are nearly all stores of various kinds, shells, seaweeds, curios, &c. Looking up the street from the beach you have a charming street scene, as the houses rise above one another towards the top of the hill, where are situated two or three Shinto temples: but these are not particularly remarkable. We had brought some lunch with us, not wishing to rely on Japanese fare, and repaired with it to an inn, where we took off our shoes and went upstairs into one of the matting-carpeted rooms, squatting down on the floor in Japanese style, as the apartment is absolutely destitute of furniture, though scrupulously clean. After feeding and looking about the place, we took our way back, two or three miles along the beach on foot, and then, getting into our carriages again, another mile or two brought us to the mighty "Dai Butsu." This majestic idol, the supposed personification of Buddha, is a marvellous relic of antiquity, dating from about the twelfth or thirteenth century, though the exact date is not agreed on. It is cast in copper, in which is mixed no inconsiderable portion of gold, and represents the deity in a sitting posture, vast in proportion, but beautifully modelled. The dimensions are quoted as follows:—height, 50 feet; length of face, 8 feet 6 inches; length of ear, 6 feet 6 inches; nostrils (width), 2 feet 3 inches; mouth, 3 feet 3 inches; circumference at base, 98 feet; of thumb, 3 feet 6 inches. It is the second largest of such images in Japan. There used to be a temple over the poor fellow's head, but it has disappeared, having been washed away by the sea they say. The inside is hollow, and we duly inspected it. There are one or two shrines, and various figures of saints, which resemble very much those of Roman Catholic saints, and in fact are one of

the many points of similarity which I believe exist between that religion and Buddhism, both in external forms and ceremonial observances. A short way beyond "Dai Butsu" is "Kamakura," where is a beautiful old Buddhist temple, containing many curious and interesting relics of the ancients, in the shape of bronze ornaments of different forms, helmets, and head-pieces, most extraordinary swords, and lovely swords, some in gold and silver sheaths, arrows, spears, &c., old parchments, and native tablets. The temples themselves, too, are quaint and handsome in exterior, and possess beautiful old specimens of stone carvings in wonderful preservation. It was by this time 4 o'clock, and as we had still sixteen miles of road to get over, we rejoined our vehicles, and the caravan resumed its homeward way. Two short halts were made at tea-houses for the men to regale themselves upon bits of dry "biscuity" things, candy, and a thimbleful of hardly coloured water, euphonised as tea. "Sayonara, Sayonara!" (adieu), and we get on again for a few miles; another short halt to light our lanterns, as it has got quite dark, and another mouthful of food, while we employ the time in tasting some "saki," the native beer, a concoction distilled from rice in some manner—not positively nasty, but yet not tempting at first taste. After more "Sayonaras," we start on the last stage, and eventually reach the hotel at a little before eight. One of my men tired a few miles from home. I think he had jabbered a little beyond his strength; but the rest of them brought us in well, and rattled us in the last mile at a rattling pace. We have reason to be satisfied with our first Jap. travel, and I think one, and all, enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. The day was mild, though dull and cloudy most of the time.

*February 20th.*—Our first move this morning was towards the Bank; but the Chinese New Year's festival, which it seems began on Saturday, lasts over to-day, so we are obliged to wait another day. Half-past 10 saw us at the station taking our tickets for Tokio, which city, the ancient Yeddo, is now the capital of the empire. There is nothing like the foreign element here which there is in Yokohama, and only about two hotels where you can get European cookery. It is a large city, however, covering I forget now how many square miles,\* and with a population of nearly a million souls. The streets are neat and clean; the houses chiefly of Japanese build, with low projecting eaves, and the national paper walls and windows. We were by way of *going* to see a review of the Mikado's troops, which our hotel-keeper had told us was to take place; but notwithstanding the inquiries of our amateur interpreter, Dunn, never a sign of a review could we discover, so we consoled ourselves by taking a run through an exhibition of various Japanese wares, the Soho Bazaar of Tokio, where we saw some lovely specimens, especially of porcelain. The great beauty of this place is that there is but one fixed price for the goods, which the stall-keepers dare not

\* Seventy-two.

exceed, and the Jap. and the stranger pay for once in a way the same price. This inspection over, we repaired to an hotel where an excellent "tiffin" was served us, after which our forces separated; George and I going to the English Legation, the others to visit some temples. We found Sir Harry Parkes most affable and kind, and ready to give us every information for going into the interior, and for our projected trip to Nikko on Wednesday. I had the necessary passports made out for myself and Phillips (George and H. having to go to the French Consulate), and the necessary form is to be sent us to-morrow; for a passport is necessary to sleep at any place outside Tokio or Yokohama, even for a night; and in case of a tour, the route, proximate time, and reasons assigned for the journey must be stated. We had just time to catch the 4 o'clock train, and an hour later reached the Grand Hotel, where I shall for the present leave the readers of this to imagine me, as the "Belgic" sails to-morrow, and mails must be made up to-night.

### JOURNAL XXX.

*Tuesday, February 21st.*—Went into Tokio in the morning to make final arrangements with our guide about going to Nikko, then to call on Madza Gata. But His Excellency not being at home, we turned our attention towards the temple of Shiba, one of the two finest temples of Tokio, where are the tombs and mausoleums of most of the "Shoguns," the old military rulers of the knightly house of Tocugawa, who, as the head of the nobles, used to sit upon the poor unfortunate Mikado, and up to 1868 were virtually the rulers of the land. Some of the original shrines were burnt down some few years ago, but there are several dating back two hundred and fifty years, which are very beautiful, and some of the more modern work is almost as good. I will not attempt to enter into too minute details of the beauties of the interior, and some of the exterior, as time is short, and I could never do justice to them. Suffice it now to say that I was fairly staggered at all the artistic carvings, paintings, bronzes, and lacquer-work. In one temple the whole floor was of the most perfect black lacquer; altars were there of red and gold, and the gold lacquer-work on some of the walls was gorgeous. Then the wood-carving, beautifully gilded over, was wonderfully well done and effective; the birds and flowers being life-like. The same applies to the bouquets of flowers and plants, also gilded, some of which were so fine and delicate that they waved about with the slightest breath. In some, too, the pillars were all gold-lacquered, but yet, with so much gold about, it was so soft, and the colours so well blended, that there was nothing gaudy; the whole effect was handsome in the extreme. As we had a little time to spare before the train went, we trotted about to see a little more of the town—round by the old castle and moat. It must have been a very strong fortress in former days; the walls are of an immense

height and thickness, built up with huge stones; the moat is about eighty yards wide. There is a series of these moats and walls, one within another, and in the innermost is now the Mikado's palace, or more properly *was*, the old one having fallen a victim to the flames some few years ago, and its successor not being finished yet. I had no idea Tokio was such a large town: it extends over an area of seventy-two square miles, which accommodates some 1,200,000 inhabitants.

*Wednesday.*—We had intended going off this morning, but some of the passports not being forthcoming, we spent the day in buying stores in the shape of potted meats, soups, sardines, biscuits &c., which, with a good supply of bread, and a few bottles of brandy made up a goodly foundation to live upon, as it is not advisable to depend upon Japanese provender, which lacks quantity and quality, and does not include any butcher's meat, bread, or butter. Eggs, fish, and rice, though, can be had pretty good, so that, with our resources, I don't think we shall starve. The rest of the day was spent in miscellaneous shoppings, and we took an afternoon train into Tokio, and joined Phillips, Foreman, Dunn, and Moore at the hotel, and dined together there.

*February 23rd.*—We started from Seyoken Hotel at 7.30 in a sort of rough waggonette carriage, with another ditto ditto for our traps, our party consisting of our three selves, Phillips, Foreman, and the guide, by name Hayashi, whom we picked up through Dunn. He bears a very good character as guide, and acted in that capacity to the young princes when they were in this country. The road is flat and uninteresting the first half of the way, passing through endless marshes of rice—not a pretty crop in its winter coat—and several towns and villages. The road itself was luckily excellent, so we jogged along at a good pace, changing our rough, curious shapen steeds every six or eight miles. About 1 we arrived at the river Kangawa, and crossed it by a ferry to Nagata, where we repaired to an hotel, and dipped into our stores for tiffin. Nothing particular occurred during the rest of the drive. The country got rather prettier as we approached the mountains, but the road worse. But with constant changes we got over the ground pretty well. A short delay occurred by the breaking of a spring, but a little rope repaired damages, and we reached Utsu-no-mya about 7.30 P.M., twelve hours of rather cramped carriage work, as the vehicle, with five pair of legs stowed away inside, became very small. It did not take us long to settle ourselves into our rooms, and we were soon discussing a very welcome meal of Mulligatawny soup and rice, some rather curious native dried fish, sardines, and cheese, washed down with whisky and water. We had several visitors popping in and out at different times from among the natives—sometimes on the excuse of doing something for us, sometimes with the more barefaced, but more honest, pretext of having a look at us, as, though foreigners are by no means an uncommon sight here now, five of them in a body at this time of year is rather an event in the hostelry. When

bed-time came, our couches were spread on the floor, and with a good blanket to cover us, and the sheets which we had brought with us, they proved as comfortable as I ever slept in. We were all together in the two rooms leading out of each other, which formed our eating and sleeping quarters; but as the Japanese rooms are not overburdened with extra furniture, we had plenty of room for ourselves; in fact, the furniture is limited to the matting of the floor, and the four walls of the room, or perhaps I should say the windows, for the paper sliding screens which surround the apartment serve for both.

*February 24th.*—On comparing notes we found we had all slept remarkably well, and had nothing to complain of in the way of bed-fellows—for which Japanese hotels are celebrated. That is one of the advantages of travelling in the winter, that these playful visitors are happily gone into winter quarters, and you can have a good night's rest. Our ablutions were necessarily scamped, and performed under difficulties—in public too; the natives were much amused at even the limited amount to which the performance was restricted. However, dirt is warming they say, and as it is pretty cold, perhaps it is as well to keep a supply!!! We breakfasted off delicious eggs, with cocoa which we had brought with us as beverage, and about 9 o'clock got under weigh amid a crowd of "sayonaras," and copious salaams from mine host, whose whole household had turned out as we were putting on our boots—(you never think of entering a Japanese house or temple otherwise than unshod)—to do us honour, or gratify their own curiosity. It is wonderful the capacities of a Japanese hotel. It is a regular rabbit warren of small rooms, exactly the same—*i.e.*, scrupulously clean, with fine matting, and the paper window walls; but they stow away a good many people in each, and our guide told us there were ninety-one persons sleeping under our roof last night. I think they all turned out of bed simultaneously, as I heard a sort of Babel going on about 5.30. Our guide, Mr. Hayashi, is such a good chap—rather like a monkey in appearance, but he attends to all our wants in the most fatherly manner, and so quietly and unfussily. He thinks of everything. Well, I was just starting from our hotel, bowing away in the true Jap. graceful form, which I am practising studiously, and bringing to great perfection—judging at least by the laughter which greets my bows on the part of the maids and matrons. Our way lay along a villainous road, but under a most lovely avenue of fine tall cedars, which must go back two centuries, I should think, to the date of their planting. They continue right away to Nikko, at times being so thick that the branches meet overhead. We changed horses twice in the twenty-two miles, stopping as usual at a little tea-house, where we are offered the inevitable cup of tea. I have not yet learned to appreciate this native luxury: it tastes like weak hay and water; still, I generally go in for a cup, not to hurt the poor people's feelings. The cups are diminutive, so you have not to swallow a great deal, though it is true the number that you are offered make up for the small size of the

cup. And I may remark that you are always expected to leave a few cents, whether you partake of any refreshment or not. The villages are mostly much like one another in appearance, varying only in size, and in more or less display in the shops. As we pass through these villages we have a prolonged and dismal performance on a short brass horn blown by our regulation runner—*soi disant*—i.e., he is supposed to run in front of the horses, blowing away on his horn to clear the road. As a matter of fact he sits in the carriage, and blows his beastly horn into our ears, except when he espies an officer of police, when he jumps out and begins blowing and running with might and main. Not that these “bobbies” are terrific-looking personages. They look as if they couldn’t say “boo” to a gosling just out of the shell. But these horns and runners are the regulations, and the law must be respected. We reached Nikko about 1 o’clock, and after tiffin proceeded to see the wonders of the place—the far-famed temples. The Japanese have a proverb, that a man has no right to use the word beautiful until he has seen Nikko, and though I am not prepared to go all the way with the ancient proverbians, I can quite understand the feeling which gave rise to them. I thought “Shiba” at Tokio beautiful enough, but the temples here “walk away” from those, especially in the exterior decoration. The whole is one blaze of gold lacquer: gorgeous gilded wood carvings; beautiful doors with carvings, gold lacquer, or lovely old brasses, or entirely of golden carvings ornamented with choice bits of gold lacquer. The whole surroundings are beautiful, and suit the character of the buildings—with the mountains seen rising up in the background, through a magnificent grove of grand old cedars. The snow, too, which lies about in patches, rather adds to, than detracts from, the scene. As you enter the precincts of the temple ground, you see a fine pagoda, six stories high, and beautifully ornamented; you go on up some flights of steps guarded by beautifully hideous golden monsters, through a noble gateway, and past many gorgeous out buildings, till you come to the most magnificent gateway leading into the main temple. And here I think I must stop. We have all agreed that it is quite useless and impossible to attempt to give a true description. Lacquer of every sort—gold, brasses, and carvings—meet one at every glance, till you are quite dazzled; you don’t know to what group of artistic work to turn the eye; you can hardly take it all in at first, much less put it down on paper. The same applies to the interior—where, however, I may particularise two fine series of carved wood panels, most exquisitely done. The temple itself was originally put up to Iyeyasu, a great “gun” two hundred and fifty years ago—in fact, the first “Shogun,” who after his death was raised to the ranks of the gods, and had this beautiful temple all built for him, where he is worshipped, more or less religiously, now for close upon three centuries. Since the last revolution, and the change of religion from Buddhism to Shintoism, the worship has been converted to the latter at this temple, and all the Buddhist idols



removed. How Mr. Iyeyasu likes this, and whether he is equally worshipped under the later form, I can't quite make out. We saw a priest at one of his antics, robed in white, and going through various pantomimic gestures and dances, accompanied with ringing of little golden bells, and waving of fans. I believe these priests have a great hold over the minds of the people, naturally superstitious, and *squeeze* them like fun.

*February 25th, 8 A.M.*—On reading over the above, I think I must have been *very* sleepy last night. However, I hope somebody will make something out of it. Slept beautifully last night, though we had to pile the rugs on top of us to keep out the cold. The Japanese do not boast much in the way of stoves or fire-places, the only artificial means of heat being little stone jars of charcoal.

9.30 P.M.—We have just despatched a large convoy of curio dealers, who trooped in at breakfast this morning, and again before dinner-time. It is rather fun doing a little bargaining with these fellows, who are frightful Jews. You offer them at most half of their first price, and then when you take an article under that, you have the satisfaction of knowing that they have made a good thing out of you. But if you really want to close, put the money down, and the bait is generally taken. Above all, appear indifferent to the last. This morning I had laid down a stake of a *yen* = about 2s. 6d., for a little knick-knack in bronze, and the man went so far as to pack up his traps, and return me my *yen*, which I pocketed quietly; but he soon came back, and the *yen* and the bronze changed owners. He had begun by asking 3.50. We had a delightful walk to-day, a little into the mountains, to the Lake Chinzenri, distant three *ri*, or rather under nine miles, from this. We left at 10 o'clock in beautiful bright fresh weather, the same as we have had since leaving Tokio. The road is a good broad trail (as we should say among the Indians), but a mass of mud most of the way; the snow just melted, or melting, has left a fine slosh, in which you slip and sink and stick in a most provoking way. It is a pretty walk though, passing two or three shrines, and in about a couple of hours we reach a rustic tea-house, which necessitates a short halt, and a cup of hot tea, which goes down more kindly like after the five miles of mud, and offered to you by a charming little Japanese girl. However, we have a steep grind yet before us, so we must not loiter too long, and we are soon again on the tramp, up along a deep wild ravine, crossing and recrossing the stream several times to meet the exigencies of the ground. Presently we find ourselves climbing a steep path through a wood, where the snow is still lying, though there is a good track beaten in it. Near the top we get a nice view of the mountains, rather wild and weird-looking, with the leafless trees sticking up out of the snow. But the latter makes up for the lack of green, and the scenery is characteristic of the country, and reminds one of the regular decorations on Japanese works of art—the grass slopes rising abruptly, almost perpendicularly sometimes, and the ridge at the top being

fringed with a long line of trees. There are other mountains too, more rocky and bold, and looking quite clothed in snow, almost to their bases. From the top we have about fifteen minutes' gentle descent to the lake, and the snow is lying here quite a foot thick on either side of the narrow beaten track. The lake itself is pretty with the mountains sloping up out of it, but nothing extraordinary. It is the scene of some pilgrimage to a certain god of the air. The village just now has a mournful appearance, and looks like the city of the dead, as most of the inhabitants are away lower down. We repair to the "Star and Garter" of the place to discuss some sardines, tongue, and biscuits, and after a short stay retrace our steps homewards. We take a little different turn off our former road to view an historical waterfall; but just now the supply of water is monopolised by Master Jack Frost, and only a few icicles are to be seen. We slipped down a good pace along the slippery, sloshy path, and through the ravine; had some 5 o'clock tea down in the valley at the tea-house, and, after wallowing up and down hill through the mud, got back to our quarters soon after 6, all the better for a good stump, and the pleasing mountain scenery.

*February 26th.*—I had a grand wash this morning in a sort of wash-house with a fine supply of hot and cold water. The towels were the weakest part of it, being only a thin blue cotton bit of rag about the size of a small handkerchief. We omitted to bring these articles with us. Yesterday, my tub was taken in the kitchen, this other luxurious establishment being only found by one of the others after my ablutions were over, as I was the first to set the good example of turning out.

This morning we spent again among the temples, beginning by the mausoleum of the third Shogun, which is rather in different style to that of his grandsire's shrines. It is reserved for the worship of Buddha, whereas the others, having been turned over to Shinto, have been despoiled of their images, and many old bronze vases, &c., which combine to add so much to the beauty of the interior of the Buddhist temple. This is the case here. There are some magnificent old bronzes, idols, and images, and other gorgeous helps to splendour of decoration. The mortuary, too, is a perfect blaze, and has some splendid pieces of old lacquer. There is a very handsome black lacquer porch at the foot of the stairs leading up to the tomb, and also a fine old gateway. In fact, the whole grove is a perfect mass of temples, shrines, gateways, porticoes, and other minor buildings, all more rich in artistic decoration one than another. We went back again to have a look at the pet bits in Iyeyasu's temple and there is no doubt that it is most beautiful work. But the large porch before the main temple, after all, cannot be beaten; it is a carved mass of black and gold, charming little groups of quaint-looking figures, and set off with carved white pillars, and fine old bits of brasses. We went and had another look at the Mikado's and Shogun's rooms, the handsomest part of the interior, where are the

old carved panels in "China" wood. The ceilings are especially handsome, with the black and gold cornices, and the lovely squares of ornamental gold lacquer. But we had to tear ourselves away back to the hotel to put up our things, and at 1 o'clock we were again in our old friend the waggonette, and leaving the mountains behind us. They stood out grand and clear as we looked back upon them, the day being perfect, clear and bright. We came back much faster than we had come, as the roads were lighter, and there is a gradual slope down all the way ; besides which we sported three horses *en unicorn*. The leader, it must be said, was not a great success, as, our Jehu not being a first-rate whip, the said leader went very much where he chose, and how he chose ; and at critical moments, through towns, or round corners, our horn-blowing runner would run to his head to keep him straight, and again to hook up a refractory trace which came unfastened about once every quarter of a mile. But we reached Utsu-no-miya without accident, and found ourselves again among our old friends at the inn.

*February 27th.*—The inn last night was even fuller than the last time we slept there, and the guests were simply swarming about the place to the number of one hundred and eighty. They didn't molest us much though, and we were very comfortably housed again. This morning we left at 7 A.M., and came back the same road as before,—weather fine, but cold, and with a biting wind,—reaching the Seyoken, Tokio, at 6 P.M. Here we met Dunn and Moore, who were in from Yokohama for the day. They left soon afterwards to return to that town, accompanied by Foreman, thus leaving our party reduced to ourselves and Phillips.

*February 28th.*—We spent most of the morning at the Bazaar, and doing a little shopping, and after lunch, leaving George in the hands of a tattooer, Henri and I went off to the English and French Legations to return our old passports, and settle for getting new ones for Kioto. We were just able to catch the 4 o'clock train back to Yokohama, joining Phillips and George at the station, and in the evening had our last "Belgic" dinner with Foreman, Dunn, and Moore, as our party begins to disperse to-morrow.

### *Yokohama.*

*March 1st.*—We had a busy day, seeing our different things packed, buying photographs, stores, &c., and taking farewell of our companions, Phillips and Foreman, who left this afternoon for Kobe and Shanghai. We had a touch of earthquake last night, and I woke up finding myself lifted up and down on my bed ; rather a "bogy" feeling when one is only half awake ; but people are accustomed to these little jumps here. There were two shocks, the longest of which lasted, I believe, about ten seconds. It seemed to me as many minutes.

*March 2nd.*—We went into Tokio this morning, principally to

see the temple of Osaksa, the most popular temple in Japan. It is not so beautiful as Shiba, but it is very interesting, from the crowds of worshippers which it attracts. There is a regular string of men and women before the chief shrine, where they come and throw their thin copper coins into a large trough, and go in for a mouthful of devotions, which entail a large amount of clapping the hands, to attract, I suppose, the god's attention. Then there is a curious old statue in wood of Buddha, which is supposed to have remarkable healing properties, and the infirm come and rub the part of the image where they themselves suffer, and with a few prayers, and coins to back them up, the cure is effected! And so effectually have they rubbed for ages past that the god's face is worn completely smooth, and there is scarcely any distinguishing a sign of a feature on the polished block of wood, while the stomach too bears a much reduced and polished appearance from the number of hands that have stroked it!! We had another try to see Madzu Gata in the afternoon, but without success. We refreshed our memories by another glance round Shiba, and returned to Yokohama to finish our last packings preparatory to our trip to Kioto overland to-morrow.

I was forgetting to say that were told at Osaksa that we could have a service for ourselves if we liked to pay for it, so on the production of 30 *sen* = about 8*d.*, two priests came out and did ten minutes of burning of fires, clapping of hands, ringing of bells, and various genuflexions—finally presenting us with a Japanese prayer, and a small box containing some cakes. The priests seem to be rare hands at getting money out of the people—which accounts in great measure for the richness of the temples. You pay for a service according to the length you want it; but really the performance in outward form is not unlike the Roman Catholic ceremonies.

## JOURNAL XXXI.

### *To-no-sawa.*

*March 3rd.*—Forty miles on our journey to-day, but the weather has not smiled on us, and all the afternoon it has rained steadily. We left Yokohama this morning, and joined our faithful guide from Tokio, with his jinrikisha troop, at Kanagawa about a couple of miles out of town. We lost no time in getting under weigh, and by 8.30 our "caravan" of five jinrikishas might have been seen wending its way along the Tokaido. We each had two men to our carriage, and two also for the luggage. Our road was for some time the same as that we had taken the first day after our arrival, when we went to the big "Dai Butsu." At Totsuka we got out for a few minutes to see a little subterranean tunnel, which a certain wealthy merchant had had cut underneath a hill at the back of his house, and at different intervals had had Buddhist images, conventional animals, and signs carved out in relief on the side of walls, and on the roof.

It was a curious idea, but the carvings were beautifully done. Our horses, refreshed by the brief rest, trotted on merrily again, the roads being mostly in good order. At Fujisawa, where we had turned off before, we now kept straight on along the main road, and about three miles further stopped an hour at a small village for tiffin. When we resumed our journey at 1 o'clock we found a few flakes of snow falling, which gradually increased to a steady fall, and presently changed to a fine persistent rain, which lasted the rest of the day. Consequently, the last part of our drive was not exciting. However pleasant a conveyance a jinrikisha is in fair weather, it is by no means an amusing one under a moist sky, when the hood is up, and the line of your vision is reduced to your coolie's back and nether limbs!! The view on the road may have been very beautiful; indeed, according to our guide book, I am bound to believe it is; but as the only peeps I could get showed only a dense mist, I had fain be content to draw on my imagination for all behind the scenes, and I was not sorry to reach Odawara, a large, rather dirty-looking town on the sea-coast. Here the jinrikisha road ends for a bit, as the mountains have to be crossed, and the roads are hilly and rough. Our guide tells us the hotel here is poor and dirty, and as the appearances go far to confirm his opinion, we push on here, To-no-sawa, under macintoshes, with a couple of men to bring along our clothes and provender. About an hour and a half's walk along a wild-looking ravine, with just a peep of snow mountain occasionally showing up through the mist, brings us to this little village, snugly pitched in this narrow wooded gorge, and before long we are comfortably installed in a most delightful cosy Japanese inn, clean and inviting to a degree. The hostesses, in the shape of an old lady, and three or four smart-looking maidens, are in keeping with the general look of the place, and we are most attentively waited on by the several black-haired girls, who seem thoroughly to enjoy our visit, and are bent on amusing themselves, and taking care of us. I think they succeed in both. They stay with us while we are having dinner, and roar at our attempts at conversation by means of a Japanese conversation book. One of them before dinner had shown me the way to the lavatory, and was greatly delighted by the smell of some Pears' soap, and insisted on my washing her hands with it. For our dinner, by the way, we had some soup and rice, and an excellent fresh fish beautifully grilled by the mistress of the house; so we are in clover.

*March 4th.*—Had a delicious bath in the hotel, in one of the many hot springs which abound in this place. The water was just a nice temperature, and the bath-rooms, though rustic, were clean and neat. Our guide prepared us a first-rate omelette for breakfast, which, with some tinned sausages, made us a good meal to begin the day on. We started walking at quarter to 10, after taking a tender farewell of our laughing black-eyed waitresses. An hour or more's walk up a steepish but fair mountain road, brought us to Myanoshita,

another Japanese watering-place, with more hot springs and baths. There are two hotels here where European food and cooking are provided. We selected the more unpretending and less expensive one. We were received as usual with deep reverences, to which we responded as courteously as we could, and taking off our shoes were shown into the "best sitting room," with a pretty view down the valley, and over the place where the sea ought to be. Now nothing but clouds are to be seen, for the day is anything but bright, though an improvement on yesterday. We order some fish, ham and eggs, and chicken cutlets (!!) for tiffin, and in the course of an hour this meal makes its appearance. We sit round a deal table in most civilised style, with knives and forks from Sheffield, and a beautiful snow white table-cloth! The fish is excellent, also the eggs; the "cutlets" are rather curious, but not bad, while some sweet pancakes which are brought in afterwards would do credit to a French *chef*. This feast over, we resume the march along a narrow track, steep in some places, and very sloshy and slippery from the thawing of yesterday's snow. The mountains look bleak and wild under the snow, but there are several very pretty bits, especially after making the top of the pass. Soon after commencing the descent, we pass the village of Ayonosha, the only habitations on the road—also a watering-place. Here the springs are sulphur, as we could have told from some way off, from the pleasing odours which were wafted to us as we came along. About two miles from Hakone we struck the Tokaido again, which we had left last night, as it is a prettier road by Myanoshita. Our jinrikishas went the regular way, calling for our things this morning, with their carriages, and we found them on our arrival at the hotel. Properly the Hakone Pass, which extends from Odowara to Mishima, is not a jinrikisha road, being very steep, and roughly paved with loose stones. Kagos or palanquins are the ordinary mode of conveyance for those who cannot trust to their own legs. These are small sort of Sedan chairs, made of bamboo, and carried on the shoulders of two men; but I should have to be very bad, I think, before I got into one. There is a fine avenue of cedars leading into Hakone, but there is nothing much else of interest about the town. The lake, though, is prettily situated in the heart of some wild-looking mountains, and I have just been summoned to go and admire the evening lights on the water and surrounding heights—the sun having graciously deigned to dart out a few parting rays before disappearing behind the mountains. We are up here nearly 3,000 feet; but it is not cold, and we have a snug warm room with a good supply of charcoal burners to keep up the temperature. We ordered a chicken for dinner, when we came in at 5 o'clock. We have just heard loud cries of distress from the poultry yard, so conclude our evening *rôti* has just had his throat cut!!

*March 5th.*—The fowl turned up last night duly roasted, and about as tender as might have been expected!! Our last night's quarters were quite luxurious, teeming with European comforts: a

large table, lounging chairs, quite foreign soup-plates, and this morning, for breakfast, large English breakfast cups. We were served, though, with true Jap. attention. The waiting maid, however, was not quite so attractive as the night before, and was blessed with a decided "cast" in the eye, which did not add to her charms. She was much interested in my ablutions this morning! and having brought me some water, stood calmly by awaiting the result. Luckily for my natural modesty she did not stay all the time, or at a further stage in the performance I should really have had to draw the line, and the screen of bashfulness, and suggested my desire for privacy in my best Japanese. We had a most lovely and delightful walk down to Mishima this morning. Starting about 8.30 on the Tokaido, which was now very rough and slippery from the frozen slosh—for the frost was pretty sharp last night—we had a sharp ascent for a short way, a lovely view of the lake mountains, and then downhill nearly all the way to Mishima. The whole road was a series of beautiful views of mountain, valley and sea, while around us were grand old pine trees, dating, I should think, from the making of the road, four hundred years ago, and on each side pretty slopes and terraces, verdant with the little patches of rice. As we got lower down, the cultivation got richer, and the valley looked delightfully green after the bleakness we had left behind. At length a thick avenue of pines brought us down to level ground once more, and we joined our jinrikisha men at the bottom of the pass, their carriages having been brought down by native coolies, as also our baggage, as our coolies are essentially beasts of "draught," while the mountain men are coolies of burden, and carry immense weight on their shoulders. As our luggage bearers had not arrived, we strolled on into the town, and spent our time going to see an old temple. There were two picturesque-looking ponds on either side the approach, and among the temple buildings, which were the regular build of Jap. temple, with the quaint, projecting eaves, were some curious old specimens of wood-carving, detailing various legendary traditions and tales of old times. We had still a little time on our hands, and as we loafed about the place, we were the centre of a large circle of curious admirers, which increased when our jinrikishas trotted up, and there was quite a small crowd, chiefly juvenile, as we drove off. About five miles of good road brought us to Numadzu, where we pulled up for tiffin, but as our basket of provisions was still in the rear, we had to go in for a regular Japanese meal of rice, eggs, and fish—eaten, above all, in true Jap. fashion with chop sticks. I really got on first rate, and flatter myself I walked away from the others in the manipulation of these simple apologies for our knife and fork. Even with the rice I got some very good mouthfuls, though this dish was decidedly the hardest to manage, and I was not always quite certain about it. The food itself was excellent, and we made a capital lunch. The road as we proceeded continued in first-rate order; rather dull for a mile or two, then a very pretty bit in

under an avenue of venerable pines, with the mountains rising a little way off to our right, and the snow-capped peak of Fujiyama. This sacred mountain had kept persistently in the clouds all yesterday and this morning, and it was only late in the afternoon that the last cloud vanished from his top, and left him standing in all his shapely glory. It is certainly a beautiful mountain, the Mont Blanc of Japan, rising in a perfect cone shape to a height of 13,000 feet. It is seen from all over the country, and held in sacred veneration throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is supposed to have been thrown up by an earthquake in early days, and was up till two centuries ago a very active volcano. Its last eruption occurred, I think, in 1709, when a lot of damage to life and property was done. Since then it has been quiet, but the innumerable hot springs in all the country round tend to show that its ardour is not quite extinct. The pilgrimages up to its summit are very numerous every year, and even in the winter the poor superstitious Jap. will toil up, and not unfrequently leave his bones to testify to his devotion, falling a victim to cold and hunger. Our resting-place this evening is just under this celebrated mountain. We reached it about 5 o'clock; a very primitive little village, with a name something like Oyekama—and a truly native inn. As the day was still lovely, we saw our things taken upstairs, and before taking off our boots strolled out for a bit through the village and across a pine plantation on to the beach, where we spent an hour or more looking at the sea, the mountains, and presently a most glorious sunset, one of the many fine ones, and perhaps in some ways the finest, we have seen. The bay is a most beautiful one, with the wild mountainous promontory of Idzu stretching far out to sea on the left, and another fine range of mountains winding away in the distance, and enclosing the bay on the other side. Immediately fringing the beach is a dark thick pine forest, and behind that again rise more rocky mountains and the snow-capped cone of Fuji. Given the most beautiful sunset colouring on all this, and he must be an indifferent admirer of nature not to admire it all. We returned to our hostelry to find our guide diving into the collection of Crosse & Blackwell's tins, for a tin of soup, and Irish stew, which, with some delicious fresh fish, name unknown, made a meal not to be despised. We had a little bit of a table about six inches high, round which we sat in true Eastern fashion; our lights, in the shape of two dips, did not show us the way to our mouths over well, and wanted snuffing about every two minutes, and I am now writing rather under difficulties, in consequence, on the aforesaid little table. This is not a usual stopping place for Europeans, as we very soon saw this afternoon by the excitement our arrival caused. The crowd at Mishima was nothing to it: the people came out in troops to have a good look at us, and were not a little amused by various antics we performed for their benefit. There's one thing, you don't need to be a great wit to be amusing in this country, and a very little touches their sense of the ridiculous.



*Monday morning, 6th March, before breakfast.*—George started an alarm of fleas last night as we were going to sleep. Happily it was a false one, and we all slept as soundly as usual. Capital tub this morning in the bath-room of the establishment, where last night I had seen one of the regular wholesale Japanese bathings going on. At least half-a-dozen men and women in one tub, splashing about in fine style. I contented myself with some small pans, and had the place all to myself, except when a lady walked in with some more water, as calmly and innocently as possible, and without the least idea of being such a thing as shocked or shocking me. Such a sense is unknown to them.

*Shidzuoka.*

9 P.M.—Our caravan was in line by 8.30 this morning, and trotting down the village we turned off almost immediately off the main road to take a short cut, saving us thereby about three miles. This new road took us across the Kanegawa, and over a barren waste of sand and stones, where the river, when swollen, must overflow, and the sea perhaps, at times, wash it. The road got rough after a time, so we got out and legged it for a bit, not sorry to warm our toes, as the wind was biting cold just here, with nothing to break the blast. We had to ferry across the Fujigawa, which we reached in a few miles, and selves and carriage were shipped on to a large flat-bottomed sanpan, and cleverly taken across the swift current. The stream was indeed running a great pace; the Fujigawa being considered the most rapid river in Japan, and for the last forty or fifty miles is almost a succession of rapids. Another two miles brought us to the Tokaido again at Kambara, and here our men halted for a snack and a rest. We continued walking till they caught us up again at the end of the village, an interminable long one, about two miles in a single street. Another rather dirty-looking village passed, and we were rolling along a good road between sea and mountain, the day beautifully bright and mild now we were out of the wind, the country lovely. We halted for tiffin about 1 o'clock at a little village called Kanazawa, beautifully situated on a little hill above the bay, with Fuji and the other mountains unclouded, and the rocky promontory of Idzu stretching out to sea, bathed in a lovely haze of blue. For a few miles more we went along at the foot of the mountains with the blue water of the bay on our left sparkling brilliantly in the sunlight. We stopped at "Okitsu" for a few minutes to visit a temple, which, though not much of itself, is splendidly situated, and we enjoyed a superb view from the terrace—sea, valley, and mountain, all most beautifully combined and mingled together, and forming a most lovely natural picture, which it would be hard to beat. Behind the temple is a very pretty garden, neatly kept up, and dating from the time of the

first Shogun in the seventeenth century, and you are shown several trees supposed to have been planted by his august hand. However that may be, there are some fine trees and shrubs, tastefully planted, up the steep slope. Of course, it is too early now for a great deal of show, but the peach and cherry blossoms were lovely, and the azaleas, of gigantic dimensions, gave us an idea of what a blazing mass they must be when their day comes. We had nothing more to stop us on our way. We kept along by the bay for a little way longer, and then a rising promontory hid out the sea, and left us in a luxuriant fertile valley—with healthy-looking patches of wheat, marshes of rice, and whole slopes and terraces thickly planted with tea, and a more rocky range of mountains rising up in the background. Fine old pines to line the road, which was alive with busy country people toiling under frightful burdens, which they carry across their shoulders on a cane of bamboo. They begin very young at the work, and little boys are to be seen trudging along with huge loads much above their strength. There is not much difference between one Japanese village and another. They seem all exactly alike—one long street, varying only in length and cleanliness. In all are numbers of dirty-looking children playing about, and babies looking half smothered on the backs of their mothers or sisters; children with their heads half or entirely shaved, or leaving just a few tufts sticking about, and all, almost unexceptionally, with the same heads full of most loathsome scrofula. Shidzuoka we reached at 4 o'clock. It is a very large town, boasting several foreign buildings in the way of schools, law courts, &c. The streets are narrow, and not altogether sweet; but there are some amusing shops, into which we poked our noses, and a fine old castle wall and temple just outside the town. The latter ranks after Nikko in beauty of architecture, but it is in a wretched state of preservation, and has been allowed to fall into a sad state of decay. The wood-carvings outside, and the quaint projecting eaves are still very handsome, but all the carving is suffering from exposure, and nothing is being done to keep it up. Still it has the remains of a very beautiful temple, and the wood-carvings even now are in some places as fine as anything we have seen; some of the birds and flowers on the architraves are wonderful works of art. They were not clever though at depicting animals, these old artists—I mean four-footed beasts. The horse is especially weak, and the legs and neck of the creature intended to represent the noble quadruped are twisted and turned into most unaccountable attitudes. There are a curious old set of paintings outside one of the buildings, where the horse plays a prominent part, and where the artist was certainly not successful. A very comfortable inn this, with none of your European luxuries, but squatting round a tiny stool, we eat our dinner on the matting, and partake of quantities of rice, which the Jap. certainly can cook, and we are getting quite greedy over this dish.

*March 7th.*—At Shidzuoka this morning we began by a little

shopping, and invested in some rather pretty bamboo ware, a speciality of the place, and then did a little bargaining at a curio shop, where George purchased a pretty bronze vase, and we came away with a few other knickknacks. During the transaction we attracted quite a crowd outside the door, where the jinrikishas were waiting in line. As I was standing by them, waiting for the different objects to be brought out, the aborigines began to inspect me as usual from head to toe, and there was great amusement among the small fry when I took out my handkerchief, and blew my nose rather loudly, for they do not learn how to free their nostrils until later on in life, and the result is,—well, rather nasty. My Canadian slippers of beaver skin, hanging on the strap of my glasses, presently attracted them, and I had to unfasten them, and show them. Then I thought to give them a look through my glasses. At first they didn't understand at all what was wanted, but presently I made one man look at Fuji, and soon the excitement to have a look grew upon them and increased after every look, until at one moment I began to tremble for my binoculars. But after a bit they became most orderly, and took turns for a peep in the most orthodox manner, each person presenting me with a low bow, before and after gazing. It was most amusing, and the long, stolid, curious stare which some of them gave me was quite entertaining. It was just 11 o'clock as we finally left the town. After a few miles we entered a narrow winding valley, where, though the slopes were a shade too bare and brown, the fineness of the weather, and gorgeous bright sky and sun made everything look very pretty. At the end of the valley we had to go over a small pass, near the top of which a tunnel of 600 feet has been cut in the hill, and saves a steep pull over the crest of the mountain. A few steep zigzags brought us down to the valley ground again, through which we continued the rest of the day; the scenery, though nothing like so striking as yesterday, was bright and pleasing. We had nothing much to stop for, except the midday halt for tiffin at Okabe, this side of the Utsonoya Pass, and again at a small temple in Fujiyeda, where, however, there was nothing much worth seeing, except one or two handsome little gold shrines, and a rusty, bloody old sword, the property once of a certain ancient Daimio. A couple of short halts besides, to bait our coolies, and we reached our night's billet at Kanaya at 5.15. This seems a snug little place huddled together in a *cul de sac*, right under a horse-shoe of mountains. As there was not much more daylight, we just left our things at the hotel, and cantered up to the top of the hill above the town, just in time to get a glorious view of the country all round. It is a most commanding "coigne of vantage," and turn which way you will you see a perfect maze of mountain and vale, either stretching away in the blue distance in a long panorama, or thrown up under your feet in all sorts of curious hillocks and mounds—the lower slopes and gullies being thickly cultivated in quaintly-shaped patches and terraces of wheat and rice. Old Fuji we can only just

distinguish through the clouds, as it is getting late, but there is no mistaking his beautifully shaped outline and tapering cone. All this view we do not see at one view, but we get different "bits" as we walk about among the thick plantations of tea on the top of the ridge, where we remain until the sun dips below the horizon. We have a little difficulty in finding our way back, as we had left the beaten track at the end of the village; but before very long we regain the main road, and are soon down among the houses. But then the thing was to find our hotel. It was almost dark, and the different buildings had all shut themselves in for the night. Japanese houses never present a great deal of variety from one another, but at night time, with all the shutters drawn, the difficulty to distinguish them is much greater, and we had a most absurd quarter of an hour wandering up and down the long street trying to find our diggings. We hadn't taken very particular stock of the look of it, and what puzzled us more still was an old landlord from—as it turned out—another inn, who, as we passed, came out bowing and scraping until we could not make out whether he was only inviting us in, and "singing" the praises, or welcoming us as already established guests. We didn't remember the name of our shop; we had no sort of conversation book among us, and even when inside we couldn't quite be certain it wasn't the place. At last we decided against, and walked boldly out, to the consternation of mine host, who probably thought us all three parts mad. We did at length, to our joy, hit upon our rightful quarters, and found our dear guide had prepared us some tip-top little fishes and curry, to which, needless to say, we did ample justice.

*Wednesday, March 8th.*—It was well we saw what we did of the view from the hill last night, as this morning, when we got to the top of the pass, there was not much to be seen, the day being dull and cloudy. Descending by some well-engineered zigzags—the road only finished a year or two ago—we crossed a pretty little valley and up over another short pass, and then gradually came down into a flat and rather tame country, which lasted most of the day, excepting one or two steepish ups and downs. No doubt the dull day did not help to set the country off, and everything looked rather brown and dry. Probably another month or so would make a good bit of difference. There were several places where ferns and flowers should flourish in spring time. Our coolies were in extra spirits to-day as we drew near the town. They are always a merry lot, and go along so cheerfully, laughing, chatting, and cracking jokes amongst each other. It is true we make their time as easy to them as we can, always getting out at hilly or rough roads, and frequently causing them great amusement in our attempts to talk to them, &c., besides giving them supplies of 'baccy or cigarettes from time to time, which they appreciate highly; and on their side they are most attentive and obliging to us. At the end of the journey to-day—*i.e.*, having done some five-and-twenty miles—they were like a lot of

schoolboys just let loose, racing and laughing at the top of their voices. Coming through the streets of this town, Hammamatsu, we created quite a sensation as we tore along, the ten coolies shouting and laughing, and bringing all the inhabitants of the town to the front of their houses with their noise and clatter—a sort of second edition of John Gilpin. We found a very nice-looking hotel, and a very obsequious landlord, and having “engaged our rooms” sallied forth to walk the town before coming in for dinner. We were not long in attracting a good contingent of admirers, and for about an hour paraded the streets in a sort of triumphal procession followed by a flock of children, which increased in numbers, as we went on, like a rolling snowball, until we must have had at least fifty or sixty of them—or nearly a hundred, counting the babies on the backs of half of them—following us. They accompanied us round to the hotel again, and then formed line in front, to watch the operation of taking off our boots. That over, with repeated “sayonaras” we repaired to our very snug quarters upstairs. During and after dinner we had quite a long visit from the ladies of the house, including a very ugly, black-toothed, eyebrowless matron, who were bent on being amused, and making the most of us, and told us that Europeans were a great deal more fun than Japanese. We certainly contrived to be most “hilarious,” considering our ignorance of each other’s language, and it was all we could do to suggest politely to them that we should like to be left alone for the present. Otherwise, I’m afraid this daily record would have suffered. We tried some bamboo root for dinner to-night, but, with the best intentions, could not say that it was good, and I think had we partaken largely we should have had frightful hobgoblins jumping on our chests all night.

*March 9th.*—We were up at 5 this morning to take the boat by way of leaving at 7 o’clock—to cross the Lake Hanana. But on getting down to the canal, down which we were to take ship in order to catch the lake steamer, we found the boat was not leaving until 7.30, so leaving the guide to come on with the carriages and men, we footed it down the towing-path to the place from which the steamer started, the canal boat arriving with its freight half-an-hour or so afterwards. Such a boat as our steamer was; a small, very small, and very crank craft, with a fixed awning over it, but so low that you could scarcely sit upright, and to have a look out at the scenery required a great deal of stretching and twisting the neck, though you were recompensed for the contortions by some pretty peeps over the lake, gloomy and dull though the day was. The lake is really a lake no longer, as a part of the narrow strip which separated it from the sea, being broken in by an earthquake some years since, converted the lake into a sort of bay. We were two hours in this lively ship, and with our ten men and jinrikishas formed quite enough cargo for the poor engines. It was cold too on the water, and our coolies were thankful enough for a couple of rugs

which we lent them to cover their naked legs. We had a rather uninteresting country to go through to-day—bleak and bare, with only a few pine scrubs, or flat, with acres of rice fields, all looking rather dreary under the cloudy sky. It was dark before we got into Oikazaki, where we had intended resting for the night, but we found all the five hotels of the place without a spare corner for us to put up at, so after trying one or two more inns we came on here, about three miles more out of the town, where we found a rustic, though decent house, where we were lucky enough to find bed and board, decently clean, if not spacious or luxurious, and as we had been thirteen hours on the road—it was 8 o'clock by the time we got finally housed—we were not over and above particular.

*March 10th.*—We woke this morning to find our old friend Sol streaming in through our windows—I mean our paper walls—and on turning out found it a glorious morning. Under our windows was the river Yohagi, one of the largest rivers of Japan, and away in the distance a pretty stretch of low mountains rising out of the morning haze. Our ablutions this morning caused us some amusement. The “bath-room” was engaged, so we had some tubs brought up on to the terrace outside our room, and there proceeded with our toilet, in full view of the bridge over the river, and of anybody who might happen to walk out into the garden beneath us. The first person who did so was an old woman upon whose head I quite unintentionally emptied a basin of soapy water. In my attempts at humble apologies I let fly the first Japanese words which came into my head, which happened to be “Thank you,” and “Good morning,” which amused the good lady muchly, and sent the guide into fits. He then came to the rescue, and translated my ample attempt at contrition into good Japanese; but the old girl didn't mind the shower-bath in the least, and was amused at the joke as much as ourselves, or more so. To add to my embarrassment, another woman entered from behind with some more water, so that I was thus between two fires as it were; for all the time my clothing was buffed of buff, and my manly modesty suffered severely during these embarrassing few minutes!! But the other interested (?) parties took it all as a matter of course, and thought it all quite natural, and great fun. We had about nine *ri*, or twenty-two miles, to do to-day into Nagoya, a large town of over 300,000 inhabitants. We are just off the “Tokaido” now, having left it at Miya, the next town to this,—in fact adjoining it, as one long street unites the two. The country from Ohazaki is not striking—mostly rather flat, but well cultivated with wheat, rice, and vegetables, and nothing of particular note occurred on the way. The first move in Nagoya was to the firm of Sheppo Kwasha, the great *cloisonné* people, to whom Dunn had recommended us when he was here a week ago, having previously told us he would do so, and having told us to call. After a glance round the many pretty things in the shop, one of the “bosses” took us down to the manufactory itself, which was most interesting. I

had no idea of how this beautiful work was done. We saw all the different processes, and watched the men at work on vases, plates, &c., in all stages. It was so pretty to see them at it, and the lightness and dexterity with which they worked, and the intricacy and delicate touch required are wonderful. The ware seems expensive enough at first sight, but after you have seen it in course of construction you almost wonder it is not more so. Quite the prettiest part to watch was the artist who outlined the designs on the copper. I think I could have watched him by the hour. He had no model or guide, but went on working away out of his head as he went along, and with really surprising quickness. We returned to the shop after seeing all there was to be seen at the works, and of course invested in a little souvenir before leaving. We then went on to the hotel—got our rooms, ordered our dinner, and sallied forth to stroll the town, and buy a large quantity of cheap fans, this being *the* place for these articles, which are really wonderfully pretty. Coming in again we found our friend, the boss from Sheppo Kwasha, waiting to pay us a formal visit, so down we all sat on the floor, and engaged in an animated conversation, with Hayashi as interpreter, our visitor not being able to master a word of English, and our Japanese being not yet quite up to the mark of a protracted "parley." The dear man gave us rather a visitation, which seemed perhaps double the actual time from the fact that it was just 7 o'clock when he came, and we were anxiously looking forward to a certain beefsteak and onions which we had been promised for dinner. At last our guest took his leave, and left us free to adjourn to the dining-room. Yes, dining-room! This inn is replete with all sorts of European comforts. We were ushered upstairs to a room with two good-sized tables, and chairs—eat our soup off soup-plates with big spoons, had clean knives and forks for each course, and in fact were only reminded we were in Japan by the three comely waitresses who ministered to our wants, one of whom poured out beer as well as any waiter in an English hotel. The beefsteak turned out very fair, though I'm bound to say it was the most curious part of the animal to call a steak that I ever saw. It seemed quite funny to be sitting round a table again—we hardly knew how to behave ourselves.

### *Gifu.*

*March 11th.*—Nothing particular of interest on the road here from Nagoya, which town we left this morning at 10 o'clock, visiting the castle on the way out. This is one of the best preserved of the old Japanese castles, and is a fine old fortress, with massive walls and wide moat, all in very good state of repair. The inner court is used as barracks, and no admission to outsiders is allowed. Here, on the top of the huge pagoda-shaped donjon, are the celebrated golden dolphins, one of which was taken to the Vienna Exhibition in 1873, was shipwrecked on its way home, recovered again after a

time, and finally restored to its rightful place on the roof opposite its fellow. They are wonderful works of art, I believe dating from the seventeenth century, in wood, and covered with solid gold, in height over  $8\frac{1}{2}$  feet. But you can only get a very distant view of them from outside the citadel walls, and even with the glasses can only see their brilliancy and shape, though you can, to a certain extent, appreciate their size. My glasses continue to be an unending source of amusement to the coolies, and from time to time they beg for a look at some distant object through them. It is such fun to see the various performances a newcomer goes through to try and see better. One shuts one eye and looks through both glasses—another will try to look through one glass with both eyes open, while a third comes up quite proudly and looks through the wrong end on. There is not much to be seen in this place, except an unlimited quantity of umbrellas and parasols (paper), of which articles Gifu is the native place. We are quite the “grand seigneurs” in our hotel here. Warned by our experience at Ohazaki, we had telegraphed on this morning to have a room reserved for us. The landlord, knowing there were three Europeans coming to honour his house, put half the hotel at their disposal, *but* does not forget to charge them extra for that condescension. However, the extra charge only amounts altogether to a *yen* = 2*s.* 6*d.* a head for lodging, so I daresay we shall not be quite ruined this time. Besides, there is a certain amount of “board” included for our money; for at dinner, or rather before dinner, we were brought up by our hostess a tray of Japanese fare—which, however, did not prove tempting. The regular Jap. food, unless you are bred up to it, is no doubt an acquired taste which we as yet have not felt it necessary to acquire—except indeed their rice, which is excellent, boiled to perfection, and we go in largely for it. The rooms here are charming, with such beautifully painted screens all round the room. Quite ordinary they are, no doubt, and most of them will not bear looking into, but the general effect is lovely, and you can see they have just been dashed off with a few strokes of the brush. Talking of our dinner to-night, we had rather a curious dish prepared by our guide, who is a capital cook, but at times is rather fond of launching out into little pet dishes of his own. We had to begin with some mock turtle soup, and were surprised to find when it was served that it was all *mock* and no turtle, but the mystery was solved when the second course was put on the table—some curried eggs. There we found the missing turtles, which Mr. Hayashi had filched from the soup to improve his curry, and had made up for their absence in the soup by snippings of onions. The result in both cases was rather odd, but of course we had to praise his cooking. He is such a “dear” man—we like him more every day, and he let out in a confidential chat to Henri to-night that he thought us very nice, and was most anxious to do everything to please us, and I’m sure he succeeds. He is first-rate with money matters—most business-like and anxious to learn more.



I explained to him the other night how to put the money he had by him down as "in hand," and now every evening when he brings me the day's accounts, I find the entry duly put down in proper form. For we leave all the paying of hotels, &c.—in fact, all our day's expenses—to him, and in the evening he comes with an account of what he has spent, and I advance him a sum to carry us over the next day. In any case I should be entirely in his hands if I paid every item myself, as it would have to be through his medium, and by this arrangement a great deal of bother is saved. Besides, for his honesty I think I could vouch a good deal; he has a great idea of saving us unnecessary expense, and at times is in great trouble when he thinks we have had to pay rather much at an hotel or anywhere. One night he came to us with a very long face, saying that the beer was "awful dear," at 75 cents the bottle, and I'm afraid thought us dreadfully extravagant when we ordered a second "Bass" a few minutes afterwards.

### *Maibara.*

*March 12th.*—We got over thirty-three miles to-day from Gifu, and we are now at the end of our jinrikisha journey, as we take the boat down Lake Biwa to Kioto to-morrow. We have just taken formal farewell of our gang of coolies, who, after we had finished dinner, came in in a body, squatted down on the floor—when we distributed cigarettes among them, and smoked our last pipe of peace together. Then the "President" made us a long speech, wishing us *bon voyage*, &c., to which we responded, and of course hoped to see them again, and promised to engage them again the next time we go to Tokio!!! adding that we were very pleased with them, and the way they had brought us, &c. This was followed by a small donation among them for a *pour boire*, which entailed more speechifying from the leader, and a renewed succession of prostrations which became at last almost embarrassing, and we felt a sense of relief when they rose and literally bowed themselves out. Before this ceremony we were treated to a musical entertainment on the part of our worthy host. I'm afraid I cannot say that the Japanese, with all their artistic cultivation, are a musical race. As far as our experience goes, their songs have not a single note of music in them. Our soloist of to-night was no exception to the general rule, though it must be owned he did not profess to *sing* to us, but to give us a history of two celebrated personages. The amours of a certain Samurai, and the story of a robber-lady, drawled out in a sort of monotonous, discordant recitative, with a kind of jingling bell accompaniment which he manipulated with his left hand, while in his right he held a fan in front of his mouth, except during the intervals between the verses, and in the overture, when he gave forth a few bars (?) of dismal guttural utterances through a sort of shell horn—

truly painful to listen to. The song itself was almost as bad—a most wonderful combination of most unmusical recitations. At first, it was all we could do to keep our countenances, so ridiculous was the whole scene, with the coolies and guide sitting round us, besides a fair sprinkling of people belonging to the house. The poor man, to render it more laughable, looked intensely unhappy the while, and his frantic efforts at taking his breath, made us think at first that he was going to be sick. Altogether we have had a most entertaining evening, for at dinner we discovered a pair of eyes watching us curiously through a crack in the screen, and on inviting them in, they were followed by five other pair of curious eyes, including a baby in arms. They were all immediately taken up by our manner of eating, and perhaps by the quantity. We often think the Japs. must think our inside made of indiarubber from the quantity we put away in proportion to their meagre fare. Well, our audience to-night seemed much amused. We put them our usual questions, which generally begin by asking them all their age, and telling them ours, which always “fetches” them—especially when they discover we are twenty-one, two, and three. Then we gave the male, a very shock-headed Goth of a chap, a cigarette. It was as good as a play to see him smoke it. When he had got through half of it, he passed it round to the company generally—with the exception of the baby—and they all had a few puffs. I don't know whether they or we laughed most at each other. Well, I seem to have taken a leaf out of the Japanese books, and to be writing backwards, as I have not said anything about our route to-day. Not that there is very much to relate. We got on to the “Nakasendo,” the second great road of Japan, at Kano, about a mile from Gifu, and continued on it as far as Bamba, when we took a by-road to this place, a distance of about three miles. We had a good steady stage of twelve miles to start with, which brought us to Akosaka, where the men rested, and we spent our time buying some bits of marble peculiar to the place, and found in the mountains about. The rest of the road was hilly, in the middle of some low mountains, and in places was infamous—nothing but a mass of enormous holes, while a cold east wind blew the dust about in clouds and half-blinded us at times. Bar that, it was a pleasant ride on the whole, and the scenery varied and rather wild.

### *Yinter Hotel, Kioto.*

*March 13th.*—We arrived here this evening at 6 p.m., having embarked at Maibara at 10.30. The lake itself is beautiful, situated in the heart of the mountains, some of which descend right down to the water's edge, and the day was fine, so that we saw most of the peaks unclouded. But the “water party” was not altogether a *partie de plaisir*. The steamer, of very unpretending size and

accommodation, was crowded; it was bitterly cold, and the wind swept down in biting blasts off the mountains, raising quite a sea on the lake, which is of considerable size—thirty-seven miles long, and about twelve wide in the broadest part.

The motion of our rather crank and very crowded craft was something disagreeable in consequence—very fatally so to a large portion of the passengers, and as the roughness was unusual the supply of basins was limited, if not *nil*—but here I draw the veil.

We were pretty well off for accommodation, having the first-class cabin aft entirely, and the deck almost, to ourselves, though it was a work of difficulty to get to the former, over the prostrate bodies which were lying about the floor. I got a moderately snug place most of the time on deck, and did my best to control my feelings and admire the scenery. The latter was not altogether so easy as might be thought, owing to the aforesaid circumstances, and the fact of my feelings being rather strong on the subject; but they were in the end not too much for me, though I confess the voyage was not entirely unmixed pleasure.

At Ōtsu there is a railway running to Kioto and Kobe, but as we could do the distance almost as quickly in jinrikishas, and could see more of the country that way, we voted against the train. So we engaged some coolies for ourselves and impediments, and went off first to visit an old temple on a hill above the town. There is nothing very beautiful about this one, and it is chiefly of interest from its great age, some of the buildings dating back over a thousand years. There is a most lovely view of the lake from the top of the hill, with its encircling chain of mountains, and the town just under us. From here we went on through a lovely grove of pines, cedars, camphor, and other trees, neatly laid out in well-kept paths, and with various shrines and temples sprinkled about. Though in rather a different style, it rivalled the grove at Nikko, and the gaudy colouring of the temples seen between the trees was made up for by the greater variety of foliage in the grove itself.

The only thing we stopped to inspect was an historical old bell, dating from the tenth century, and having all sorts of curious and impossible traditions and stories attached to it. One of these relates how it was stolen by some priests, who took it up to the top of one of the mountains above the lake; but as when they tried to ring it, it would only give out a sound resembling "I want to go back again," the naughty men kicked it down the mountain again, and hence the scratches you see on it now!! According to another legend, it was a single gentleman who ran away with it on his back up a mountain (by way of being extremely probable, considering the weight of the bell), but the priests of the temple whence he had stolen it were in such despair, and sent him such piteous entreaties to return it them, that he consented to give up his amusement of banging it on top of the mountain all night, on condition they would brew him as much of a particular kind of soup as he could eat. This they did.

The iron boiler which was used for the occasion is still shown, and bears witness to the enormous appetite and capacities of this sacrilegious and greedy thief. Legends of this sort abound in connection with the lake and these parts, as, for that matter, they do through all Japan, and are often most amusing. Others there are, too, almost as wonderful, and vouched by historical fact. The road to Kioto is a pretty one—a succession of small passes among the mountains, and in spring or summer must be charming. Just now everything is looking rather dried up. The distance from Otsu is about seven miles. Here we are in a semi-European Hotel, with a most extensive and very good foreign cuisine, and huge four-posters in our bedrooms. It seemed quite funny on arriving not to have to take off our boots before entering the house. As I write I hear the rats having a real elegant time all round the room. I hope to goodness they won't take it into their heads to make a personal inspection of a British tourist in the night!!

*Brunswick Hotel (!!!), Kobe.*

*March 14th.*—I feel just now like a fish very much out of water, as we have dropped back suddenly into a horribly comfortable European hotel. We only arrived a couple of hours ago, and I still feel quite out of my element, as if I had no business in a very cosy modern bedroom, with a blazing fire, and what would at other times be an inviting-looking bed. We have been living such a delightfully rough, free-and-easy life for the last ten days that I can't reconcile myself at all to all this luxury. From what I have seen of the town, in the dark on our way from the station, I expect to be as bored with it and its "horribly foreign" appearance. All the houses seem solid stone mansions!!! and I am preparing myself for a sort of Japanese Folkestone. However, we have not quite done with the Jap. unadulterated just yet, having only run down here this afternoon to provide ourselves with some ready money, and see about steamers, &c. For we have not nearly done with Kioto. And this brings me back to that ancient capital, the most prettily situated town I have yet seen in Japan—of which I may call it a sort of Innsbruck, I think, nestling down as it does in a large amphitheatre of lovely mountains. The rats did *not* disturb me last night, though George, who was in the next room, says they continued their larks very far into the night. After breakfast we sallied forth with our faithful Hayashi, to present our compliments, passports, and cards to the "Facho," head boss of the town, and ask his permission to visit the Mikado's palace. After a brief interval, an ugly little Jap. presented himself, with a narrow-brimmed "billycock" perched on the top of a black thatch of hair, surmounting an otherwise native costume—excepting, by the way, a curious-looking pair of "Oxford" shoes. The whole get-up was completed by a pair of brass-brimmed spectacles, and a walking-stick. This worthy gentleman, who turned out to be the big boss's interpreter

and secretary, informed us that his superior had been advised of our intended arrival by two telegrams of different date, from His Excellency Madzu Gata at Tokio, begging that we should be looked after. Then, having been identified with the despatches, we trooped off with the billycock as cicerone, in jinrikishas, to visit the palace. This is a palace now almost little more than in name, as since the Revolution of '68, and the removal of the Court to Tokio (late Yedo), His Imperial Majesty stays here but seldom. As a palace the buildings are nothing to see, being of the most ordinary architecture and decoration, inside and out. The old palace was burnt down in '54, the present building having been built entirely since that date, and exactly on the model of the old one. The state reception-room is absolutely plain and bare of all ornament, excepting some fine old Chinese screen panels which were saved from the fire, the idea being, I believe, that the Mikado, being the son of the Sun goddess, needs no brilliancy in his earthly abode. But the gems of the place, which are well worth a visit alone, are the quite too lovely sliding screens and wooden panels in the different suites of apartments. These are, I should say, as perfect specimens of this sort of work, ancient and modern, as can be seen anywhere, and are beautiful models of Japanese art. The taste with which they are painted, whether paper, silk, or wood, is exquisite—most beautiful and tasteful designs of birds, trees, and flowers are depicted, all so faultlessly true to nature, so lightly, delicately designed, so simple and so true. There are gorgeous ones, too, to be seen on gold grounds, which are also very handsome, especially a panel in the Mikado's own sleeping room, framed in black lacquer and fine brasses. The panels in wood, too, are remarkably fine—perhaps among the best, as here almost the greatest taste is displayed in the arrangement of a branch of peach or cherry blossom, a bird on a branch, a few sprigs of grass or flowers, on a large solid panel of finely grained wood. These panels, perhaps I should mention, form the divisions, doors, or walls of the different apartments, which are in other respects furnished in the ordinary Japanese fashion, *i.e.*, with a carpet of fine matting; this applies to the state rooms as well. When we had been through all this, our new friend took us to see what is not open to the general public or visitor, but which he, being in authority, could show us, *viz.*, the government "high-class school" for the daughters of *daimios* (noblemen) and others of good family. It was really most interesting. We were marched through the different rooms where the girls were at work, in class or privately, where we were courteously received by the several teachers, some of whom looked absurd guys in most wonderfully cut frock coats and "stick ups." Certainly the Jap should stick to his native dress: it is the only one that becomes him. We found the young ladies' education extend to every conceivable branch of usefulness and knowledge—from waiting at table and learning how to hand tea, to reading, writing, and arithmetic in the English language and characters. Needlework, too, is largely taught, and

we were offered a selection of various articles made at the establishment for sale. I invested in a very pretty specimen of hand silk weaving. This is beautiful work, but the manufacture of it, which we went to see, and which is very skilful, must require the patience of several saints, I should think. This brought our visit to an end, and we parted with the superintendent of the establishment and our interpreter swell, to return to the hotel for tiffin. That repast discussed, we spent the two hours which remained before the train left in a visit to a couple of temples close by. The second of these is in a fine grove on the slopes of the hills on the outskirts of the town, and is considered the finest in Japan of the "Jogs" sect of Buddhists. The interior is remarkably rich in all the beautiful decoration and articles of bronze and lacquer which characterise the idolatrous places of worship. The more you see of them, the more astonishing seems their wealth. Magnificent bronze vases and ornaments of every size and shape, costly lacquer altars and tables, gorgeous gilded ornaments and decoration, and elaborate and varied utensils for use or show in the temple services. Behind the temple is the old monastery, where are several suites of rooms, and more lovely specimens of painted screens, some of them of great age, and faded in consequence. Many of them are identical with those we had seen in the morning, being copies from the original ones in the old palace. Another curiosity was an enormous bell, hung in a tower all to itself, with a height of nearly 11 feet, and a thickness of about 10 inches, weighing close upon 74 tons. Here it has been for two centuries and a half, and the sound of it when rung is to be heard for a fabulous distance away. This brought us to the time for getting down to the station, about half-an-hour's ride from the hotel; the train brought us in three hours to this seaport town, landing us at this very fashionable hotel at 7.30.

*March 15th.*—After breakfast we went and looked up Dunn, and visited in turn the Bank's agents, the Post Office, the steamer office, and a screen shop, where we had a long sitting upon two screens, which George and I finally arranged to be made up according to our liking. In the afternoon we trotted about the town and into a few shops, but found nothing pretty, and everything very dear. Later we took jinrikishas to the waterfall, which, naturally enough, had but little of the water part of the business to boast of, though it is in a pretty glen, but horribly cocknified. But it is the only "environ" Kobe can boast, and it is made the most of. The town itself is a neat-looking place, with a fine esplanade, and a good row of well-built European houses lining it, and overlooking the bay, which has an active appearance, with a good show of ships at anchor in it, and several small native boats sailing about. The native part of the town is at the back; but Kobe being a treaty port, and so open to foreigners, lacks the *cachet* of the true Japanese town. The two sets of buildings, though, do not clash so much as at Yokohama.

*Kioto.*

*March 16th.*—After a useless run to the Foreign Office for fresh passports, which we had been told were necessary, but which it turned out we did not want, our old ones proving sufficient, we took the 11 o'clock train back to Kioto, and on arriving here, went to see the Exhibition, or Bazaar, which is held on the same principles as the one at Tokio. It is far inferior to that one though, and we found nothing particularly new or pretty to interest us. Next we went and had a large deal in a fan shop, and invested in over a hundred between us, at an average of about 3*d.* a-piece—really pretty they are too. A curio and bronze shop or two occupied the rest of the afternoon, at one of which I went in for rather a large bid for some very handsome bronzes, which I am very pleased to have found. At the hotel, at dinner, we found the place was invaded by a large gang of the “Ceylon” lot, that yacht (?) having arrived at Kobe at the beginning of the week. From the specimens here, they seem a very “so-so” set of passengers, and I don’t at all like the idea of being confounded with them, as we probably are just now. We noticed a lot, too, yesterday in Kobe, and spotted them at once as new-comers, from the uncomfortable way in which they sat their jinrikishas!!

*March 17th.*—We were very much afraid that we should have had some of our “Ceylon” friends going down the rapids to-day, but we saw the last of them at breakfast this morning; they did not improve on further acquaintance, and, to our great satisfaction, saw most of them packed off in jinrikishas with their baggage, so we had the rapids all to ourselves after all, and a very jolly day we had. Our good fortune in the weather pursues us still. We certainly have not much to complain of on that score, as I think ever since our arrival in New York we have had wonderful luck for all our expeditions, taking it all together, save always one notable exception, up Mount Washington. We got away about 9 o'clock, and had a twelve-mile drive in jinrikishas to the head of the Katsura-gawa Rapids, the latter half over a rough road through the mountains. Out of the wind it was like a summer's day, and as we walked up the steep bits to the top of the pass, we were glad enough to *peel* and put our coats into our “kurumas.” The rapids themselves were very good fun. We all got, rikishas and all, into a long flat-bottomed boat, manned by four natives, two to row where the stream was not rapid, one to steer, and one in the boat with a bamboo punt pole to stave us off dangerous rocks. Then down we went, winding and twisting between the mountains in a serpentine ravine, which in places was lovely, though it wanted the green and colour of a month or so later, or, better still, a fine autumn day. The rapids themselves, of which there are fourteen or fifteen, have not, as a rule, a particularly furious fall, though one or two of them require careful management, as there is sometimes only a narrow channel between

the rocks, and often it takes a sudden turn or two, and the man in the bows had to keep all his eyes about him once or twice to keep us off. Between the rapids the water was quite calm, with a gentle fall, and we glided down between the mountains in the most delightful way. Our row, or perhaps our float, lasted rather more than an hour; we then had a rather tame and very dusty drive back to town for about three miles. On our way through the town we visit another temple, notwithstanding our determination to fight shy of these now; for, having seen Nikko, Shiba, Chionin (Kioto), and several other fine ones—altogether about the principal and finest in Japan—we think we have done our duty by them, and can afford to limit ourselves to one in every town at the most. Their name is legion in Kioto. However, our guide seemed to think we ought not to miss this one, so, as it only entailed jumping out of our carriages, we went in, and certainly there are some lovely screens. But we are getting a little difficult to please now, and very critical, so I'm bound to say we did not devote a great deal of time here. I was occupied till dinner, when I got in, in collecting various purchases, and superintending the packing of them and my bronzes, surrounded by a small crowd outside the shop, as the packing was carried on in the street. In the evening we had our usual visit from various curio fanciers, with whom of course we had to do a little business. They are "proper" *Jews*, these men.

*March 18th.*—We had a good excursion to-day up to Hiyeizan, a mountain overlooking Lake Biwa, which offers, according to Mr. Satow, the Baedeker of Japan, one of the finest views in the country.

We left our guide behind us to-day, as the poor man has a nasty sore throat and cold. Perhaps our motives, too, were not entirely disinterested, as Mr. Hayashi, with all his perfections, is not a brilliant pedestrian, and I think cordially hates walking, and as he did not know the road, and had never been to the place before, he would not have been much wiser than ourselves on the subject. We had good reason, as it turned out, to congratulate ourselves on not having dragged the dear man with us, for the walk proved a bit of a grind. We took jinrikishas from the hotel, which we left at 9 o'clock, to a village about four miles from this, near the foot of the mountain. From there we struck a good path through the mountains, by which we were soon completely shut in, and we continued to ascend, gradually winding and twisting up between sloping walls. It was frantically hot, the hottest day we have yet had, and the sun pitched down upon us mercilessly and broilingly. After about an hour and a half of this fun, varied by extra steep and extra piping bits, we reached a point pretty high up over the lake; but we saw little more than the water, owing to the mist and haze, and there being a divergence of roads, and consequently of opinions, we sat us down to hold a council of war and discuss a sandwich. Under the influence of the latter it was decided not to proceed any farther, as



there was certainly nothing to be gained as far as view went, and we were to call upon the governor on our return. By the way, I don't think I mentioned last night the visit of the billycocked interpreter, who told us that the big boss would be happy to see us if we cared to do him the honour of a visit. It seemed Mr. Madzu Gata had again been agitating the telegraph wires on our behalf, though with what intent we could not gather. We had quite a chat with our friend, who among other information gave us some directions more or less definite and correct upon the road to Hiyeizan. Well, I was up in the mountains, wasn't I? Revived and cooled a little, we took a small track down through a fine wood, and after a little arrived among a nest of temples, evidently those of Hiyeizan; but whether we had been up where we were supposed to go, and if so, when we got there, I don't know—nor does it much matter. Our next point was a certain old tree on the borders of the lake (Biwa), very curious, historical, and all the rest of it, and upwards of a thousand years old. We met a good many people near the temples, and on our way down, so by frequently asking our way managed to keep the right road—a steep and rough path down into the Otsu valley. Arrived at a village on the high road, we found some jinrikishas, and after a short bargain agreed with the men to be taken to the tree, and on to Otsu—the venerable pine lying just off the road by a tea-house. There is no doubt it is a marvellous tree, its huge branches stretching out in beautiful regularity not far from the ground, and supported horizontally on wooden props. Part of it extends over the lake itself, so I was unable to walk all round it, but I paced one of the branches, and made it about 150 feet from the trunk, which would give the circumference about 150 yards!! It seems still in wonderful preservation, and very healthy, both in timber and foliage. While near the lake I ought just to mention the traditional origin of this large piece of water, which I forgot to do the other day, amid all the terrors of the “middle passage.” It is simply this, that it was suddenly formed during a mighty earthquake, which occurred some hundred years or so B.C., while to compensate for this huge vacuum in the earth, there arose at a distance of near 300 miles the volcanic mass of the venerable Fuji.

Reaching Otsu, we found we had just missed a train, so took our coolies on to Kioto, where we arrived about 3.30. The next thing was to make swells of ourselves and go and see the Governor. Our swell toilet, I must own, did not present a great difference to our every-day dress; a white collar and a pair of once grey flannels instead of knickerbockers, completed my arrangements, but even these becoming additions were lost upon the cause of it all: the big gun was not at home. Having still an hour or two to while away before dinner, our guide took us down to the theatre quarter of the town, a long street presenting a very lively appearance, with a mass of flags and banners “fluttering in the wind,” and crowds of pleasure-seekers filling the street. Every house almost was a place of enter-

tainment of some sort or other, more or less select and improving to the mind, judging from what we saw. Our first visit was to some waxworks, the Madame Tussaud's of Kioto, where we were highly edified by some very elegant representations. Some of the figures were not at all bad. There were some worked by mechanical contrivances, by means of which the figures went through various extraordinary and impossible manœuvres. The most successful, (!) or at all events the most horrible, was the representation of a cold-blooded murder; the murderer after stabbing his victim being made to gloat in the blood, and come up with his face all blood-stained. Immense success—roars from the audience! A theatre was our next move; we just came in for the last part of a comedy—very low comedy, I should say. These performances go on all day, beginning at about 9 A.M. and continuing till 5 or 6 o'clock P.M. There was no money value on stage decoration or costumes, the performers relying, I suppose, on their own personal charms and powers to please, the stage being a bare platform at the end of the hall. The piece was evidently a success, as the audience, though thin, seemed intensely interested and amused. The best thing we saw, though, was the last, a juggling booth. Here we saw a really pretty acrobatic and balancing feat. A man lay on his back and balanced on his feet a pole about 20 feet high, to which was fixed from the end a sort of parallel bar, on which a little boy climbed up and went through numerous antics. It was quite pretty to watch, being all done with so much grace and ease. The man lying down seemed as comfortable as if he were in bed, and you scarcely saw him move. The structure on his feet might have been a fixture, it was so steady; there was "no deception." This brought our sight-seeing to an end, and we returned home to dinner. The various detachments from the "Ceylon" have now all taken their departure. They certainly were a funny mixture. There was nothing, though, to come up to the first lot for a specimen of "outsiders." A precocious imp of a boy, whom George christened "l'enfant prodige," caused us some amusement, as also did his guardian, or preceptor, a very dirty elderly gentleman, with a very straggling, uncared-for beard, which at meals he used to tuck inside his shirt collar out of the way. I thought it rather a good idea, and have determined to take a leaf out of his book for my beard, which does get in my way so!!

*March 19th.*—I woke this morning to hear the rain coming down in torrents, and we have a regular good wet day. If it only lifts again to-morrow for our journey to Nara, the rain will be a first rate thing to lay the dust and wash the country a bit. Everything was getting a very parched appearance. We had settled to have an "off day" to-day, so if we had ordered it the wet could not have come more opportunely. This morning we had a visit from the Governor's secretary, a superior order of being to the interpreter. He came to bring his master's respects, &c., &c., and to say he was sorry not to have been in yesterday when we called. He, the

Governor, would have come to see us himself, but owing to stress of business, &c., &c. So he sent his second in command, at our service for anything we wanted. We were profuse in our thanks through Hayashi's medium, but could think of no use to put him to, except to ask for a letter to the boss at Osaka, to see the castle and mount—in fact, anything there was to be seen in that town. The secretary smiled, bowed, and promised, and the letter has since made its appearance, carefully enveloped in a wooden box. The interview with this worthy hon. sec. was not altogether free from restraint. He was evidently very nervous, the poor man, and hung on tight to his moustache the whole time. He was got up most faultlessly in a blue frock coat and trousers, white shirt and collar, and black tie, and looked altogether very smart, though not entirely, as I say, at his ease. These conversations through an interpreter are amusing, but a little embarrassing, too, sometimes. You make a very pretty, polite phrase, but you never know how it arrives after being converted into Hayashi's Japanese. Then a remark to the effect that it is a fine or wet day seems rather flat, and after a time we are on our beam ends, and consult among ourselves as to what we shall say next. At length, after a long pause, as no advances were made on the part of our visitor, nor were any signs of his retreat apparent, we decided to take *our* leave, as the secretary still was half sitting on the table, still nervously hauling at the unfortunate hairs which lined the upper lip at respectful intervals. Perhaps, after all, we did the right thing by moving an adjournment, and it may be that it is not for the visitor to rise to leave, but his host, on the principle that the Japs. do everything on the contrary principle to other nations. They say there is a right and a wrong way of doing things; query, who is right, the Japanese or ourselves? And now, as the mail leaves tomorrow, I must send off this volume. Appended is a *résumé* of our itinerary from Yokohama to Kyoto:—

March 3.—Yokohama to Odawara	..	34	} 39 miles.
thence to <i>Tonosawa</i> , walking	..	5	
„ 4.—To Hakow, <i>via</i> Myanostuta, walking	..	12	„
„ 5.—Mishima, walking	..	9	} 21 „
Sudzugawa, jinrikisha	..	12	
„ 6.—Shidzuoka	„	..	26 „
„ 7.—Kanaya	„	..	23 „
„ 8.—Hamamatsu	„	..	30 „
„ 9.—Across Lake Hanana to Futagawa	4 hours	..	„
Yahagi by jinrikisha	..	..	28 „
„ 10.—Nagoya	„	..	22 „
„ 11.—Gifu	„	..	20 „
„ 12.—Maibara	„	..	32 „
„ 13.—To Otsu by Lake Biwa,	4½ hours,	..	„
to Kyoto by jinrikisha	..	..	7 „
Total	..	260	„

P.S.—Poor Hayashi is not at all well. He came with a very long, woe-begone face just now to describe his sufferings during the night. I had a professional interview with him, and after listening and understanding more or less his various symptoms, I have decided to try the effect of that infallible remedy—a pill. He has never taken one before, he says. What will be the result I wonder!!! Meanwhile we have despatched him to bed. He got hold of a truly wonderful concoction for his throat the other day—one of the “cure all” drugs, warranted sure remedy for every ailment, from a sprained ankle to yellow fever or diphtheria.

## JOURNAL XXXII.

### *Nara.*

*March 20th.*—It poured without ceasing all day yesterday; I don't think it stopped for nearly twenty-four hours. But the rain has laid the dust nicely for us, and we had a pleasant drive here from Kyoto; the country very pretty, the roads, except in one or two soft places, first rate, and the day fine but for a few threatening clouds and April showers. We had a capital set of coolies too, who brought us along at a fine pace, thirty-two or thirty-three miles in six-and-a-half hours, including stoppages. The country we passed through was very pretty, and all looking so fresh after the rain. The peach, plum, and cherry blossom are coming out well now, and are lovely in many places along the road, though it is still full early for the best of their beauty. There was not much of historical or architectural interest on the way, except a couple of old temples, one of Chinese origin, the other chiefly interesting from a fine-toned old bell, and a good pair of bronze phoenixes on the roof, the lower extremities of which claim to be the oldest wooden structure in Japan, and from its appearance I give it every credit for being so. We left the main road soon after Kyoto for about seven miles, to come round by Uji, a very pretty bit, and the centre of one of the best tea districts in Japan. But we have felt quite strange all day without our good and faithful attendant, Hayashi, whom we had to leave behind to-day, as he was too seedy to come with us. He certainly looked a horrid “wreck” this morning, and my doctoring had not had as efficacious results as had been wished. At his request, however, I renewed the dose, and before starting left him two “pillows,” as he called them (I could not make out what he was driving at at first!!), to be taken to-night, and he is to join us to-morrow evening at Osaka, if well enough. Meanwhile we have another guide to take us round here, who, though I think well-intentioned, poor man! does not do after our old friend. To begin with, it is with the greatest difficulty that we can understand anything he says; then he gabbles away rather fast, is very fussy, and has a knack of trying to crack jokes in English, which does not tend to make his conversation more intelligible. He has also a

decided mania for fires, and expatiates on them at length, and on every opportunity. In this country, where fires have been and are so common, he has plenty of room to ride his hobby hard, and in effect brings in his incendiary narratives very frequently. But he means very well, and I think he does his best to amuse and instruct us and make us comfortable. We reached Nara about 3.30, and as we passed the "Daibutsu" on our way, we sent our baggage and carriages to the hotel, and got out to see this bronze marvel, the mammoth Buddha. He is an enormous creature and no mistake, and so hideously ugly. His body was cast in the eighth century, but he has had three heads at different times, having had the misfortune to lose them by fire or sword, or by it tumbling off several times, and his present hideous head is of comparatively modern work. The image is supposed to have been covered with gold at one time, and traces of gilt about several places tend to confirm this theory. The height of the image itself is 7 feet higher than the Kamakura one. It is also protected from the elements by a very ugly wooden temple, in which just now there is an exhibition going on. There is not much to be seen in it, though, except a few old relics and bronzes. There are any amount of temples all about, none of which are remarkable for much beauty, though several have some special feature or legend of attraction. In one close by the Daibutsu is a huge bronze bell 14 feet high, but not so thick as the one at Kyoto, nor with such a fine tone. We found our hotel prettily situated on the slope of a hill just outside the town, and with a very fine view from it. At the back is a large grove, with temples dotted about, and thousands of stone lanterns lining the well-kept walks. It is a magnificent grove, the finest by far that we have seen. The trees are splendid—some of them recalling to me the monsters in the forest going to the Yo Semite. The wistaria are, I believe, a show in summer, and judging from the enormous size of the stem of several, I can quite fancy they must be. The wood is filled with sacred deer: pretty animals they are, and quite tame, at least with the natives. But it was quite funny to see how they all made off when we appeared, and though after a deal of coaxing we got one or two to come and take a cake from our hands, it was only from sheer greediness, and they didn't at all like the look of us. In one of the shrines in the grove we saw a performance of sacred dancing girls, for the fee of 10 cents. These girls are kept for such purpose in many temples, but here the dance is of a particular kind, quite unique, I believe, in Japan, so we enriched the temple treasury by the above-named sum—3*l.*—to see what it was like. The dance can scarcely be called so properly, as it was more a series of graceful bendings and bowings, ringing of bells and holding of fans—something after the fashion of a slow minuet. The girls were handsomely draped in robes of white and gold, with their hair down their backs, and had an orchestral accompaniment of flute and a sort of guitar, both individually out of tune, to which was added the

monotonous, discordant, droning voice of a third priest. It is rather dreadful to see all this open idolatry all over the country. There seems a curious mixture of deep piety, if it can be called so, and careless mockery of the divinities. You see crowds of worshippers at different times of the day casting in their mites to the gods, and going through their devotions in the most fervent manner. I fancy the priests have got a very strong superstitious hold over the people, and worm any amount of money out of them. At the end of the day you may see hundreds and hundreds of copper coins in any one shrine, the offerings of the simple folk, and in numbers of cases immense long journeys to Nikko and other places will be taken to go a pilgrimage to a certain shrine. But the resemblance between the Buddhist altars and images with those of the Roman Catholic's is most striking everywhere, as are the monotonous drawlings of the priests, when at their services, in "a tongue not understood of the people." I don't like the look of these priests from the little I have seen of them. I can fancy them a lot of cunning, scheming rascals, with a very good opinion of themselves and their position—the Buddhists especially.

### *Osaka.*

*March 21st.*—Before leaving Nara this morning we had a run up to the hill at the back of the house, and enjoyed a very pretty view from the top, the morning being very fine. We eventually got off about 9.30, and did the thirty miles in to this town by quarter to 3, and without anything particular to note on the way, our coolies coming along in capital form. Soon after entering the town we passed the great temple of Toninji, which corresponds, I should think, to the Asakusa of Tokio. To-day was some feast day or other, and the people were there in crowds. It was quite a sight to see them. The temple buildings cover a large acreage of ground, and you had literally to pick your way among the dense masses of men, women, and children. They were a most orderly lot, evidently having a regular holiday after their devotions, the young women being got up no end, and being dressed, painted, and got up in the height of Japanese fashion. The deities, or rather their attendant ministry, must have made a good thing out of the day. All the shrines were crowded with a string of worshippers, young and old, and the coins were coming in in showers from every side, and more than once I had a copper come whizzing by my head—as the good folk did not wait to come to the front rank, but shied in their offerings over the heads of perhaps ten or twelve people deep, said their mouthful of prayers and went their way. But this had been going on since the morning, and every shrine and altar had a mass of devotees in front. For some time, too, after leaving the temple, the string of people coming and going was endless, and it was as much as we could do several times to get through them. It was a

curious and interesting sight altogether, for the crowds must have been numbered by thousands. While on the subject of temples I must note a thing I have somehow omitted, I think, as yet, and which is one of the most curious customs of Japanese worship—I mean the custom of spitting their prayers at some of the gods. This they do to the colossal guardians of the temple, or huge fantastic figures which guard so many of the entrance gates on either side. You see these creatures covered from head to foot with little patches of paper. These are the prayers in the form of pieces of paper, which the worshipper sucks and chews into a pulp, and then spits at the god, and if it sticks to him the prayer is heard and will be answered. I think also the nearer it sticks to his face the better it is. But it is a funny notion.

Osaka is one of the five open ports of Japan, but as a matter of fact has but little commercial intercourse with Europeans, most of whom have left the place, finding it somewhat out of the way for trading purposes. It is, however, the largest populated city after Tokio, numbering something like 270,000 inhabitants. There is nothing else of particular interest or curiosity about it now, excepting the Mint and the Castle, which we hope to see to-morrow, though the latter has now lost most of its old beauties, the whole of the interior, which is said to have been magnificent, having been destroyed by fire in '68. We found Hayashi waiting to welcome us at the hotel. He is rather better than when we left him yesterday morning, though still looking far from bright. It is rather a relief, though, to be rid of our other guide, who it must be owned was rather an ass of a man, and very provoking with his fussy, chattering habits. More especially as he got more unintelligible, if possible, and more excited in his conversation and gesticulation. He was very great at pantomimic explanations, which accompanied every phrase, and only rendered them more confused than ever. He was very fond and proud of his umbrella on such occasions, and would bring it into use for sun, rain, or explanations, with great effect. I'm sure he considered the umbrella a necessary and unfailing exponent of all his feelings. We made plots to hide it last night, and see what would be the result, but the opportunity never occurred. The hotel here is under the same management as the one at Kioto, on the semi-European principle, and seems very good and comfortable. There is one great feature about these two houses, which is that they both sport cooks who boil rice to perfection. Good as it is all through Japan, these two functionaries are real artists, and send up most delicious dishes of rice—perfect nectar—or rather the food that the gods took to go with that celestial beverage. The day clouded over in the afternoon, and now it is raining cats and dogs. I expect a spell of wet is to be looked for; but for us we don't care much now, and I'm sure we have no cause to quarrel with the clerk of the weather.

*Kobe.*

*March 22nd.*—We sallied forth after breakfast this morning armed with our letter to the Governor, and presented that interesting document at the official residence of that gentleman, a sort of "Somerset House." After being handed on through two or three minor stages of officialdom, we at length found ourselves in the presence of the secretary, who informed us that the big boss was engaged, but his second in command would be happy to do the honours and receive us. Accordingly in a few minutes he ushered in a cadaverous-looking party in a black frock coat, whom he introduced to us as the "Vice-Governor." This individual was merely a dummy, as he was ignorant of the English language, and merely bobbed and bowed through his sec., who informed us that he was very glad to see us—which I'm quite sure he was not, unless his looks were very deceitful—and would have great pleasure in putting us in the way of seeing the Castle and Mint. With that the two worthies retired, and after about a quarter of an hour the secretary returned, prepared to escort us. He was a very bright-looking, intelligent fellow, this sec., if he had only not sported such a very dirty white shirt, and such a very curious cut of a grey cut-away coat. He spoke the best English of any Jap. we have yet met, and is evidently a rising swell. He was one of the secretaries of the first Japanese Legation in Washington in '68, and resided in the States for two years. Hence his good English. Under his guidance we first went to see the Castle—a very interesting old building of 300 years, and the finest and best preserved in Japan. The interior, from all accounts, must have been magnificent work, but it was all burnt in the Revolution of '68, and the old moats and walls alone remain of its ancient glory, the present buildings within being only modern barracks. These walls and moat, though, are splendid, and even now would form a very secure stronghold. There used to be three of these, but the old outer one has been completely effaced. The present one, which now forms the first line of fortification, is considerable enough, with a large moat from 30 to 80 yards wide, flanked by massive stone walls. Within this again there is another, though rather less formidable, parapet, also guarded by a good moat, and within this again used to be the old castle proper. The walls throughout are a marvel in themselves, built as they are with the most enormous blocks of stone I ever saw. There were lots of pieces 30 feet and 40 feet long, and two I saw that must have been, without exaggeration, quite 50 feet by some 20 in depth. It is almost incredible how these huge masses were ever got up into that position, as the castle itself stands on a considerable eminence above the town, and considering the scarcity of any mechanical contrivances for moving large weights three centuries ago it is more marvellous still; and yet the fortress was finished, it is said, in two years' time. The position is admirable, and commands the whole country, and there is a splendid view from the platform



where stood the old "donjon." I'm afraid I cannot sound the praises of the Japanese soldiery. They may be effective in the field, but for anything approaching smartness in dress or drill, I never saw a more slovenly lot.

From the Castle we made our way to the Mint, where we spent an hour or more very agreeably, seeing all the different stages the silver and copper went through until becoming coins of the realm. Of gold there is very little coined—there is little or none in circulation, and I have not come across a single gold piece. The whole establishment was started and worked for some time by English officials, and by considerable plant from the Hong Kong Mint; but now the Europeans have nearly all been drafted, and native Japs. direct it almost exclusively. Thanks to our Home Office official we saw a most curious and interesting collection of old Japanese coins, in the keeping of the Mint. We were taken to the Director's rooms, and there he brought us out several cases filled with various specimens of gold and silver coinage of the last three hundred years. It is the most perfect collection in the country. There was every specimen of coin there, from a large oval gold piece of seventy dollars to a little round piece value one dollar. Then there were all sorts of quaint and fantastic shapes and designs: coins round, oval, and oblong, coins with little niches cut in them, and coins with no particular shape at all. The silver pieces were most curious in this respect. Some had scarcely any pretence of coinage at all, and consisted simply of bars, or little odds and ends broken off, the value being reckoned entirely by weight. There were some exceedingly pretty silver coins, too, there, with various hieroglyphic writings and designs stamped or engraved upon them. They were all most interesting to look at. This brought our sight-seeing to an end, and we took leave of our little friend at the gates of the Mint—he going his own way, and we returning to the hotel for tiffin. We took an afternoon train in to this place (Kobe), and returned to our old hotel and rooms.

*March 23rd.*—After breakfast I went to pay my last visit to a Japanese curio shop and conclude my last bargain, which I did to my own satisfaction, notwithstanding that I paid, I think, a yen more than I need have. I came out with a Japanese *two* instead of *one* by mistake, and then it was too late to recede!! However, my stork and a little lacquer medicine box was not to be lost for that, and then my case had a little spare corner which wanted filling up!! Talking of lacquer, our landlord here has the finest piece of gold lacquer I have ever seen. It was given him by a Japanese noble, who guaranteed it to have been in his family for two hundred years. It is only a small box about 8 inches by 6 inches, but the work is exquisite—a perfect specimen of the old art, which cannot be imitated now except very indifferently, and a really good piece is very scarce, and consequently of immense value. Our host and his wife are very nice people and have been most obliging and attentive to us in every

way. They are both of them, I should think, of an order superior to their present station, and have, I fancy, experienced some bad fortune during their life. He is a particularly intelligent and well-informed man, and it is quite a pleasure to talk to him. We passed a most agreeable evening after dinner talking with him in the reading-room, mostly, as was natural, on Japan and the Japanese, on which subject he has a good bit of experience, and spoke in a very interesting and practical way. He is a bit of an amateur in bric-a-brac, and has some very good pieces of old ware, and a great deal of taste, and some knowledge, I should say, on the subject. His better half, too, is an extremely pleasant, chatty person, and they have both done everything to accommodate us and make us comfortable. This evening at dinner we were served with a special dish all for ourselves, which was nothing less than a Lake Biwa trout. These fish are a great delicacy, and fairly plentiful a month later, but it is early for them yet, and consequently they are a great luxury. Our host showed us the fish which was sent him this morning; it was a very pretty one, and in fine condition. It is more of the salmon trout kind, I think. Whatever it was, it was delicious eating, and a more delicate fish I don't want to taste. Our morning passed principally in putting in the finishing corners to, and addressing, &c., our different cases. After tiffin for some time we ran backwards and forwards between the office of the Messageries Maritimes and the Bank, vainly endeavouring for a long time to find some one to attend to our wants. But the good gentlemen had evidently had rather a heavy meal, for having, as I say, run from one to the other five or six times, being always informed that the "patrons" would be in almost immediately, we at length, about 3 o'clock, made a stand, and took up our position in the office of the Messageries, and at last, after more waiting, the functionary arrived, and we transacted our business. The Bank manager we had to give up as a bad job, and live in hopes of better luck to-morrow. Meanwhile I should say we had called upon Messrs. Geo. Smith & Co.'s agents, or rather their branch house here, and made the acquaintance of the managing man, Mr. Reynell, who asked us to come back later on again. So about 5 o'clock we repaired to his office, and he took us to see the English club and athletic grounds, where cricket, lawn tennis, football, &c., are played. There was a match of the last game going on, more or less edifying, and we were introduced to a few people on the ground. But I'm afraid we were not particularly struck with the *élite* of Kobe. The club house and grounds, though, are very snug and nice.

*March 24th.*—After packing and sending our things on board, and settling and disentangling various money accounts, we went out after tiffin to call on Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, the American missionary and his wife, who were among our fellow passengers on board the "Belgic." They were not in, so we rambled off on to some of the hills at the back of the town, and took a good look at the bay, to whose care we are to confide ourselves to-night. The view of that

same was beautiful, with all the ships in the harbour underneath us, and the rocky cliffs of the island on the other side showing up distinct and blue—as the day, though cold, was fine and bright. We took a sad and affectionate parting with the faithful guide this morning. The separation was really quite touching on both sides, and his English, never his strong point, was quite too much for his feelings—or his feelings for his English—when he tried to thank us. Poor fellow! I'm afraid he is far from well, and still looks very miserable and wretched. Neither his native drugs nor our European remedies seem to have got the better of his malady. I expect the combination proved too much. We are under serious doubts as to whether he did not swallow the vinegar and water which we gave him for his throat, notwithstanding George's careful explanation, by example, of the *modus operandi*,—viz., gargling.

### JOURNAL XXXIII.

#### *Off Simonoski.*

*March 26th, 3 P.M.*—We have been stuck in this harbour since 5 A.M. this morning, weather bound. There is a strong westerly gale blowing, and it has been decided by the powers that be to wait until it moderates, as there is a treacherous expanse of water to cross between this and Nagasaki, the Japanese Bay of Biscay, which is all ready to knock us about should we adventure ourselves outside this harbour and brave the furies of the more open sea. So, there being no particular cause of hurry, and no opposition line to interfere, it is considered more prudent, economical, and generally pleasanter to remain comparatively quiet here, to ploughing along against a stiff head wind. Which being the case I sincerely hope the weather will improve soon, as, however pretty this harbour, I am beginning to have enough of it. Our position is just at the western entrance to the Inland Sea—a very narrow entrance, too, not more than a small channel, through which we passed in the small hours of the morning. We had only a moderate day yesterday in the Inland Sea. The morning was bright and fine, but later on it clouded over, and by the afternoon it was provokingly dull and misty. It was a great pity, as on a fine day it must merit all the praises one hears of the scenery, and even under a cloudy sky it is very enjoyable. It reminded me at times of Lake George, at times of the thousand islands in Alexandra Bay, St. Lawrence—of course on a large scale; and again at times there was a little mixture of the Alps as a snowy rocky range appeared; but in fact it is none of these. It was hard to realise we were on the sea: it seemed more like a large lake with little islands dotted about, and lofty mountains walling it in. At one point, indeed, it seemed almost like a river, as we went along with land on each side of us quite close; and it was difficult often to tell which way we were going, as there would seem to be no outlet, until we would

round a rocky point or island, and our way would be plain again. The water was as smooth as glass, but we longed for one of our fine sunsets as the evening came on, and I think we should have been in fairyland. We are very comfortably stowed away on board, and are not overburdened with passengers. They only number eight besides ourselves: a newly married American couple, bound for Nagasaki; an English missionary and his wife, who have spent several years in Ceylon and Southern India, and have been enlarging on the beauties of the spicy isle for our benefit; two rather rough-looking "Bordelais," who admired the scenery yesterday in the saloon with their backs to the window; and two other beings of sorts. A fat celestial or two and a bearded Jap., who turns out in a helmet, a blue great-coat, and a pair of shoes on the top of his otherwise native costume, make up the first-class passengers. The boat itself, the "Nagoya Maru," is extremely smart and trim, and the accommodation extensive and good. When we came on board on Friday morning we found all our things carefully stowed away in three separate cabins, on the upper deck, very airy and with a quite good-sized berth and plenty of room to turn round. I was never so luxurious on board ship. The table is good, too. The thing that distresses me is that the officers all sport a very seedy specimen of mufti; there is no sort of uniform. The company is a Japanese one, but the captain and chief officers are all English—no great shakes either, the latter; but the captain is a very good sort. He is a capital hand at spinning yarns, all of course quite true! but some more or less probable, and his comic way of telling them is amusing, though it does sometimes make them rather unintelligible. We were brought up short last night about 9.30 o'clock by a shrill whistle and "Hard astern!" and found that we were rather unpleasantly near another steamer, the return one from Nagasaki. It seemed she had taken it into her head to alter her course as we were approaching each other. Talking of steamers reminds me of our eventful crossing of Lake Biwa, and we have since learnt that we may consider ourselves fortunate not to have been blown up, which is a periodical event with this exemplarily line, and from all accounts it is not surprising. A gentleman looking down into the engine-room one day saw the steam pressure registering 130 instead of 90, which was the regular limit, and on his remarking on the subject he was told that it was often so when they were in a hurry. They supposed it was all right—nothing had ever happened!! It would be hard to tell who is responsible on these boats. We tried in vain to make out the captain that day; the nearest approach to that official we could get was a man in an apology of a coat that had once been blue, and an odd brass button or two playing at hide and seek, the sleeves coming down just below his elbows, and the tails to the small of his back. Cap or head covering there was none, and I think no gear ever invented would have stuck on that door-mat of thick black hair which streamed about over head, ears, and face. He seemed at one time to be the "boss" on board, but the various duties which he

performed made his identification doubtful. He did a large portion of the dirty work—*very* dirty work, too, towards the end of the voyage!!

From what I hear of Japanese lines of steamers, worked exclusively by natives, I should be inclined to mistrust them, one and all, and I fancy the safest way would be to take a sanpan and be towed behind. It is one of the many examples of the Jap. dispensing with his European instructor when he has only partially earned his business. They are capital fellows at imitating everything, and then think they know all about it, and in their conceit think they can manage for themselves. There is an amusing story of one of the first steamers under Jap. management, the engineer of which forgot how to stop his engines or turn off steam, and the boat went on round and round the Bay of Tokio until she stopped of her own accord from want of motive power. This is a *fact*. I think that really the Japanese adopt many European customs and manners simply because they are European, and they think it the right thing to ape the European to any extent. The result is sometimes laughable, as in the matter of dress, for instance. I am told this used to be even more grotesque, and that a few years ago their New Year's calls, to which they pay great attention, were most absurd. One man would get hold of an old European costume from some pawn-shop, no matter what cut the clothes, from a black swallow-tail to a grey cut-away, with waistcoat and trousers to match, or rather *not* to match, a gaudy pair of gloves and "Gibus" opera hat, a white tie, one end pointing to heaven, the other to earth. Thus equipped he would sally forth, the picture of discomfort, and on coming in would pass his rig-out on to his friend. But I believe that, as yet, even the European tastes are not genial to them, and even the Mikado, when he gets *en famille*, is glad enough to doff his tight-fitting garments, and in the more graceful and easy folds of his native robes to squat down on the matting and eat his bowl of rice with chop sticks. Speaking of the Mikado, he seems from all accounts to be almost as much a "dummy" in the Government as ever he was, and the real reins are held by the Ministers, who settle everything among themselves. However, I fancy there is this change coming over the country, viz., the voice of public opinion, which, it appears to be the general opinion, is beginning to make itself heard. The Mikado is still believed to be by a large mass of the people half a divinity—that is to say, the descendant of the Sun goddess. The opinion is probably losing ground, as is their faith in the priests, with the influx of foreign ideas; but the movement in that direction is very slow. Come, I think, it must some day, and the religion of the Japanese will probably disappear as the contact with other nations increases, and their minds get educated to see much of the emptiness of their present faith. What will take its place remains to be seen. As yet the result of missionary work in the country, which is carried on to no small extent, seems actually very shallow from what I can hear.

The Jap. is no fool, and, indeed, in his apish way, is pretty sharp in observation, and he doesn't "take kindly" to what he sees of Christianity; probably, no doubt, because he has seen, unfortunately, the worst side of it. It is pretty true, I think, that the Europeans out here are a very mongrel lot, as a rule. I heard a rather striking remark of a Jap. the other day. This man was with the captain one day in the East-end of London, and being the reverse of edified by what he saw there, remarked, "Don't you think it rather impertinent"—or words to that effect—"your sending out missionaries to us?"

*March 29th.*—We have seen almost our last of Japan, and have as good as taken farewell of this delightful country, where we have spent such a jolly time—real elegant, as the Yankee would say. Our last view of its shores, though, are pleasant. We are steaming along on a sea like a lake, and a day like,—well, real heavenly, and a series of rocky islands rise hazily blue away to the north. We are promised a continuance of this weather as far as Shanghai, and judging from the faith of the natives and the looks of the sky, I can quite believe in a settled state of the elements. We have passed quantities of little fishing boats—"sanpans," or what answer to our row-boats—miles away from land. They apparently consider themselves quite safe from any wind or squalls, and they probably are good barometers. But from the reports of vessels coming in to Nagasaki, there has been a good bit of dirty weather out at sea for the last few days. I must hark back now to Simonoseki, where we lay weather-bound all Sunday, and it was not until 5 A.M. on Monday that we weighed anchor for Nagasaki. There was still a fresh and very cold breeze blowing, and the sea was still very "jumpy," and in a rather disturbed state of mind. Very unnecessarily so I thought it, as did more than one of our passengers. We have since learnt that our ship has a renown for sea sickness. She has got some particular "kick in her gallop," which somehow disarranges people. She is a good sea boat all the same, and for accommodation would take a deal of beating. She is considered the best of the Mitsu Bishi fleet, which numbers some fifty vessels all told, and is, I believe, partly a Government concern. But I am wandering. Despite *mal de mer* I enjoyed the beauties of the scene all day. These were indeed most lovely. The whole time we were steaming along a fine range of coast, the northern end of some of the southern islands, and for coast scenery I know nothing, so far, finer. One of the charms of it was that it was always changing, like a series of dissolving views. At times the cliffs would rise perpendicularly out of the sea, wild and frowning; then would come a break, where green cultivation came sloping down to the water's edge, with range upon range of mountains rising up in tiers behind. Now you would see a long stretch of rock, now again broken peaks, and white masses of snow. In many places it was nothing but a succession of wide sweeping bays, snug little inlets and harbours, wooded or rocky promontories jutting far out into the

sea, and countless islands and rocks springing up everywhere. Some of these rocks were splendid specimens, standing out isolated and majestic, and now and then we would pass within a stone's throw of them. There was one especial beauty, with a most perfect arch cut out in the middle—a better one, I think, than that in Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight. Not the least of it all was to see the white foam of the breakers dashing up and breaking into spray all along the coast and against the cliffs and rocks. It was glorious! And though the day was cold, and heavy banks of clouds were rolling about, the sun shone out gorgeously most of the day. We dropped anchor in Nagasaki harbour, and soon learnt that we should have the whole of the next day for a run on shore, as we had a lot of freight and coals to take on board. There is nothing much to see, though, at Nagasaki, and there is nothing peculiar in the place except the tortoiseshell working for which it is renowned. Of course we had a look at some of this, but neither the prices nor the work tempted us, and we contented ourselves with carrying out the order which Francis had given George on board the "Scythia." The rest of the time we spent in strolling about the hills which surround the town. Here the country is very pretty, and the views over the bay very fine. The bay itself is a splendid harbour, with a narrow but safe entrance, and once inside you are completely sheltered and shut in by an amphitheatre of mountains. The town is packed together in a hollow under some of these, and must be piping hot in summer. During our morning walk we got among a perfect model of Japanese cultivation—valleys where the whole slopes on either side were covered with trim, neatly made terraces of wheat, rice, and vegetables; not an inch of ground lost, and every little bit so carefully tended and looked after, *and*, I may add, manured. This, however, was not so pleasant to contemplate. "Ye gods and little fish!" I thought along the Tokaido we had a benefit, but here,—well, variety in this case had very few charms. To pass to a more agreeable topic, the peach blossoms were lovely; also the plum and cherry; indeed the whole country was very green and spring-like, and being a good bit south of "Nippon," was two or three weeks in advance of the vegetation we have been seeing.

In the afternoon I wandered rather further afield than the others, and got another grand view of the harbour, and right away out to sea. There is a very pretty bit, too, just outside, a sort of outer harbour, dotted with islands and rocks, through which, however, there is a good open channel, and the captain told us he had seen old Admiral Keppel tack a large three-decker in here in fine style. In the course of my ramble I put up a brace of pheasants, a fine old cock and a hen. They are pretty plentiful in many parts of Japan—indeed the chief game of the country. We saw a few along the Tokaido. They are very much like our English bird, except that the cock has perhaps rather more brilliant plumage about the head. I don't know exactly what price they fetch in the towns, but in the

country they are absurdly cheap. Our coolies one day bought a fine brace of birds for 50 *sen* = something under eighteenpence!!

We returned on board to dinner, to find our passenger list reduced to ourselves, the Frenchmen, who turn out to be *bric-à-brac* men from Paris, and another English-speaking individual, who, scandal affirms, has been sent away from Yokohama by his friends for a trip to Shanghai. He made himself so objectionable that they sent the hat round to pay his passage and get rid of him!! However much truth there may be in this, the story suits the man, and consequently it will be understood the gentleman is not a valuable addition to our society, and that we are not hard and fast friends. This being the case, our company is practically reduced to ourselves and the captain. At meals we seem to resemble the ancient custom of above and below the salt—we and the captain occupying one end, the junior officers, a rather scrubby lot, and the three other passengers keeping together at the other—while the salt cellar occupies a proud space in the centre by itself.

The captain is a capital good fellow, and continues to be most amusing. Last night he entertained us at great length all dinner time—perhaps it would be more correct to say, kept us in roars of laughter—with some of his American yarns. He has a mixed feeling of contempt and admiration, of abhorrence and esteem, for the general Yankee, individually and collectively, and has an inexhaustible supply of stories at their expense, which he tells in a quiet droll way, making the most of them, no doubt, and afterwards laughing with such genuine glee, it is delightful to hear him. He does seem so thoroughly to enjoy his laugh. His stock of yarns had been increased yesterday by a visit from the navigating officer of an American gunboat, in Nagasaki harbour, and this worthy had launched forth into some real Yankee reminiscence and experience which he had met with in the course of his naval career, and especially during the recent rough weather, coming up from Hong Kong; also some edifying episodes which had taken place between him and his commanding officer, redounding, it is needless to add, greatly to the skill, tack, seamanship, &c., of himself, the navigating officer. "And the best of it all was," concluded the captain, "that the fellow thought I believed every word he was telling me." We on our side imparted a few of our American experiences to the captain, some of which tickled him immensely; but the best part almost of his was the manner he told them. He takes off not only the expressions, but the accent and intonation so perfectly. We certainly did laugh, and we sat on a long time after dinner was over, for he warmed finely to his work, and just as we thought he had dried up would bubble over with another yarn. One very characteristic one which tickled us rather was a conversation he once had with an American lady, in the course of which she began to talk about the "American language." The captain in his innocence asked what that was. "Why, English improved, I guess," the lady replied. "Oh" said the captain.



To change the subject, I find I have omitted to mention a beautiful azalea which we saw yesterday in full bloom. It was the only one we saw out, so I must do it honour by a brief notice. It was a pure white one, about 15 feet high, and a mass of blossom. We have seen lots of the shrub about, but you want to see them about June to see them in their beauty. This one was in a sunny sheltered nook in a little garden outside Nagasaki; so, I suppose, had been prematurely forced out. Anyhow, it was very lovely.

*Thursday, March 30th.*—A most beastly day, with a nice benefit of fog. All the morning was dull and foggy; still we could see about two or three miles all round. But while we were at tiffin the wind suddenly dropped, and the fog closed in so thick that we could scarcely see 100 yards ahead. All the afternoon we crawled along, keeping just steerage way on, and frequently stopping to sound. At last, about 6 o'clock, we stopped altogether, and let go our anchor, as, though the captain knew within a few miles where we were, it was impossible to tell exactly our position, owing to several currents which run very strong just here. We are now somewhere in the estuary of the river, the Yangtsekiang, and there was a group of low islands in the neighbourhood which it would not have been politic to have run down. The colour of the water was already of a thick muddy yellow, and, indeed, had been so to a great extent all day; so far out to sea is the volume of water felt from this mighty muddy river. It was not the most cheerful work in the world waiting befogged like this, with a dirty, thick, wetting fog above, and a dirty-coloured fluid below, the dreary shriek of the fog whistle giving place to the sharp and almost as enraging tones of the bell, when we came to anchor. It was worse, I think, than groping our way along. This coast, though, is noted for fogs, especially during April and May, so after all it is only seasonable weather, and the fog is often much more impenetrable and murky. The sea, too, was quite calm, which was lucky, or we should have had to put out again, and to have kept on roaming about in deep water till it lifted.

*Friday, March 31st, 10 A.M.*—We are just entering the Shanghai river, and once over the bar of mud which guards its mouth have not much more to be afraid of. It was 5 o'clock this morning before we could leave our anchorage, and then we only got on for about an hour, when the fog came down worse than ever again, and at one time there was a very good chance of our not getting in to-day, as if we had missed the tide at the mouth of the Voosung we should have had to wait until to-morrow to force an entrance. Cheerful look-out, very; but we are not doomed to this bit of fun. The weather partially lifted, so as to enable us to make the river, and we have now set eyes on the celestial land. The view is anything but celestial. A yellow, muddy river; banks rather flatter than your hand, about 3 feet above high water; and a thick, foggy atmosphere. I believe this is a specimen of a great deal of the weather, and a very large tract of country in this region. The rivers all combine to bring down

acres of this thick, yellow mud, and the island further up the mouth of the Yangtse—I forget the name just now—has been formed entirely from this source, and in a marvellously quick space of time. Between the years of '45 and '78 it had grown six miles in length, according to surveys taken at those different dates. The difference in the summer and winter height of this big river, too, sounds incredible, and at Wucha, about six hundred miles up, and beyond the reach of tide, the level of the river varies as much as 40 and 50 feet. This I saw in an official book on the subject, which the captain had in his cabin. The poor captain has had a nice time of it for the last four-and-twenty hours. He is most careful, and has scarcely been away from his look-out point forward since 1 o'clock yesterday, and will be as glad as most of us to be ashore again. He is certainly a very nice man. He has knocked about the world a good bit, and is extremely well informed on every subject, while he is a most pleasant and agreeable man to talk to, and a perfect gentleman in manners and conversation. He has done a great deal to pass the time on the voyage.

*Astor House, Shanghai.*

We got alongside the Company's wharf by 12.30, after a little quick steering coming up the river, owing to the quantity of craft of all kinds which were swarming in every direction, from the large native junk, some loaded with timber inside and out—that is to say, with immense long pieces made fast to either side, and almost reaching the water—to the little sanpan fishing-boat. The junks are clumsy-looking craft, if ever I saw any, and look as if they would go to pieces in the slightest sea; in a big sea I believe they do—and those loaded with timber, as I have said, looked even more unmanageable. As soon as we were made fast, a gentleman came on board, and after a short look at us, made up his mind who we were, and accosted us, introducing himself as Mr. Farrar, from Geo. Smith & Co. He accompanied us to the hotel, had tiffin with us, and then left us with a large budget of home correspondence to digest. We had not got through when 4 o'clock surprised us still reading. However, we had agreed to go round to G. S. & Co. about this time, so thither we repaired. Mr. Farrar, on our reaching the office, took us off to the club and put us down there as visitors, and then out to the racecourse on the outskirts of the foreign settlement to have a look at the ponies in course of training for the spring meeting in May. We found the racers all taking walking exercise—a hundred there must have been altogether. It was hard to believe they were the lords of the turf, little fellows ranging from 12½ to 14 hands. But they are a fine sturdy class of animal, up to fourteen or fifteen stone across country, when they will gallop and jump like fun. I had heard of the China pony before coming here, so was glad of an opportunity of judging a little for myself of his much reputed qualities.

Farrar himself has three or four in training, as has also his "stable companion," Mr. Lewis, with whom he has some very snug bachelor quarters just opposite the racecourse. We went afterwards to see the nags in the stable, and very jolly they looked all in their loose boxes. Mr. Lewis goes in rather more extensively than Mr. Farrar, and has several very nice-looking ones. The best of the lot is a very nice-looking grey he gave over £100 for. He has another very good old one, now retired in well-earned peace on his dignified laurels—the winner of forty-seven races. These ponies come down from the north—from Mongolia chiefly. They are brought down in herds by dealers in a quite wild, rough state, and sold at the "Tattersall's" at prices from £10 up. They look a rare tough little beast, long and low, with good loins well ribbed up, fine shoulders, and serviceable-looking quarters. They are almost the only breed of horseflesh in use here. Australian horses have been imported, but they don't wear, and these little beggars are as hard and wiry as you could wish, if properly looked after. They say they go like fun with heavy weights up in the drag hunts and paper-chases, which take place during the winter. Many a heavy-weight polo player in England would be glad to have one or more, I fancy; but I am told they will not stand the voyage over.

*April 1st.*—We were up at 5 o'clock this morning, and an hour later were at the racecourse to see the nags taking their morning gallop. Mr. Farrar had sent his carriage down for us, and we met him on the grand stand, where there was a goodly muster of sportsmen to superintend or criticise, or both. Their "get ups" were varied and amusing, and displayed the different stages of toilet which they had severally gone through, preparatory to appearing on the ground, from the man who had just tumbled out of bed into an ulster and a pair of slippers, to the trim and natty one who had had his tub, a clean shave, and otherwise completed his toilette. We found coffee and bread and butter going in the club rooms, and gratefully accepted them both. The stand is also the rooms of the Jockey Club, which are very nicely fitted and appropriately decked with old sporting pictures. The course is a first-rate one, perfectly flat—it would be hard to find a hill for miles—and a mile and a quarter round. In the middle are the cricket, lawn tennis, and football grounds, so the good people of Shanghai have no lack of amusement. They all seem, indeed, very happy here, and speak of their life here most enthusiastically, and I should say numbered a very nice set of people—judging, at least, from our short acquaintance. Well, "to return to our muttuns"—*i.e.*, our ponies. We saw stud after stud go round at various paces and different distances, and certainly they can gallop. They are rare "devils," too, some of them. The jocks are rum 'uns. Some of the gentlemen ride their own, but the greater portion are Chinese boys in all sorts of amalgamations of Oriental-Occidental stable get-up, with their pigtails usually tied round their head, sometimes under their arm, occasionally flying

behind. Some have boots and breeches, some leggings and their native shoes below, with an interval of white drawers or stockings. Altogether we spent a very amusing two hours watching these Lilliputian racers. We returned to the hotel to breakfast, and afterwards went round to G. S. & Co., where Mr. Farrar furnished us with one of his English-speaking Chinamen, under whose escort we visited the "City"—*i.e.*, the original Shanghai within the walls, the genuine home of the Chinese. There is nothing particularly curious to see: one Chinese town, I believe, is much the same as another, and this being our first we were bound to go and see it. The streets are very close and narrow, a paved way about 8 feet being the average division between the houses. I was agreeably surprised to find the place so—well, perhaps not sweet, but at all events not so smelly as I had prepared myself for. Now and then you would get a very "nosy" whiff, extra refined, especially in the opium retreats and eating-houses. The latter had some very pretty carvings in bamboo, open work and panels; also some nicely painted screens. We had a look at some of the latter at several shops, but to my mind they didn't come up to the Japanese ones of a similar class. True they were in rather different style, but they did not strike me as so artistic as the common ones you see all over Japan. We saw nothing tempting either in the way of curios. These, though, have suffered severely in a large fire, which burnt down a large portion of the town the other day, including a long street of curio shops. The opium dens, though one or two were handsomely furnished with bamboo carvings, and—for a Chinaman—luxurious couches, were not otherwise attractive, and the sickly fumes of the opium were most objectionable. The performance was much as I had seen on the "Belgie," and, as I think I then mentioned, the preparation of the pipe occupies about ten minutes; the smoking thereof about two. Then they begin again on another one, and you see them lying about in all sorts of stages of dreamy stupidity. I think the Chinaman has a particular *stink*—quite peculiar to himself. I think now I could tell him as easily as, and scent him even farther off than, a fox or a badger. They are far from being a *sympathetic* race either, and are so different from the engaging manners and nice ways of the Japanese. Johnnie has a proverbial stolid cast of features, a mixture of conceit, roguery, humbug, and contempt. There is no moving or astonishing him—at least to outward appearances; he is above that. It is almost impossible to guess what he is thinking about: he betrays no passion, and will look and speak most blandly, while ready to rob you or cut your head off. On going into a shop, whether of high or low class, you are greeted with no salaams and "ohios" or "sayonaras," and there is none of the homely chaff of the obsequious Jap. forthcoming. Such, at all events, are my first impressions, joined to what I have gathered from those better acquainted. The women when you see them have not nearly such an unpleasant expression as the stronger sex. You don't have a great opportunity of seeing many, though,

the wife being strictly confined within the limits of her own house, or only going out in tightly closed sedans. The feet of the fair creatures distress me much. Of course we all know the proverbial tortures Mrs. Chinaman goes through from the cradle to ensure this peculiar style of beauty, but I didn't think the result was as horrid as I find it is. The feet resolve themselves into little pointed stumps, and yet we have not, I suppose, seen a really small foot, as the upper ten among the females do not show themselves to the vulgar eye. It is certainly a curious custom, but a mother would no sooner think of omitting to bandage her baby daughter's feet than the man would think of cutting off his pigtail, or the nation fore swear opium. She would lose caste at once, and with her natural feet the maiden might write herself down an old maid "right away." They will tell you it is no more an absurd custom or deformity than a European lady "squeezing in her waist!!! I don't know that their idea on this head is entirely without point!!

The Chinese Government have astonished themselves and the nation lately by their sudden change of front in laying a telegraph wire up to Peking. It appears to be a doubtfully popular move at present, and here the Chinese merchants are sworn together under penalty of, I think, \$500, not to make any use whatever of it. So that it doesn't seem to look like a move in the railway direction just yet, which some sanguine people had begun to predict.

The foreign settlement of Shanghai is on the whole a nice town, with clean, good streets. The "Pound," or esplanade along the river, is particularly fine, with a very handsome string of fine large buildings. The club is among these, and inside also it is very commodious and comfortable. We dined there with Mr. Farrar and Mr. Rea (also of the firm, and a very nice fellow), and had no reason to complain of the labours of the French *chef*. In the afternoon we went with M. R. to the museum, where is a small but fairly complete collection of birds and beasts, chiefly peculiar to this district. The pheasants, perhaps, were the most striking. There was one long-tail, an especial beauty, though of a rare kind, and a particularly fine specimen. I think I am under the mark when I say his tail feathers measured 4 feet in length. But the pheasants are not nearly so plentiful as they used to be a few years ago. They are not an expensive luxury for the table even now, though, a pair fetching from 25 to 30 cents = 1s. to 1s. 3d. Snipe are in the neighbourhood, too, in great quantities in their season. A camphor box, a commission from La Vicomtesse, next engaged our attention, and for this excursion our faithful guide of the morning was entrusted to us, or more properly we were entrusted to him. He is a particularly nice Johnnie, and not to be included in my rather sweeping category above. He would not let us be swindled by the shopmen, but took us to several before getting what he considered a fair price. He is an institution of eight or ten years' standing at Smith's, who say he likes Europeans better than his own countrymen, a frightful

piece of apostacy, if correct, the ordinary Chinaman only tolerating the foreigners. Mr. Farrar has placed his trap at our disposal during our stay here, so we are quite the swells. We went later on with the intention of calling upon some friends of Mrs. Amory's, and another gentleman for whom H. had a letter, but as they are both out of town our efforts were fruitless, and we consoled ourselves by taking a drive in our carriage about four miles out of the town, past the suburban villa residences of the "swells" of Shanghai, and along evidently the fashionable riding and driving ground. The country is of the pancake order, though richly cultivated, and just now bright and green with spring crops.

The ordinary mode of locomotion in Shanghai is in jinrikisha or wheel-barrow. The latter is the national "cab," the passengers sitting as in a jaunting car, and being wheeled along by a coolie. The jinrikishas are quite a modern importation from Japan, and are consequently of a very inferior class, only the refuse of the Japs. The coolies, too, are a very poor lot of men, and are not nearly up to our lithe, active little fellows in the "land of the rising sun."

*Sunday.*—Just as we were going to church a gentleman was announced as wishing to see us, who turned out to be Mr. Butler, of Messrs. Chapman, King & Co. He came to ask us to go and dine with him this evening, an invitation which we at once accepted. Church and tiffin over, we drove to Mr. Farrar's, but he was out, so we dismissed our carriage and returned on foot. But we all arrived in a great state of exhaustion at the hotel; the day was so frightfully oppressive and heavy after the heavy rain in the night. We had a very pleasant dinner at Mr. Butler's, who sent his carriage for us; he lives out beyond the racecourse, in a very snug little house, crammed with a fine collection of old porcelain. Mr. B. is a very keen artist in this line, and has got together a great number of very rare and valuable pieces, which he showed us with great interest, enlarging upon the merits and history of each. There were present, also a Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who gave us some "tips" for Peking, having, contrary to Shanghai custom, been up to that ancient city—a doctor on one of the "Blue Funnel" line now in port, and the messmate and co-partner of Mr. Butler, whose name fails me at this moment. They were both very nice and extremely hospitable, and most anxious to be of service to us.

#### JOURNAL XXXIV.

*In the Yellow Sea. On Board SS. "Saku," bound for Tientsin.*

*April 6th.*—We came on board at Shanghai on Monday night ready for a start at dawn next morning. But it rained cats and dogs all the evening and night, with a playful accompaniment of thunder and lightning, which retarded the loading operations, and it was 9 A.M. before the anchor was up, and we were dropping down the river with

a strong tide under us. About 2 o'clock we had to lay to for about five hours, as it was blowing too hard out at sea to allow us to venture forth in the face of things, and judging from the heavy swell that was lolling about yesterday, I can quite fancy the sea had been a good bit disturbed, and our ship would not be over comfortable in dirty weather, I fancy. She is only about 600 tons burden, and rather low in the water, and her decks, even in the little sea that was running, were sprinkled pretty freely, and with really heavy seas would have been unpleasantly washed. As it was we had a nasty day of it on Tuesday, with cold wind, heavy rain, and generally "beastly" weather, and I can't say we spent a pleasant afternoon "lolloping" about at anchor, with a greasy-looking atmosphere around us, and a muddy solution of the same colouring to apologise for the sea. We are the only passengers on board, and though the accommodation is not large we have room enough and to spare, and a comfortable cabin to ourselves. The captain is a very Scotch Scotsman, speaking about the "wurld," only with at least fifteen more *r*'s in it. He is a bit of a Tartar on board, and sits upon his wretched officers and men, who seem in mortal fear of his every look. When he found out we were not to be intimidated by his "cold grey eye," he made himself more affable, and we chat away agreeably enough at meals, which is about the only time we see him. The best point in his favour is that he is a staunch Tory, and consequently anything but an admirer of the present Head of the Government. His chief engineer goes to the other extreme. Consequently we have furious political arguments occasionally, generally very bigoted on either side, but rather amusing to listen to, and they serve to pass the time. To-day we have been steaming along in sight of land, having passed the big promontory, the easternmost point of China, this morning, and Cheefu about 3 o'clock. There has been a delightful change in the weather, and it has been beautifully clear and bright all day—sea like a lake, though rather "greeny-yallery" in colour, so faithful it is to its name.

### *Tientsin, Globe Hotel.*

*April 8th.*—At last we are here, though we have been a long time getting over the last sixty miles. All day yesterday we were at anchor outside the mouth of the river, shifting some of our cargo on to a lighter, so as to allow us to get over the bar. It was nearly 6 o'clock before we were sufficiently lightened, and the water sufficiently high to admit of our entering the river, and then we did not get very far up, as the river is very narrow and very tortuous. The navigation is consequently difficult at night, especially with a number of junks about, and we came to an anchor soon after dark. This morning as soon as the tide served we were off again, but our progress was still very slow. There is unusually little water in the river at present, and what with the sharp corners and the fact

of running aground periodically we advanced very slowly. At last, about 10 o'clock, we stuck fast in the mud; and as after waiting half an-hour, by which time the tide had turned again, we were still hard and fast in the mud, and there was no prospect of our getting in till night, and after relieving the ship of the remainder of her cargo, we decided to go on shore, and do the rest of the distance by land, being at the time only a couple of miles from the town. Tientsin is situated about fifty miles up the "Peiho," a river very difficult, as I have said, of navigating at any time. Yet it is perfectly surprising the number of large vessels which are to be seen lying in the harbour here. They seem quite out of their element, towering over the surrounding flat country in this "little bit of a ditch," as it seems when you look at the large ships floating between the low mud banks, for so narrow is the river here that the vessels actually cannot swing except some way lower down. One time last year the "Saku" when going through this manœuvre just missed the right place, and stuck bow and stern between the banks, and there remained for something like six hours, until the water washed away the bank and set her afloat again. We sent our traps up by sanpan, and ourselves went straight to land and rode in on donkeys, of which there were quite a swarm on the bank. Of course we had hardly set foot on land before we were mobbed by their several owners, and had to fight our way through a frantic crowd of boys and donkeys, who (the boys I mean) laid very violent hands on us. However, we struggled gallantly through them, and then, selecting the best mokes, jumped on their backs and away we go. And we did go in proper style. They were A 1 donkeys, and galloped and trotted along at a fine pace, the owners running behind and encouraging their efforts by fiendish shouts. After passing through several mud hamlets along the water side—oh, how they did smell!—we reached the hotel in about a quarter of an hour, our baggage arriving some little time afterwards. Our first care was to see about means of transport in the way of ponies for ourselves, and a cart for our baggage, bedding, and provisions. We were followed for some way by our donkey boys, who positively refused to look at the 20 cents which we offered them for our mounts (it was probably double their fare); but at last, finding we were not quite so verdant as perhaps we looked, condescended to accept our terms, with very injured, grumbling tones and looks. We found a very civil American, Moore by name, who used till quite lately to keep ponies for hire, but has now given up that branch of his business. But he sent for another "horse dealer," who had taken some of his ponies from him, and with whom we struck our bargain. We only saw two of the ponies, but they look very likely animals, and one of them has a reputation in the hunting field!! for there seem to be great hunts here among the foreigners, both wild fox and paper!! The French and English Consulates were our next move, where we applied for our passports for the journey, and then, after getting rid of our silver, returned to tiffin. This same silver is a



great weight off our minds and pockets, as it was cumbersome to carry, and we have now changed all except a few dollars for a draft on a house in Pekin, or rather a letter of credit, which we were unable to do from Shanghai. There is really no currency whatever in China, all business transactions being carried on by weight of silver, "taels," about five of which roughly go to the dollar—the Mexican dollar, that is, which is admitted as current in smaller matters, *e.g.*, hotels and retail shops. There is, however, the copper "cash" coinage, a thousand of which go to the dollar, and it is these which are used for the money matters of the lower class. Learnt to-day that many taxes are still paid in kind, and, as an example, our cargo in the "Saku" consisted chiefly of rice bound for Pekin, the tribute from the Southern to the Northern provinces. This brings me to the time being, 3 P.M., and it only remains to commit these lines to the P.O. care.

## JOURNAL XXXV.

### *Tientsin.*

*April 8th.*—We finished the afternoon by taking a canter through the town, or more strictly speaking a trot, as that was about the pace our ponies took us. We had as pioneer our "boy," who is to serve as guide to us during our trip up country. *Boy*, I may remark, is not at all a sign of youth; it is more an official term for any Chinaman used in domestic service. Well, our boy seems a likely looking, decent sort of man, though with the impassive, uninteresting look natural to his countrymen. Already we have seen the difference in the native up here with his more Southern compatriot. The Northerners are considered as much the finer class of man, and certainly the inhabitant of Tientsin goes to confirm the opinion. They seem as a rule a much bigger, better made, stronger lot, and we saw one or two old men to-day who were almost handsome, with their erect figure and broad shoulders, and their faces softened by a white moustache and short pointed beard; the Chinaman being only allowed to grow his beard, or indeed any hair on his face, after a certain age. I am told the difference of type in the different provinces is very striking, and more striking still is the hatred with which they regard each other. A Chinaman of one province will sometimes hardly recognise one of another as being of the same nationality. They do not "hit it off" at all well together either, and it is a fact, I have been told several times, that natives of different provinces will on no account live together, and if compelled by force or circumstances to associate to any degree, they will never think of eating at the same—table(?) I was going to say, or even of the same cooking. A captain of a vessel, too, with a Chinese crew has to take great care not to "mix the breed," or there would soon be "another jolly row downstairs." But I was on my way to the "city." If a

Chinese town is dirty, the suburb is *not* clean, as we have soon learnt trotting through the miserable collection of filthy mud hovels which separates the foreign settlement from the better part of the town. The population swarms, ditto the stinks—the latter being naturally of a refined and varied kind—as we wind through a maze of narrow crowded streets, the houses all more miserable-looking one than another. Things improve a little as we get into the more polished quarter, though here the streets are narrower, and consequently more crowded. Everybody, too, is rushing about, apparently very intent on the business of the hour, and we have to look out sharp not to run over anybody. I narrowly escaped knocking one lady down, and another time my gee had a good try to say his prayers: he crossed his legs, and then went floundering along with his nose to mother Earth, till at last he made up his mind, and reserved his devotions for another time. George, too, was flying about from one house to another on his fiery shying piebald. No damage done, though. The Chinese shopkeeper has a curious way of advertising his wares, though I suppose it is something like the old London 'prentice, after all. The draper of Tientsin, for instance, stands in his shop front sorting a heap of clothes over from right to left, and then back again from left to right when the heap is finished, and all this time he is shouting out with an eagerness which threatens seriously to try his lungs, and in a dreary monotonous drone, singing the praises, I presume, of his goods. But he is not alone in his vociferations. Every other shop has a brawler to let people know what bargains they are losing by not buying at his store, this gentleman being relieved at different intervals, I believe, by a brother in the business. This din goes on from morning till night incessantly, and added to the general hum of hundreds and hundreds of voices, passing to and fro, it is really distracting—confined, too, as it is, within such a narrow compass. I really can't make out where all the people stow themselves away. I had heard that the Chinese had a wonderful capacity for compressing themselves into a very small space for sleeping accommodation, but I am almost beginning to believe that sardines in boxes are a joke to them. Beyond the above sights and sounds we saw nothing of particular note, except some good silk and fur shops. In the latter were some good skins, including tigers, bears, foxes, &c. The last animal was especially common, and there were several cloaks, &c., made up of a whole lot of foxes' heads or legs sewn together.

*Ho-si-wu village, on the road to Peking.*

*April 9th.*—So far so good. We left Tientsin this morning at 6 o'clock, our baggage having gone on a couple of hours before in charge of the "boy." Our pioneer for the road was the "Mafoo," our groom extraordinary in charge of the cavalry division, a reserved but decent sort of boy, a good horseman, and speaking tolerable

English. I may dismiss the road and its incidents in a very few words. We had been told the country was dead flat, but if there is any word in the English language to signify something flatter still, I should like to make use of it. For the whole forty miles it is one dreary plain—cultivated plentifully, it is true, but just now there are scarcely any crops showing, and the land seems a vast arid wilderness. The only attempt at a rise in the ground is seen in the graveyards. These are very plentiful. The coffins are just put on the ground, or half sunk in, and a mound raised over them, varying in height from about 2 feet to 6 feet. These, it must be understood, are not at all methodically arranged; there is no regular cemetery, but the coffins seem to be stuck down anywhere, while the work of cultivation is in no way disturbed, and the crops are raised very happily all around and between the tombs. The country does not seem thickly populated, judging from the villages we passed through, which were few and far between; but there must be a good number of people to till the land, which is very carefully cultivated; there doesn't seem an acre of waste. We met a number of countryfolk on the road, and in the fields, too, so I suppose they must stow themselves away somewhere. Beggars, too, were very prolific, and lined especially the latter part of our road; old men and women and young children, the brats being as usual sent trotting after us by their elders when we got out of shouting distance from these latter. I must say, though, as a rule they seemed a very well-to-do class of beggar. The whole tone of the countrymen, though poor, seemed active and hard-working. They undoubtedly get a darker hue as you get among the traces of Tartar blood, and we passed many an old fellow whose natural mahogany was tanned almost black. They were rather a fine-looking set of men than otherwise—in stature, that is; in face, though an improvement on the Southerners, I can't call them taking. I need hardly say, from what I have already remarked on the towns, that the villages are not inviting-looking places. The smells are really not as bad as I expected, but there is such a wretchedly untidy, dirty, uncared-for look about the tumbled-down mud houses and hovels, and the inhabitants certainly look well matched for them. The common beast of draught and burden is the donkey. He is the Jack of all trades, from the plough to the pack-horse, and they trudge along merrily under large loads. I believe the Chinese think much more of the moke than any other animal, and there is no doubt all the animals I saw looked very well fed and cared for, and did credit to their masters' attention and their own species. I never saw such jolly donkeys. The mules, I should think, come next in point of numbers, but there are not many horses or oxen, though these animals are used, and I saw several teams made up of all four beasts. We also passed a small drove of camels on the road, loaded, I suppose, with the balms and spices of the land!! They looked quite Oriental. We stopped for tiffin about 11 o'clock, our meal being taken, with the exception of eggs and rice, from our own store of

eatables, which had arrived before us in the cart. The "sun's perpendicular rays" pitched down upon us uncommonly warm, as we booted and saddled again, and, notwithstanding a nice breeze in our backs, we had a good baking ride before we got in here, shortly before 5. Our ponies are nothing very particular one way or the other. I think—I may say I'm sure—they have all seen better days; still, if you don't hurry them they go along pretty well. George's has a decided objection to letting his rider mount, and as he comes near turns sharp round, and tries to knock him down. He succeeded, too, with Henri as we were starting this morning, and before we were aware of his playful little ways, sent him sprawling on his back on the ground! He is the only wag of the pony party, though; the others are very demure. Mine is not a fast mover, nor, I think, will he ever kill himself with work. This peculiarity I soon discovered, and accordingly armed myself with a long bamboo, which had an instantaneous effect. The length alone, I think, frightened him, and when he got accustomed to that I could curl it round behind his quarters and tickle up his tail, when he would go along like greased lightning—except, indeed, the last few miles in, when he began to get callous to all calls upon him, and his head began to get very low, and his pace very stiff and slow, when fortunately we reached our hostelry. It is not very much to look at, this same hotel, but an ordinary, maybe a good, specimen of a Chinese accommodation. At any rate, the place is passably clean, and, above all, free from the fragrant odours, so we have not much to complain of. We have a couple of small rooms, roughly paved with bricks, looking out on to a good-sized courtyard, and with a raised stone daïs on which to stretch our weary limbs to-night. I daresay we shan't need rocking after our day's work. I think none of us were sorry to be at our journey's end, as, though *nothing was lost on the way*, we began to find our saddles a little hard. The saddles, by the way, were very fair indeed, of English make, and mine was by no means uncomfortable—an agreeable surprise. As to the state of the roads, I was just as glad not to be travelling along them in a cart, though in this dry weather they are in comparatively a good state—that is to say, they are caked hard and rough, and the ruts only go down from 8 to 12 inches; but after rain they must be simply a sea of mud, a succession of "sloughs of despond," judging from the metal of which they are formed, and the look of a few soft places we saw.

*April 10th.*—Our inn last night was certainly primitive enough and simple enough to suit most people. The yard rather resembled a small fair. It was crammed with carts, horses, mules, and donkeys, the animals roaming about at liberty at their own sweet will, the donkeys occasionally giving tongue and awakening the night echoes in rather an unpleasant key. Our dinner was not altogether a success, as either the water, the cooking utensil, or the culinary efforts of our boy, or perhaps all three combined, did not do justice to Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell's preserves. However, hunger

covered a multitude of sins, and we were soon all ready for bed. For bed!—I'm afraid that is straining the Queen's English a little too far. When we asked in our innocence for some sort of mattress or coverings to form a couch, we found out that the house boasted none of these luxuries, so the only protection from the stone flags was the piece of matting, but this fortunately was quite clean. It was rather a hard bed, but I got into my pajamas and ulster and was soon sleeping, if not sweetly, at all events fairly soundly, and only woke up occasionally to listen to the rats, or the tuneful braying of a playful moke. At two o'clock we were routed by our boy coming for our luggage, to start on with it ahead of us in the cart, and we had to return our pillows, which we had fortunately brought with us, as they were rather too much to carry on the ponies. There was not much more sleep to be had, anyhow. We "kept our beds" for an hour or two more, and finally got off by daylight, after a rather unsatisfactory breakfast, consisting of bread and butter and devilled ham. That part was all right, but the unsatisfactory part was the drink, the tepid water being so particularly nasty that it quite interfered with the natural "grateful and comforting" effects of the cocoa. However, we managed to laugh a good bit over the situation, which was certainly rather absurd, but did not do us much harm. We got off then about 5 o'clock, the nags all rather stiff—indeed, mine gave serious indications of "throwing it up" for the first five miles. After that he took a more hopeful view of affairs, and put his best foot foremost as willingly as his physical infirmities allowed him. Which the best foot was it would be hard to say. He developed quite a new style of going to-day—quite original, but not one to be adopted generally, I think. I really do not know in what order he set to work to move his legs, it was an art of its own; but I may safely say that a more uncomfortable mover I have never been outside. The country was perhaps a shade of an improvement on yesterday, and there were a few more trees about here and there to cover the nakedness of the land. Otherwise is was very much a repetition of our yesterday's ride. The last five or six miles in were very punishing to the poor "quads," after a forty-mile journey, and not a little to their already dusty riders. The road was fetlock deep in fine sand, which, raised by the wind and the horses' feet in horrid clouds, penetrated the innermost recesses of our nose, mouth, and eyes. The walls of Pekin were a welcome and certainly an imposing sight about 3 o'clock. We are not exactly in a mood to admire the beautiful and ancient, and the odours of—well, *not* sanctity—which we encountered before arriving at the hotel were not calculated to give us a favourable impression of the imperial and celestial city. However, a welcome drink, and a still more welcome bath, got rid of a good deal of dust, and put us in a more cheerful state of mind and body, and soon after 5 o'clock we found ourselves at the British Legation, asking

for Sir Thomas Wade. Before long we were back again at the hotel, collecting our traps, to go with them to the Legation, as Sir Thomas insisted on our coming to put up with him. So here we are, installed most comfortably as long as we choose to remain. Our host and hostess are as kind and hearty as possible, very nice, pleasant, and sociable in the extreme, and receive us with the utmost courtesy and attention. We are perfectly charmed with them. We have spent rather a different evening to that of yesterday, and in my cosy room I can hardly fancy I am in Peking.

*April 11th.*—We have spent a busy day among some of the sights and dust of the city. After our *café au lait*, served in our bedrooms, we ordered round the horses and sallied forth under the escort of Mr. Moore, a Briton of some long standing and various occupation here, who is thoroughly acquainted with the ins and outs of the place, and whom Sir T. had sent for to help us through. Peking, with the best will in the world, cannot be said to be an attractive place. Everything you see shows dirt, dilapidation, and neglect. The streets are—strange enough for a Chinese town—some of them fine wide thoroughfares, but so untidy, so uncared-for. The streets themselves are in a shocking state, full of holes, or, where the old paved way comes in, a mass of stones, every other one of which has fallen out to an alarming degree, or has disappeared altogether and left a huge hole, as the flags themselves are of quite enormous proportions. But the great feature is the dust, of which virtually the streets are composed: to-day has not been a bad day, there being no very great wind, still we found it quite enough for our liking. In five minutes we were smothered, and remained so, I may almost say, for the rest of the day. Our first venture was to the celebrated marble bridge, where there is a striking and characteristic view of the exterior of the Holy City, and a pretty stretch of water: but I am not prepared to lavish upon it the rhapsodies of Marco Polo—I suppose circumstances are different!! The imperial city is *terra incognita* to the European. No foreigner has ever set foot within the walls, so that you see only the walls and roofs of the buildings. We passed through several of the chief streets on our way, but, as I say, there is a wretched look of carelessness about them, and an utter absence of any sort of attempt at order or repair. And I find the same thing in the temples, where everything gives you the idea of a desire to tumble to pieces. Weeds are rampant in the courtyards, walls conspicuous from the absence of stones, the outer woodwork all crumbling and rotten—in fact, they all seem as if they were supposed to be old enough to take care of themselves. Our afternoon was devoted to the inspection of these. We went back to tiffin at 12 o'clock, when there was present one of the students of Chinese attached to the Legation, Joly by name, with whom we have settled to join forces in our expedition to the Great Wall. After

tiffin we called at the French Legation, found Mons. Bourré at home, and accepted an invite to dinner there to-morrow night. We then went off to the temples. There is a horrid system of "squeeze" prevailing, and, I am told, increasing, at these places; and not only at every temple but at every gate that you pass through you are "squoze" to the tune of about 25 cents, or whatever the priest likes to make you pay. Directly they get sight of a foreigner they rush and shut all the gates and doors, and then generally five minutes at least is occupied in coming to terms. You have to be careful, too, not to offend any standing customs or rules, or you are likely to be mobbed and roughly handled. I believe there has been more than one instance of a row lately on these occasions. This is especially the case at the Temple of Heaven, the most beautiful and interesting sight in Pekin. It is the worshipping place of none but the Emperors, who are sort of *ex-officio* high-priests, and no one is supposed to go inside. Up till lately, though, the doors could be opened by the never-failing silver key, and the priests were not proof against the mighty dollar. Just now neither money nor love will gain admittance, and besides, you run the risk of a broken head. Lord Dalrymple, who was up here the other day, had to cut and run from a shower of stones from a small mob in attendance outside the temple. But, lo! the temples we have seen. The buildings themselves have little or no attraction, and are all in a greater or less state of decay, the chief interest being in some one feature. In the great Hama Temple, where we went first, the enormous "Josh" is the principal sight, and he is a monster. A gigantic figure in wood, carved, you are told, of one solid block, over 80 feet in height, and covered with a species of lacquer, represents the deity, and is a marvellous piece of work. The figure is most beautifully proportioned in every limb and feature, and, notwithstanding the size, is perfectly graceful and natural; the expression of the face, too, when you go up into the galleries of the building and get on a level with the head, is very fine and striking. The image dates about two centuries back, and is the only one of its size and make to be seen. There are several magnificent bronzes in this temple—one especially, a large vase, standing 20 feet high, and considered the finest piece of the sort ever made; I think it would be rather hard to beat. At this temple we came in for the daily evening service, which was being performed in three different buildings in slightly modified degrees of ritual. The general idea was a prolonged intoning by a great number of priests together, sitting in rows of six or eight, behind one another. In one place there must have been, men and boys, a choir of nearly a hundred. The boys sang in their natural voices on one rather high note. The men got the same note pretty true, but I should be sorry to say how many octaves lower. How they got down there was a mystery to me; it was quite sepulchral, and had I not seen that there was no mechanical contrivance I should have said they were helped by some instrument. The intoning is kept up almost

incessantly by the hour, I believe, the monotony being varied by different sorts of manipulations and waving of arms, putting on and taking off of head gear, ringing of bells, and banging of gongs. The next temple we visited was one of the great ones of Confucius, where we saw tablets by the score, with original inscriptions cut on them of the sayings and doctrines of the great man. There is also a celebrated collection of marble "drums." The "Hall of Classics," a short distance from the Confucian Temple, gave us a deal of hard bargaining to effect an entrance. Here is a handsome porcelain arch, and a ring of little marble bridges leading to the chief hall, which is built in the middle of a sort of pond, and has a very pretty effect, surrounded by water. After this we got on our ponies, and rode off to the Yellow Temple, situated about a mile outside the walls. The feature of this, a large kind of monument of peculiar shape, beautifully sculptured in marble. The eight reliefs round it contain a series of groups of figures, evidently historical, which are wonderfully carved, the expression of some of the faces being very good indeed. One especially took my fancy, in which a certain gentleman was evidently lifting up his voice and weeping in deep grief at the loss of some dear departed, whose coffin is seen in the foreground. Another man is apparently not so moved, and seems to be putting out his tongue in a very rude way at the sorrow-stricken relative. The "Joshes" round the monument are beautifully carved. The dome-shaped top, the priests tell you, is solid gold; but I beg to take the statement *cum grano*. We had to hustle back pretty quickly over the plain and back to the walls, so as to get in before the gates were shut, as once closed for the night no power on earth will open them till next sunrise, and we should have had to spend the night indifferently well in a native inn or under the starry heavens. Fortunately this fate was not in store for us, though I don't think we had a great deal of time to spare. It was nearly half-past 7 before we got back to the Legation, and we only just had time to pitchfork on our change of garments and present ourselves for dinner. There was a Mr. Carles attached in some capacity to the Legation, and with him and our kind host and hostess we spent another delightful evening.

*April 12th.*—We had a very successful excursion to-day to the Summer Palace, which is well worth the visit. We started at 8.30, with Moore again as cicerone. Sir Thomas was to have sent one of his escort with us, as Moore at first thought he could not get away. However, he turned up just as we were going off, so took the pony intended for the guide that was to have been, and away we go. The said pony was a regular brute of a beast, and at first there was no getting him to go at all. Rib-roasting was no good, and he only looked round and laughed at the mild suggestions of the hunting crop. At last I took the whip in hand and tried what a little "tickle Toby" from behind would do. Immense success! Under the influence of the lash he soon mended his ways and his pace, and for the rest of the way I continued riding behind him, rousing his latent



energies—for it was simple obstinate laziness, and he could go well enough when a little wholesome irritation was applied to his tail. An hour's ride brought us outside the city walls, and another hour across several by-roads and paths landed us at the "Bell Temple," where is the celebrated bell, the largest one hung in the world, I believe. The Moscow one is, they say, larger, but that is resting on the ground. This one is hung in one of the temples of the enclosure, and is indeed a magnificent piece of casting. The weight is put at about 150 tons, but I am not at all sure as to the correctness of that; they seemed very hazy as to its reputed weight in Chinese measurement, and the proportion of that to English weights seems also doubtful. The height I should put at about 20 feet. The bell itself is one mass, inside and out, and from top to bottom, of Chinese characters. I had not time to read them all!! but they give among other information a history of the bell and the date of its casting, about five centuries ago. It is only sounded when rain is being prayed for; consequently they do not like it being touched at other times, but we managed to give it one fair bang, and the tone and vibration were splendid. It is hung on one solid beam of wood, and it speaks well for the workmanship of those who had the fixing of it that it has lasted without accident all these years. In three-quarters of an hour from the Bell Temple we reached the site of the ancient palace, which is in a perfect spot for a summer residence, just at the beginning of the mountains, itself built on the slopes of a considerable eminence overlooking a large lake, and a fine tract of cultivated plain, with the city of Peking rising in the distance, and a fine range of mountains enclosing it on the other side. In the middle of the lake is a small island, joined to the mainland by the "seventeen-arch bridge," a beautiful and graceful structure. There are two other fine bridges across different streams seen a little way off, with extremely fine, lofty, single spans. On the border of the lake just opposite the palace is a fine bronze casting of a cow, life-sized—a sacred cow, I believe, but that has not prevented some vandal of a tourist breaking off the tail of the poor creature and going off with it in triumph. The story adds that the Chinaman who was acting guide to this good gentleman on the occasion was rewarded by having his head cut off, for calmly allowing such desecration. The remaining form of the cow is a beautiful piece of work, and so true to nature in the position of the legs and body. We then entered the palace grounds, and before inspecting the place proceeded to fortify ourselves internally. Our tiffin we had sent on in a cart, and we found it awaiting our arrival. Having selected a lovely spot under an old pavilion, just on the edge of the lake, we were soon discussing a tip top game pie and other delicacies, which the *maitre d'hôtel* at the Legation had put up for us. That over, and feeling a great deal better for the performance, we proceeded to have a look at the ruins. There is nothing but very literal ruins to be seen. We strolled on, winding up the hill among masses of brick rubbish, broken porcelain,

fragments of marble columns, monuments, arches, statues, &c., on which the remains of beautiful sculptures are alone visible. Some have more perfect traces than others, and enough of the general idea of the palace and the plan of the different pavilions and buildings is left to show what a magnificent place it must have been. The gardens stretch along the water's edge, and from them the ruins stretch up along the hillside. Here and there you come across little bits which have escaped the fire and sword and the subsequent ravages of the more modern vandal. Among these are a fine pair of marble lions and a very handsome marble arch; also at the entrance of the grounds two huge bronze lions, which are left quite intact. They are the most splendid works of the sort I can well imagine for their size and symmetry, and the exquisite fine work round them. The only vestige of walls in anything like order is the temple quite at the top of the hill, the walls of which are entirely faced with little niches and figures in porcelain of very fine work. A porcelain arch, too, in front is tolerably free from damage. But even here the visitor has helped to destroy what little there was left of all this beautiful work, and the greater number of the little figures within reach have been beheaded or otherwise shamefully mutilated to be taken away as curios and souvenirs by these brutes. It is really disgusting to see such wanton devastation. As to the original destruction of the palace I am not going to dilate at length. It certainly seems at first to have been a shameful thing to have destroyed wholesale such beautiful works of art, and one's first feeling is to be furious at such refinement of modern revenge. But I suppose there is something in the fact that it was the only way effectively to punish the Emperor for his rank treachery and barbarous cruelty to Sir Harry Parkes and other of our countrymen. There is another thing, too, which is not apparent at first, which is that the whole ruins have been reduced to their state as seen now by the Chinese themselves, partly by individual spoilers, and partly, I believe, to prevent the Emperor putting the country to the expense of restoring the palace. For when the French and English soldiery had done their worst, enough was left of the original buildings for them to have been restored in great part, but the expense would have been so enormous that the Ministers connived at their being further pulled about so as to preclude the possibility of the undertaking. The view from the top of the hill is very fine all round, and looking down one can follow out the general lie of the palace buildings down to the gardens along the lake. The porcelain and white marble work must have been magnificent, and the general design as a whole tasteful and beautiful in the extreme, and costly to a very considerable tune. We spent some time poking about the ruins, and examining little relics and large, wandering among delightful retreats and nooks artificially arranged in rock-work, and picking up odds and ends of broken bits of porcelain, one or two of which we took away with us from the heap of rubbish and general wreck. It was about 2 o'clock when

we again mounted our ponies and returned back to Pekin along one of the delightful paved roads which are common in the neighbourhood of the city. They are works of art in their way, and it must have been no joke moving and placing the enormous blocks of stone of which these old highways are formed. Now, their state is something too horrible in most places. They have never had anything in the way of repairs done to them since first the flags were fixed, and in consequence they now present a series of ups and downs—of gigantic fissures, I might almost call them, where the stones have been worn away or sunk with the earth, to such an extent that there are no two together which have any pretension to the same level. It is almost needless to add that a six or eight-mile jog along such a pavement was not altogether agreeable. John Chinaman is in sad need of extensive alterations in more ways than one! Arriving at the city walls we found a further pleasure in store for us, and changed the hardness of the stones for dense clouds of dust, which half blinded us and made us quite savage. The day had been perfect outside, clear and blue sky, and not too warm; but the gentle zephyr which tempered the heat stirred the Pekin dust to a disagreeable extent; but this is nothing, and is looked on as a mere common occurrence. The feeble attempt made to water the street is only of very little temporary good, and hardly compensates other rather unpleasant results arising therefrom. A good tub, though, and a refreshing cup of tea at our hospitable quarters, soon set us to rights, and altogether, despite a rather rough ride home, we had a very jolly day, and a most interesting one. In the evening we dined at the French Legation. There was no one besides Mons. and Madame Bourré and the first sec., Mons. de Semallet, though Sir Thomas came in later on in the evening, and kept us some time in roars of laughter with some anecdotes of Lady Wade's puppies. Sir Thomas himself is not a lover of pets, even of the canine race, and his descriptions in French of their misdemeanours in general, and the wretched puppies in particular, were most amusing. One he declared was "*grotesquement laid*," but I cannot render his delightful expressions, nor the accent or pantomime in which they were given. The rooms at the Legation are a very handsome suite, and most tastefully furnished. M. Bourré is a great connoisseur and collector of porcelain, bronzes, old silks, &c., and has a very valuable and extensive collection: shelves and tables being crowded with them on every side.

*April 13th.*—We left the Legation this morning at 8.30, in company with Mr. Joly, one of the students, our baggage train of clothes, provisions, and bedding, stowed in two carts, having been despatched an hour or so before. I changed horses with our mafoo to-day, as I was unable to appreciate fully the shuffling paces of my Arabian. The change was a decided improvement, my new pony having really some pretensions to trotting, being, besides, of a

naturally more willing nature, and altogether a pleasanter mount. We endured tortues of dust going out of the town, the wind being right in our faces, and in five minutes from starting we were black, almost choked, and nearly if not quite blind. Once clear of the walls we were pretty free from the dusting we suffered at first, and had a pleasant though uneventful ride of fifteen miles to our mid-day halting-place, where we caught up our commissariat and regaled ourselves with tiffin. The country, on getting under weigh again, if not exactly pretty, was not too monotonous, as the trees and crops had a little to say for themselves, and a range of mountains, rather bare, but rough and broken, stretched away in front of us. We met a great quantity of large droves of camels on the way, bringing down grain from the north. I don't think I am exaggerating when I say we must have passed close upon a thousand of these animals during the day—such horrible, mangy-looking, ungainly brutes. George declares they are æsthetic. The last five miles was a frightfully rough bit, more like the bed of a torrent than anything, with big stones all over the place. Our pace was reduced to a very slow walk, and how the carts got over the ground without being upset is a mystery to me. We reached Manhou, a once important walled city at the foot of the pass which bears its name, at a quarter to 6, after some thirty miles' ride. As there was not much chance of our impediments arriving for some little time—we had passed them some six miles back—we strolled out to spend the time loafing about the town. In the course of our walk Joly got into conversation with a very smelly and affable native, who ended by asking us to sit down in his porch. We did so, and soon had a small crowd of extremely savoury, high-bodied Johnnies around us, *pawing* our clothes, &c., and generally taking stock of our persons, dress, and effects. Our knives and belts, and jewellery had, I think, the greatest attraction for them, though they were very much "fetched" by my breeches and leggings, and kept on feeling me down like a horse. Returning to the hotel we found our baggage safely arrived, and we were soon turning our attention to things prandial, and, need I add, with marked success. Our night's quarters seem a vast improvement on our last experience, in point of general order and comfort, though the arrangement of the room is the same.

*April 14th.*—7.30 A.M. saw us away, mounted on donkeys, that animal being considered better to get over the rough road to the wall. Our ponies thus got a good day's rest, and they wanted it, poor beasts! Rough, the road certainly was; scarcely, indeed, a road; rather more like the rough bed of a *moraine*. The path rises very gradually between bleak and desolate mountains, the only sign of any colour being here and there a small orchard of fruit trees, apricot and cherry, I believe, just now in full blossom. On the way, too, were several minor walls, or the remains of such, running across the valley and up the slopes on either side, with here and there a tumble-down

fortress or beacon tower; but with the best will in the world it cannot be called a pretty bit. Our mokes took us along very steadily and well over the thirteen miles. We got off periodically, as much for our sakes as theirs, as the mere sort of pad, such as is used by the people when riding them, formed our only saddles, and were not over comfortable for a long spell. There was no lack of animation on the road. Strings of ponies, mules, donkeys, and camels we met or passed constantly, laden with all sorts of goods; this being one of the great thoroughfares up to the North. Once or twice we met a few luxurious swells travelling in a sedan borne on the backs of ponies, these animals being fastened into the shafts of the carriage before and behind. We reached the Great Wall at about quarter-past 12, and proceeded to eat a classical lunch on the top. (By the way, our tiffin, to our no little disappointment, was very involuntarily shortened by the lack of a box of sardines, which was to have been put up, and which had been inadvertently substituted by a tin of sausages. Rage and disappointment of the hungry tourists.) This bit of the wall is not *the original* Great Wall, which is further north again, and was built 200 B.C., but a branch line of the same, and quite as useless an undertaking, constructed in the fifteenth century. I have said "quite as useless," for, indeed, it seems a quite absurd waste of money to go and build a continuous line of defence over more than two thousand miles of country, and it has never been of any practical good. The capital sunk in material and manual labour must have been enormous. Of course now they are absolutely of not the slightest importance or utility, and are left quite ungarrisoned, and are being allowed to fall into decay. The old wall is very much in this state, but this one we went to see is generally as yet in good repair, though an occasional breach or downfall of bricks begin to give signs of age. It is on an average, I should say, about 25 feet in height, with a breadth of 15, faced with good-sized stonework. The interior is formed of earth and brick, so that altogether it is pretty substantial. You have a good idea of the immense amount of labour expended on it as you watch how it winds through and over the mountains, up and down. The highest eminences are always chosen for its course, and on each is situated a strong watch-tower, so as to command the whole country most effectually. We climbed up along the wall after tiffin to the highest of these about, and from there had an extended view of the neighbourhood, and got a first-rate idea of the wall. After examining these we lay down to examine more minutely the immediate architecture around, and such was the depth of our scraping that by degrees the conversation slackened, and we were left each wrapped in his own thoughts, which, I suppose, rambled back to the memories of past ages, the annals of bygone races, the history and traditions of the country we were visiting, &c., &c., &c., until we all so far forgot ourselves as to (tell it not in the halls of the antiquarian!) fall sound asleep, stretched out in very unæsthetical—nay, positively Philistine—attitudes, our dreams

probably taking anything but a classical or artistic turn, until I suddenly returned to the realities of life, and awoke to the fact that it was nearly half-past 2 o'clock. As it had taken us nearly five hours to come, there was evidently no time to dawdle any more, so I roused my colleagues, and we walked down the ancient battlements and remounted our matter-of-fact donkeys, which were anxiously awaiting our arrival down below. We got along without event, save that one of the asses came down, and George on one of these occasions thought he was on a camel and tried to ride on his moke's neck. The moke not understanding his wishes remained complacently in a prayerful attitude, until relieved of the unwonted burden. I let my "Ned" have an easy time of it, and trusted to my own legs most of the way back, and then I realised what a villainous road it was. I had not fully appreciated the bad going in the morning. The last five miles in were positively fiendish, especially at the end of the day, and I called to mind a certain walk down to Visp three or four summers ago. It was really worse under foot, but there was no sun beating down on us, and the evening was fresh and cool, though it had been warm enough going up in the morning. Still I was not sorry to get back to our inn, and by no means indifferent to restoring the inner man, who was beginning to affect a rather injured state of mind. We have now touched our furthest point north in our travels, and to-morrow begin our southward course. The wall, of course, was the chief object in this part of our trip, and I am well satisfied with the view of it. As a wall it is perhaps not particularly grand, but it is certainly imposing as you see it winding up and down among the mountains, and consider the many, many miles it continues so winding, ascending, descending, and stretching out its mighty length, and think, too, of the vast undertaking the whole construction was, and the comparatively short time it took to complete it—men being summoned from all parts of China to aid in the work. I was forgetting our Yankee tourists whom we met on the wall: two of them there were, bearing their nationality strongly marked on their faces. We learnt yesterday after leaving Peking that they were on the road, so, after tiffin, sent on our mafoo to keep the bedrooms at Nanhau, and succeeded in anticipating them there.

*April 15th.*—We left Nanhau at a quarter to 8, and had a pleasant ride along the foot of the mountains for ten miles, to the tombs of the Emperors of the Ming dynasty. For the benefit of those not up in Chinese history I may mention that the last of these "bosses" put an end to his own life in 1644, when his family were ousted by the present race of Emperors. The Mings number thirteen crowned heads, who all are buried under the hills in this neighbourhood, and each has a large enclosure to himself for his bones to rest in. We contented ourselves with looking at one, the finest and largest; I believe they are all very much alike. While we were waiting outside the gates for the porter to arrive with the key, the American pair drove up in state, with three carts and a pony, on

which was seated one of the gentlemen. We did not fraternise very greatly, though, beyond a passing "Good morning." The burial ground is a large piece of ground enclosed by a high wall. Within the walls it is divided into three, two walls being built across at unequal lengths. As you enter you see on the right a small pagoda, inside which is a large marble tablet, with—doubtless suitable—inscriptions, mounted on the back of a large tortoise of a rather fanciful cut, also in marble. In the middle of the first wall is another pavilion, with fine marble terraces on either side and well-carved pillars. In the next courtyard are two small porcelain shrines, and beyond that again is the great hall, with the shrine of the great man, at which the present descendants come to worship and look after their revered ancestor. The hall itself is a grand, large place, supported on a number of splendid solid pieces of timber, which must have been brought from a long way, as there are no trees approaching the size within miles of here. The decoration has at one time been very gorgeous, but there is but a faint relic now to tell the tale of former beauty. The woodwork, too, is crumbling and rotting away at a sad pace. The marble terraces on both sides of this building are extremely handsome—in three tiers, and with all the little pillars beautifully carved with designs of birds and animals, principally the dragon and the phoenix. There are some fine marble slabs, too, laid along the stairs, with magnificent figures of the imperial dragon sculptured on them. You go through a fine gateway into the next division, and there you see a large marble altar with the suitable vessels for sacrificing, and directly in front rises a splendid, massively built pagoda, built on a terrace with a splendid frontage of about 100 feet, the walls of which are some 60 or 70 feet high. You get up on to this terrace by means of an interior stairway, and underneath the pagoda is an enormous monumental tablet, perched on a marble tortoise proportionally sized. Behind is a wooded hill, and here are the actual mortal remains of the Emperor lying under the sod. Altogether it is a striking place, but in bad repair; the present relatives being too poor to keep up the tombs of their ancestors with becoming style. We went and sat ourselves under the shade of a venerable cedar in the first court, and there discussed a mere egg before proceeding on our way. Our cavalry was in great form to-day after their long day's rest yesterday, but I congratulated myself on having resigned my shuffling steed, as he came tumbling down well on to his nose once, sending the mafoo sprawling, but happily he was not much the worse. My little bay, who has evidently been a good one—I call him Methuselah—jogged along very merrily. Leaving the tombs we turn westward, along the road which forms the main approach, and after a couple of miles, passing underneath an archway, find ourselves in a long avenue of marble beasts, larger than life-size, which stand lining either side of the road for about half-a-mile, when there is another arched gateway. The animals are drawn up in pairs opposite one another, and each pair is represented in different

positions: thus, two pair of horses, one standing the other kneeling; the latter is decidedly a fanciful position, and the artist must have taken out a special licence to contort the noble animal into such a position, as I'm sure most horses would be puzzled to go down on their knees with their hindquarters under them, even under Mr. Hengler's tuition. Then comes a quite fancy animal, name and origin unknown; then the elephant and camel, both exceedingly good; and two species of lions. They present a very quaint appearance as you go down between the rows of these mammoths, and from a little distance the effect is extremely good, and the animals, or some of them, have quite a life-like appearance. About four miles further we reached the village of "Jumping Joe," or a Chinese word sounding very much like these, and there ordered a halt for the mid-day meal. We were agreeably surprised to find here that Joly's boy had found us some excellent mutton cutlets, and the same individual further displayed his culinary science in making us an exquisite omelette. Our night's quarters were another ten miles further on, and we found ourselves there about 5.30. The place is noted for its hot springs, so we of course went down to have a look at what they were like, having a warm tub in view. We found the bath establishment a rambling, dilapidated, dirty sort of place. It seemed to have had greater pretensions at some former date, but I suppose that must have been in the good old days, before washing went out of fashion in China. The bath-house itself did not look particularly inviting, more especially as we saw a native coming out of it as we got there, who had been going to the expense of a bath, but there was in the middle of the yard a large open sort of tank, where the spring itself rose, offering a jolly swim. The only two things which presented any difficulty were, first, that we didn't know the temperature of the water, whether we should be pickled alive; secondly, how, once in, we could get out again, as it was not meant to bathe in, and there was a high wall round it, which made getting out again a very difficult performance, and also prevented us seeing how hot the water was. We asked for a rope, but no such article was at hand, and we were told no one had ever bathed there, and the water was very deep. We were not to be put off, though, and Joly suddenly bethought him of his sash which he wore round his waist. This looked strong enough, so to the great amazement and disgust of the Chinamen, who were most anxious to absolve themselves beforehand from any result of our obstinacy, and to shift the responsibility on us, I proceeded to divest myself of my clothes and try the ground. Finding my toes were not scalded when I dipped them in, I slipped over the wall and had a most delicious swim, George and Henri following. It was most refreshing after our ride. We pulled each other out without a great deal of difficulty by means of our extempore rope, which answered the purpose well, and I think the Chinamen were rather disappointed to see us enjoying ourselves and not be drowned. As we returned to our billet we met the



Yankees, now each in a cart, just starting forward again. It turned out afterwards that they had been unable to find accommodation in the village, the only other room being taken by some Chinese travellers. I never quite understood what our lodgings were, as it was not a regular inn. Anyhow, we could not if we had wished it have had the Yankees in with us, as our four mattresses abreast filled up the whole space set aside for sleeping, and the room was none too large, and I can't say we regretted the absence of the American guests.

*British Legation, Peking.*

*April 16th.*—We got over the remaining twenty miles without event, arriving here at 3 o'clock. We have had a very jolly and most successful trip these last few days, the weather being most kind. Once clear of the city we had little or no dust, and though in the middle of the day the sun was warmish, it was never unpleasantly so. Our commissariat department, too, was very well organised, and our two "boys" made themselves very useful. I was just as glad not to have gone with ours alone, as though there is not actually any fault to find with him, he is not at all a pleasant attendant, with his grumpy face and ways. Having Joly with us and speaking the language, however, we were in a manner independent of him, and were safe from his "squeezeings." I fancy the pressure would have been very high if he had us to himself. As it was he was powerless, and we had everything we wanted, though I'm bound to say he let Joly's boy do most of the work. But we thought it best to leave them to themselves, and not interfere as long as it didn't matter to us, and everything "geed" together very well. I don't think I am any more enamoured of the people than I was. Occasionally we came across a pleasant fellow and a few fine-looking northern-blooded men; but on the whole they are not engaging, and very dirty. A "Thank you" seems unknown to them. I believe that there is no direct word in the language, with all its thirty-five thousand and more characters, directly expressive of thanks, and they took good care to be at no pains of circumlocution when a foreigner is in the question.

*April 17th.*—We summoned our former cicerone, Moore, as soon as we were dressed, and under his guidance went off to see the observatory, established on the walls of the city by the Jesuits two or three hundred years ago. Some of the instruments are even older, I believe. They are a collection of the most beautiful bronze works, most artistic in design, of great value and correctness as astronomical instruments. They are in perfect working order still, though but little used now, and are on a very large scale. One of them was sent over by Louis XVI from France, but the rest are of Chinese workmanship, superintended by the Jesuits, and are mostly delightfully complicated and minute. All the figures and marks are in Arabic characters, and are still as distinct and plain as possible, as

also are the various lines, drawn at infinitesimal distances apart. You get a very good view of the city and walls from up here on this terrace above the Tartar walls, and when the distance is clear, which it was not to-day, you have a good view of the mountains. Peking is cut up into three cities by means of these lofty walls. The south end is known as the Chinese town, and is surrounded by a huge brick battlement. Passing through the north boundary you enter the Tartar city, the south wall of which forms the north of the Chinese, and within the Tartar comes the Imperial city, where the walls are not on such a large scale. Inside the Imperial city is the Imperial palace, the holy city within which no European has ever set foot, and the vaunted beauties are only known by the reports, more or less trustworthy, of the Chinese officials. Close by the observatory are the examination halls—the “schools,” in fact, of Peking; but they have nothing much to boast of except extreme untidiness and dirt. The whole place looks more like Smithfield after the cattle have been removed—indeed, I think Smithfield would *walk away*, “hands down. There are a number of little stone cells—thirteen thousand, I think—built in long close rows, where the students are imprisoned during the examination, so that any attempt at “cribbing” is most effectually prevented. There are several halls and other buildings, but they are far from being a credit to the Chinese dons, being more like third rate barns. The German Minister was at tiffin at the Legation; a very nice man he seemed, and with nothing about him to bespeak his nationality. He spoke English perfectly fluently, though with a foreign accent. After tiffin we had a great photographing *séance* with Mr. Moore, which was a very ridiculous performance. We had our stud sent round to the studio, and with Joly and our mafoos joined them there. But it was a long business to get us all properly wheeled into line; the ponies were contrary, the artist in a great state of excitement and fuss. Sir Thomas had warned us of this peculiarity of our friend, and had disapproved of our decision of going to his house, because, as he waggishly put it, he would be “Mo(o)re in repose,” *chez lui*. There was a large and admiring crowd of natives to look at us being “shot,” who took great interest in the proceedings—which was more than the ponies did. It was most amusing to watch the contortions of one of the mafoos putting on a very “photographic” face, and bracing himself together as if he had at least six pokers down his back. At length we succeeded in getting men and horses pretty quiet, and from the look of the negative it did not look too bad. After calling at the French Legation we went down into the Chinese town and did a little shopping, but not very much, as the prices of the vendors are too exorbitant. It was piping hot in the middle of the day, and the thermometer went up to something like 80° Fahr. in the shade, and the dust and odours of anything but sanctity were rampant. The main street is fairly clean and curious, with its blaze of signs outside the shops and across the streets, which are rather wide for a Chinese city. The Tartar city boasts quite wide streets—at least in its main thoroughfares.

*April 18th.*—We had a morning among the Philistines up till tiffin time, 12 o'clock—Philistines, that is, in the garb of silk and curio dealers. The afternoon was chiefly taken up in arranging for our return march, and an expedition to a distant quarter of the town to look at some of the silver work of the place, some of which is very pretty. We thought it advisable to give our noble steeds a day's rest, so, not wishing to foot it two or three miles there and back through the dust, we chartered a couple of carts: thus at the same time performing our duty towards these commodious vehicles, a duty which I hope never to repeat. They hold two passengers (European, that is; I don't know how many Chinamen would squeeze in), besides the driver, who sits on the near shaft, one passenger forming a pendant to him on the other one, while the second victim sits inside. Each position has its own peculiar charm. If you sit inside you are suffocated, outside you are smothered, with the dust. In either case you go through pretty tolerable purgatory: the back seat, perhaps, being the most shaky. One advantage these carts seem to possess is that they have apparently a very stolid centre of gravity, and will go at a very sharp angle without capsizing. Sometimes, it is true, Providence is tempted too far, and a grand spill is the result. It has been cooler to-day, but I'm afraid a dust storm is brewing. What fun!!

### *Ho-si-wu.*

*April 19th.*—Our kind host was up this morning to see us off, and to preside at a very substantial breakfast at 6 o'clock; and about 7.30 we took our last farewell of him and his hospitable quarters, and mounted our trusty "Bunders," who went off quite spirited like after their two days' rest. They did not want very long to steady down, however, and by the time we had passed the walls were their own old selves again. Just as we cleared the city we felt a few spots of rain. It had been threatening since daylight, or rather since yesterday evening, the clouds and thick atmosphere which we had been told predicted dust storms urning out to be rain, which was not at all unacceptable, as it laid the dust a little for us. It came down pretty steadily for an hour or so, but after that cleared up for the rest of the day, and we were able to get dry again before tiffin. The roads were very greasy going for some way, but by degrees we passed out of the tract of moisture, and all the way this afternoon was as dry and rainless as before. The country, though, did not look quite so barren, as there was a show of young wheat struggling into existence, and the trees had made a decided start since we were here a week ago, and showed a tolerably green front. Our inn presents much the same appearance as the last time we were here, so there is no need to expatiate on its varied and various charms

*Globe Hotel, Tientsin.*

*April 20th.*—We roused at 4 A.M. to send off our cart ahead, and ourselves started soon after 5. Our ponies were all more or less cantankerous this morning, and objected to our mounting. I was about ten minutes fastening my waterproof on to my saddle; for as soon as I got it half fixed, no easy operation on this particular saddle, the wily Methuselah would give a start, and down would go the waterproof into the mud. This performance had been repeated two or three times, when at last the five-year-old pretended to be more frightened than ever, and scattered me and the waterproof at the same time, besides scaring the poor old white nearly to death by starting violently back and trying to break free from the manger to which he was tied. The Arabian—the mafoo's horse—was tied to the other side of it, and promptly began to follow his companion's example, so that at one moment they might both have been seen pulling away hard in opposite directions. The effect of this manœuvre was to raise the manger in mid air, and there it hung, suspended between the ponies' noses, each animal hanging on hard, until something gave way, down came the manger with a crash, and away went the released ponies to scamper about the yard. When at last we did get off we found the roads in a bad state of mud, as it had rained heavily in the night, and so we could not get on very fast. But it was a great relief to be free from dust. The day, too, was fine—indeed, in the afternoon the sun came out very hot, and we had a piping hot ride the last twenty miles in, and we were not sorry to be back here, the last part of the way being the flattest and dreariest part of a never exciting ride; our noble steeds were beginning to cry "Hold, enough!" My former mount, which in a fit of generosity I had handed over to the mafoo, shuffled along with a more wonderful gait than ever. One or two ponies began to have serious thoughts of going lame or saying their prayers; but we did not leave them time for either, and they eventually thought better of it, and put off the operations for more mature consideration. My animal, though, was determined not to let me off so easily, so started shying, and tried to make out he was frightened at every object he saw on the road. We arrived here about 4.30, to find a steamer leaving to-morrow morning for Shanghai, but on going to see for berths found them all taken, and, indeed, there were more passengers than the regular number already, and the captain declared there was no means of putting us up—as these boats do not lay themselves out for passengers. Cargo is their chief business, and there are only three or four cabins on board. So we have the pleasure of sticking at this delightful (?) town all to-morrow. We took leave of our boy without a great deal of regret. The mafoo was a much better sort, very ugly and stolid in appearance, but I actually saw his features relax into a grin once at one of the passages of arms between ourselves and our eccentric steeds. He was a most civil and obliging fellow, too, and

is the first Chinaman I have heard say "Thank you," which he did most heartily when we gave him his parting "bonne main."

*On Board the "Sin Nanzing."*

*April 22nd.*—We had a pleasant day's "mudlarking" in the Peiho river, which was not altogether an exciting or exhilarating amusement. We got away from our moorings at Tientsin about 8.30 A.M., and slowly began to drop down the river, scraping the muddy bottom from time to time, and occasionally sticking for a short time, until various "backing asterns," warpings, and other means got us through the alluvial bank below. At last, after about two hours of this fun, we came to a more serious stick—so serious, indeed, that after the usual pullings and haulings had been resorted to, we had to give in for the rest of the day, the tide being now far advanced, and remain *in statu quo* until the returning waters should bring us deliverance from our position. A most charming day we spent, as may be imagined, gazing far afield over the flat banks, and watching the gradually receding waters, and the appearance of the banks of mud which were disclosed to view. At length, about 7 o'clock, we began to commence operations for extricating ourselves from our very one-sided position. These were crowned with success after about an hour's work, and by 8 o'clock we were afloat again, with our nose in the right direction, and steaming slowly down. Except for an occasional thud as we scooped our way through the mud, we seemed to be getting on pretty well, and in a few more reaches would have been out of danger, when rounding one of the sharp bends for which this river is peculiar (the bank sometimes doubling back at something less than a right angle), we touched the mud, and the ship losing steerage way, we glided gracefully into a rustic grove, all among the bushes on the bank. However, after some little difficulty we got out of this mess, and I thought we were straight again, until the next thing I perceived we were right across stream, and a few moments afterwards standing towards Tientsin, and stuck hard and fast in the mud. This time for the night, and it was not till the following (Sunday) morning that we managed to get fairly off and free ourselves from the engrossing bed. The worst bends and the shallowest bits are now past, and we reached the bar about noon. Here we had again to anchor until the tide served for getting out to sea. This we eventually did about 5 o'clock, having thus taken nearly thirty-six hours getting over some fifty miles—a rather satisfactory performance on the whole!! The river is worse than it has ever been this year, owing chiefly to the want of winter and spring rains and freshets to carry away the superabundant mud. We are very comfortably housed on board, with only two fellow passengers—the same Americans who pursued us when we went to the wall. They are a very travelled pair, and really seem to have

taken their time everywhere, and to have appreciated all they have seen. There is still, though, the inseparable Yankee idea of *doing* every place, and from the way they talk you would think they were undertaking some necessary duty, such a thorough business do they make. Having done Europe in previous trips, their *real work* began at Suez, and they are now homeward bound, with only Japan left to finish off. If I have never yet seen a Yankee, there is no doubt I have plenty of opportunity of studying the national character now, one of our friends being the embodiment of a full-blooded American citizen. I say *one* advisedly, as his companion is too much wrapped up in his own thoughts to give you much insight into his character. I never came across such a silent creature, let alone American. I suppose the weight of his associate's eloquence has quite crushed him; or perhaps they have some masonic division of labour, so as to do their work more thoroughly! Anyhow, the friend is the very contrast in conversational powers, and goes ahead twenty-four and a half to the dozen, almost exclusively on the American people—"our institutions," &c. I really envied his extraordinary powers. At first he had it entirely his own way, and, I must say, amused us intensely with his astounding "crackers," and his opinions in extra-superlative language on the superiority of U.S.A. in every branch of every department. Now and then he appeals to "George" in corroboration of some extra startling announcement, but the taciturn George's laconic monosyllables hardly strengthen his case.

*April 24th.*—We have been steaming along to-day through the Gulf of Pechili in beautiful sunshine and smooth sea, and in sight of the east coast. Nothing of particular note, though our captain and first officer are agreeable companions, at meals or on deck. We have a goodly cargo of Chinese passengers, but they are aft and do not trouble us, and they are, for Chinamen, unusually sweet. I went down into their quarters this morning with the captain, and they have beautifully airy accommodation. These passengers form a great portion of the profits of these steamers between Shanghai and Tientsin, and last year this ship alone carried upwards of eight thousand of them in her twenty-three trips.

### *On Board Messageries Maritimes SS. "Djemma."*

*April 30th.*—We got into Shanghai in the "Sin Nanzing" on Wednesday morning, 26th, and put up again at Astor House for the two days we remained. During this time we did nothing very particular, spending our time between Mr. Farrar's, Mr. Butler's, and doing little odds and ends of shopping, having "done" all there was to see when we were here before—that same not amounting to much; and though we managed to pass the time somehow without it hanging on our hands, we were by no means sorry to find ourselves on board this good ship yesterday morning, and by 9 A.M. bidding

farewell to Mr. Butler, who came down to see us off, and the "model settlement," and dropping down the Shanghai River. Once out to sea the wind suddenly freshened, and it was quite cold. We shall be quite warm enough soon, I fancy. We are almost alone on this large vessel so far—*i.e.*, we have only some half-dozen passengers besides ourselves, and we have each of us a large and most comfortable cabin. The arrangements, fittings, order, &c., on board are most complete, and leave little or nothing to be desired, and the decks look just like a large yacht, so neat and trim are they kept. We made a very fast run last night and are now going along well, with a steady breeze behind us. We are in luck as regards our number of passengers, as the last two mails, English and French, have been crammed.

*May 5th.*—We are afloat again after a very pleasant two days at Hong Kong. We anchored outside the harbour on Monday night (1st May), and got up to our moorings off the town soon after daylight next morning. The weather was wretched: very close, and with torrents of rain pouring down; everything on board, on deck or down below, was damp, and one's clothes had a pleasing sensation of moisture, the seats, even in the saloon, being quite wet. About 10.30 Smith\* sent off his boy with a sanpan to bring us on shore, and we landed soon afterwards in a drenching torrent. The rain kept on steadily or violently the whole day, so that there was nothing to be done but poke about up and down the street or read the papers in the club. About 5 o'clock Smith joined us; he had not been able to get away from the office before, and we went up in chairs to his house, about two miles off, at the end of the town on a hill overlooking the bay, and very prettily situated. There is quite a thick growth of trees and shrubs, some of them semi-tropical plants, which make the place very snug and rustic, and the view over the bay on a fine day is extremely pretty. The racecourse, situated in the "Happy Valley," is just at the back, a few minutes' walk from the house, and is a very nice little ground enclosed by hills. G. and H. were put up in neighbouring houses, being billeted with the Commodore and Colonel (?) respectively, while I was housed at Smith's own diggings, a very nice, comfortable little house. Yesterday was not a great improvement in the weather, though the rain was not so fierce, and in the afternoon we hardened our hearts and set off for the "Peak," the hill at the back of the town, and up the slopes of which for a little way the town itself rises; looking very pretty as seen from the harbour, as it mounts up in terraces from the water's edge. The gardens through which we passed are beautifully laid out, and afford some lovely shady walks. The heat was very oppressive, close, stuffy, and damp—a vapour bath would have been a joke in comparison. As we got up higher we got more air, though at the same time we reached the regions of the clouds. This being the case we did not persevere quite up to the Peak, but turned off to the left,

\* An old Eton and B.N.C. friend.

so as to come down on to "Morrison Hill," where Smith's house is. There is a splendid road up all the way, and at the top there are a lot of summer residences: very nice they must be, too, in fine weather, but these necessitate a good many different paths, so that, though our directions had been pretty simple and clear, it was a little difficult to stick to the right road, the fog being now very dense. However, we went on blindly and trustfully until a lift in the clouds suddenly displayed to us the open sea, and we awoke to the fact that we were making straight for the other side of the island, exactly the opposite direction to what we supposed. However, retracing our steps up the hill we soon got right again, and found our way safely down in time to meet Smith, who had just returned from the office, he having been tied to the shop till late. Our walk had not been brilliant in the strict sense of the word, but we got several pretty views of the harbour. This seems almost like a lake with the mainland the other side, and is quite surrounded with high and broken ground, Hong Kong itself being nothing more than a high rocky island, quite barren formerly, until the exertions of the Government in planting trees began to take effect. The work which is still being carried on is most successful. We had a very pleasant evening with our host and hostess, the Commodore, and Bailey, an old Etonian, being of the party. The "Djemma" was to weigh anchor at mid-day to-day, so shortly before that time we came on board, and soon after eight bells were moving out of the harbour. Our passenger list is considerably swelled, but we are still, I am happy to say, but a small number.

*May 9th.*—We had a very pleasant run down to Saigon, the weather and the sea being all that could be wished. The heat was enough to make the "Punkahs" down in the saloon very welcome, and upon deck to give you just a pleasing sensation of laziness, without being at all oppressive, as we were meeting the south-west monsoon and had a delicious breeze in our faces to keep us cool and comfortable. We sighted land again on Saturday morning (6th), and kept along not far from the coast, which is rather broken and rocky, all day.

We were off Cape St. James Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and after taking on board our pilot entered the river, and after four hours of winding and twisting round innumerable bends found ourselves swinging round off Saigon. The river, as I have said, twists and turns a good deal. It is not very wide, especially considering the size of the steamers that go up. The banks and country generally are flat, but luxuriant with a wild tangled mass of semi-tropical vegetation. We took a sanpan on shore and had a stroll about the town before dinner, returning on board about 5 o'clock for that festive meal. Then landing once more we got into a hackney cabriolet, and drove off to the *Jardins Publics*. While on the way let me describe our conveyance. It is something like a "four-wheeler" on a narrower scale, but the length not being reduced in proportion gives



it a rather disconnected look, especially when you get as far as the shafts and find there a little rat of a pony, looking not very much bigger than a good-sized St. Bernard. He is a good little beast, though, and takes us along very cheerfully at a good pace over the well-kept streets. The town has a very clean and prosperous appearance, with broad, shady streets and good houses. The Governor's house and some of the official buildings are substantial, if not strikingly handsome. We soon found ourselves in the midst of all the fashionable world of Saigon as we entered the gardens and found a long string, or rather two long strings, of carriages making their way slowly along, filled with all the beauty and *élite* of the place. It was quite like Hyde Park in the season, with fierce-looking little "bobbies" strutting about in the middle of the road, smoking their cigarettes, and ready, no doubt, to pounce down upon any rumbustical Jehu who should offend against the symmetry of the line. Arriving at the place where a military band were sending forth their harmonious strains we dismissed our coach and loafed about the gardens or sat us down on a bench and listened to the music. Unfortunately we came in for only the latter end of the band, whose departure was the signal for the general breaking up of the crowd, and soon we had the gardens pretty much to ourselves. It was delicious sitting out in the cool evening, for here it was cool, and we breathed more freely than we had done since entering the river. These gardens are a most delightful lounge, just ten minutes' drive from the town. They are beautifully laid out and taken care of—broad carriage roads and shady winding paths cut about in every direction, and the trees and shrubs grow up thick and naturally as if they really enjoyed showing themselves off. After a bit we found our way on to a tramway running between Saigon and the Chinese town of Cho-lon. Here there was a religious fête going on. We were easily guided to the place by following the stream of people that was flowing towards the scene of action. They led us to a large building, where there was a great crowd of natives in admiration assembled, and a perfect blaze of lights illuminating wonderful pictures of large figures set in relief, fancy creatures in gorgeously embroidered robes, &c., and at the end of the building a few altars, and a detachment of priests hard at work on the sacbut, harp, psaltery, &c., of the country. It was really a very effective sight altogether, but it was too hot to make a prolonged stay, so we soon "moved on," and repaired to the tram station. Finding, however, that there would be no cars on the track for another three-quarters of an hour, we chartered a vehicle and drove back to town, a much pleasanter route. We had a rare little pony, and soon covered the four or five miles back to the wharf. We had a warmish night of it, but I was agreeably surprised to find the mosquitoes, for which Saigon is noted, leave me in peace.

Next day after breakfast we drove off to some other gardens where is a small Zoo, consisting of a few tigers, some deer, and a

good collection of native birds. The gardens here, too, are very prettily laid out. It is a great pity Saigon is such an unhealthy place, as it is otherwise a nice town, with pleasant surroundings. I believe the mud on which it is built makes it bad living. Anyhow, the Europeans have all a very sickly look about them, and the troops, of which there are some five thousand of all arms, have to be continually changed. The Annamites are not a striking race: small of stature and all skin and bones; and the ones I saw by no means of an intelligent cast of countenance. It was pretty hot, but in thin clothing I did not feel the heat very trying, though the thermometer registered 95° Fahr. in the shade on deck when we returned. On our way along the quay George expended two sous on a large cocoa-nut, and promised himself a cooling and refreshing drink on board. Imagine his disgust when, sitting in anxious expectation of his draught, the waiter to whom he had given the nut to be opened brought it with rather a long face, saying that it was—empty! And so it was, as dry as a bone; so poor G. had to put up with some lemonade. We got away from our mooring punctually at 2 o'clock, and were once more afloat. We reached the open sea about 6, and very grateful was the fresh breeze that greeted us, and quite freshened us up again. The wind dropped, though, in the night, and I found it rather hot below. We had a grand display of electric light last evening, and for several hours the lightning kept up a most vivid and animated series of flashes over the mouth of the river. It was very pretty to watch. At times Cape St. James and the outline of the coast would be lighted up, and stand out for a second plain and distinct in the bright flood of light when we were a long distance away, and then a silvery fork would dart across the black clouds. It was incessant, and most fascinating to watch.

*Emmerson's Hotel, Singapore.*

*May 10th.*—We arrived alongside the wharf at 4 P.M. this afternoon, having made a very quick run yesterday of 323 miles. It was a lovely day, the sea almost dead calm, of a deep blue in colour, and with scarce a ripple to disturb its surface, except when an occasional gentle air would lounge lazily over it, or when the shoals of flying fish would suddenly dart up, as we disturbed them in their quiet siesta, and skim lightly and swiftly over the water till they found themselves out of reach of danger. We saw great numbers of them the whole day. In the evening we were treated to a gorgeous tropical sunset, and the varied and varying brilliant shades of colours in sea, sky, and clouds, after old Sol had sunk his head into the golden waters, were very lovely. We have had, indeed, a very favourable and pleasant voyage all the way, and perfect weather. This morning it was very close and hot, but about 2 a nice breeze sprung up and it clouded over, looking much like rain. None fell, however, and it continued deliciously cool.

The Hotel de l'Europe is the big one here, but that we found full. I like the look of this one almost better: it seems cleaner and quieter, a consideration if, as I'm rather afraid, we have to wait several days for a boat to Batavia—*i.e.*, until the arrival of the outward bound Messageries boat. The "Djemma" takes these on to-morrow.

## JOURNAL XXXVI.

### *Emmerson's Hotel, Singapore.*

*May 11th.*—We went to dinner last night at Mons. Brasier's, the agent of the Messageries Maritimes here. The Commandant of the "Djemma" introduced us to him on our arrival, and also dined there himself. Another M. M. official and an Englishman, yclept Jacobson—son of the Bishop of Chester—made up the party, and a very pleasant one, too. This morning at 6.30 we started with the Commandant, who had slept at the hotel, to visit a French gentleman of the name of Chasseriaux, who has a large tapioca plantation four or five miles from this. The proprietor was not in when we first got there, but by the time we had been initiated into the mysteries of preparing the stuff, and had watched all the processes which the root went through to obtain the desired end, the great man himself appeared, and at once insisted on taking us all over the property. With this object in view we accordingly mounted two small two-wheeled conveyances, and proceeded to drive through acres of plantations, which are far from being in themselves pretty, and we had practically seen the whole estate in ten minutes. But our worthy host and guide would not be satisfied without taking us to every coign of vantage, and discoursing at length (so H. and the Captain told us afterwards; George and I were in the other trap) on the peculiar merits of every tree on his ground, besides entering into a minute description of all the attendant good and bad qualities of the different specimens of plants,—for which they naturally found themselves a great deal the wiser. The country, though, is really pleasing, with its rolling, undulating slopes, of plantations of sorts, and groves of cocoanut and other trees. But, pretty though it was, we all found ourselves in a remarkably fit state of preparation for breakfast,—indeed, I know some one who had been ready some time before,—and we were not sorry when 11.30 saw us sitting round the festive board, our party being augmented by Madame and her two sons, whose acquaintance we had already made—one on our arrival, the other in the fields superintending the gathering in the crop. We had seen other operations in progress as well, including planting, and "hoeing up the ground," all labour being done by gangs of labourers of Chinese, Malay, and Malabar extraction, each nationality being kept apart. We left directly after breakfast, the Captain to rejoin his ship, and we to close our despatches for the mail. We tried to make our driver understand that we wanted to go down to the wharf first,

but it was quite hopeless, and finding ourselves, after we thought we had gained our point, in some public gardens, we deemed it prudent to give in and make for the hotel. The rest of the afternoon was spent in finding out the departures of steamers, and eventually booked us our passages per *Nederlandisch India Steam Navigation Company*, one of whose fleet leaves for Batavia on the 15th inst. at daylight. Later on we met Ruck, of Royal Engineers, one of our "Djemina" fellow passengers, and a very nice fellow, and loafed about the tennis and cricket ground, watching some really excellent play in the former game. We dined by ourselves at the hotel.

*May 12th.*—I had a good walk this morning of a couple of hours before breakfast, and found myself presently out by Government House—very well and prettily situated on a hill above and behind the town. I returned in a healthy state of moisture a little before 9—a state of body, by the way, which is becoming almost normal, but which apparently suits my constitution, as I feel remarkably well. The heat, indeed, here is not oppressive (nothing in comparison to that of Saigon, which certainly was a teaser), and the nights are generally cooled with a delightful sea breeze. As I write, however, it is pouring *tropically*, by which it must be understood that the proverbial precipitation of cats and dogs would not be within several fields of it. I don't think I mentioned my bath yesterday. It was a "very curious" one, that bath, and original—being a large earthenware jar, with a narrow mouth, into which I could just pass my legs, something of the same style of article used by the Forty Thieves in the days of the Arabian Nights. To-day, however, I was moved into superior quarters, with a spacious, if not luxurious, bath-room attached. The hotel does not lay itself out for a large amount of luxury, nor does it boast the best of *chefs*, but otherwise it is clean and comfortable enough, and from all accounts Javanese fare is not tempting at first, and is to a great extent an acquired taste. The same seems to be much the case with tropical fruit. Mangos I find distinctly nasty; a strong flavour of turpentine seems to me the chief ingredient. Bananas I am not greedy over, though I eat them!! Mangosteens I am anxious to taste; everybody says they are delicious—but they say the same of mangos!! I'm afraid the durian will not be in season until we are out of the tropics. I should like to see this remarkable fruit, and inhale once, at least, its really pestilential odour. From all accounts it is enough to "knock you down," though *when you have got through that* the flavour is number one.

*May 13th.*—We had a very jolly day at Jahore to-day. Starting at 6 A.M., we drove along a pretty road, excellently kept, to the opposite side of the island, a distance of just fourteen miles. We took a fresh pair of horses about half-way, and arrived opposite Jahore at 8 o'clock, crossing the "navigable arm of the sea," the straits separating Singapore from the mainland, in a sanpan. The breadth is about three-quarters of a mile here. On reaching the

other side it was no easy matter to find our way to Mr. Hole, the Secretary of the Maharajah of Jahore, for whom M. Brasier had armed us with credentials. The natives could not or would not understand our wants, and sent us from one place to another like so many shuttlecocks, till at last we were on the point of being sent back over the water to a house standing on a hill the other side, which we afterwards found did belong to Mr. Hole right enough. At this critical moment a welcome Chinaman hove in sight. He was more intelligent than the aborigines, and changed the aspect of affairs by taking our letter from us, and, presently returning, said the good gentleman was up there, pointing to the palace. Accordingly, after rewarding the kindness of Johnnie as it deserved to be, we mounted the steps leading up to a long low building, and there at last we found the hon. sec., waiting to receive us. Shortly afterwards the Maharajah came down, a jolly-looking, good-tempered, substantially-built old cock, and to him we were duly introduced. The few words he spoke to us were in very good English, and prepossessed us in his favour, but he is a little shy in the foreign tongue, and had not time to warm to his work, as he was just starting in his little steam launch for a day's boating up one of the rivers. He pressed us most cordially to join him, which I should immensely like to have done, but as we should not have got off till late after dinner, and as we have to get on board to-night, we had unwillingly to decline, especially as we were besides under engagement to go in to M. Brasier's before leaving, to take farewell. Despite this disappointment, His Highness's secretary did his utmost to entertain us, and with marked success. Indeed, he turned out a particularly amusing and interesting companion. While we were partaking of a mere cup of tea, preparatory to going out to the coffee plantation, the Maharajah's young son and heir, *about* seven years, came on to the verandah, and we were formally presented to the little fellow, and shook hands with him—apparently to his great dismay. His English education has not yet begun, so we could not talk to him; he seemed extremely frightened at the ordeal of presentation, short as it was. He seems a nice boy, with a bright, good-looking face, and handsome dark eyes—good qualities which he apparently possesses for the family, as his sister, a year older than he, is far from pretty. We were taken all over the palace, which has some handsome reception rooms, and is well and comfortably furnished, but in the modernest Europeanest fashion, except for some large China and Japan porcelain vases. His Highness himself is of simple habits, and prefers a small, though cosy, bedroom to his large one of state, which we were also shown. The drawing-room has some very inferior life-sized portraits of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, and their respective ladies. They are all wretched as portraits, but Mr. Gladstone appears to much greater advantage on the staircase. The situation of the house is capital, on a hill just above the straits, with a pretty view, and is cool and airy, and very "practically" built.

By this time our ponies were ready, and we drove off in a little carriage with Mr. Hole to visit some new coffee and tea plantations, which the Maharajah has just planted as an experiment. The former is the Liberian coffee plant, a handsome shrub, and much larger than the other kind (I forgot the name) generally cultivated in these latitudes. The experiment is succeeding well, so far, on some old waste "Gambia" land. The tea plantation adjoins, and we were shown the sort of leaves to be picked, &c., learnt all about the preparation of it, and became altogether very wise on the subject: finally being presented with a small packet of finest Assam tea made on the spot. We passed several small pepper and sago plantations, satisfying ourselves with the genuineness of the former by biting into a berry or two. The sago cultivation is the most paying when once started; it grows in marshy ground, and is calculated to give a revenue of about £5,000 on a stock of 20,000 plants.

### JOURNAL XXXVII.

#### *On Board SS. "Sunbana," bound for Batavia.*

*May 14th.*—I was among the coffee and tea yesterday, when stern "Chronos" bade me cry "Hold, enough!" so now to resume. I don't think I've said that Mr. Hole is an Englishman of twenty years' residence in these parts, eleven of which have been spent in the service of His Highness the Maharajah, whose secretary, and apparently right-hand man, he is—accompanying him in all his excursions when travelling, and, I should imagine, possessing no inconsiderable influence over his Imperial lord and master in matters governmental: frequently, too, coming between him and the British Government, and preventing his evidently most good-natured and easy-going liege from conceding many little points unfavourable to him. No doubt we heard but one side of the question, but if facts be anything, Sir Fred. Wells, in his official capacity, does his best to sit upon him a good deal. He appears to be a very intelligent, well-informed man, and anxious to improve his people and country; witness his opening of the land gradually for cultivation, trade, &c. He is very rational, too, about adopting European customs, and though he has taken to much that is practical in this way, having seen what is good in them from his contract with foreigners and his visits to England, he adopts nothing that can be repugnant to the ideas of his subjects, or to national prejudices. I should have much liked to have seen something more of him. Mr. Hole took some considerable part in the disturbances some few years ago, and in the Perak troubles relative to the murder of the British Resident there, and from him we picked up a good bit of information—indeed, a deal more than I ever knew about the Malay peninsula. Among other topics, besides, he told us a lot about Java. He was there for a couple of months with the Maharajah two years ago, and is not

enthusiastic over the country. He says we shall be there in a first-rate season, and that we may perhaps get some durians before leaving the island!! He amused us much, too, with a description of the visit of the "Ceylon." The Maharajah very kindly had them all to dinner, and all we have heard of this perambulating crew and their very curious composition was more than confirmed. It seems that the "green-eyed monster" made himself strongly felt on the occasion among the ladies (?) of the party, some of whom went through the farce of cutting off their noses to spite their faces out of jealousy of some nonsensical precedency. But I wander. We got back to breakfast at noon, and soon after 2 o'clock shook hands with our entertainer, with whom we had spent such a pleasant time, and went on board a sanpan to regain the opposite shore. It is not easy to realise that this piece of water is a *bras de mer*. Its exits and its entrances do not appear, and it has all the appearance of a good-sized lake, surrounded by gently rising wooded slopes. The land on the island of Singapore is, I believe, poor; at all events, it is little cultivated, and thinly inhabited: we scarcely passed a soul after we were once clear of the town. We reached the hotel again at 5 o'clock, and, after finishing our packings and dining, proceeded with our effects on board this steamer to deposit them off our hands before going up to M. Brasier's. This same shipment of our baggage required a great deal of saying in the doing thereof, the former being by far the quicker and easier of the two. It required no small amount of time, talk, and tips to get our traps into three carriages, but a great deal more of all three to get them transferred on board. It was a dark night, and it was at first a difficult matter to get hold of our rightful bark; then it would have taxed the Centaurs to have watched the ecstatic evolutions of our trunks in the hands of the jabbering coolies, and I consider it cause for sincere congratulation that we did at length find all our goods and chattels disposed in the proper cabins of the right vessel. But our adventures were not quite over for the night. We had hoped and thought we had made our driver understand by the hotel manager that we wished to be taken to M. Brasier's from the wharf. What was our dismay to find ourselves driven up to a house whose exterior we did not at all recognise. We got out, prowled round and round, and after a bit came upon a turbanned dark-skinned gentleman, who seemed excessively astonished at our sudden appearance. By this time we had fully realised that we had come to the "wrong shop," but the difficulty was to get to the right one. Our Jehu obstinately refused to understand a word, and at first our newly-found friend was as obtuse. Suddenly a bright idea inspired him, and a chance word from a disjointed string which we rained upon him worked the oracle, and discovered to him the end we had in view: very darkly up till now, it must be owned. But, this point gained, we dragged the good gentleman, reluctant, out to the gate as politely as circumstances admitted, and got him to direct our driver. So off we go again. All goes well till we arrive at the

bottom of the hill leading up to the house, and there our pony positively objects to moving a step further. His driver gets down and pulls and coaxes him in a most feeble manner, pulling his head from side to side as if he wanted to loosen the muscles of his neck. However, a few well-intentioned suggestions from Henri's mighty arm appealed more directly to his feelings, and more effectually, for he rose to the occasion and the hill without further ado, and landed us at last, at 10 o'clock, at our friend's door. We found the whole household just retiring for the night, but they turned out on our appearance, arrayed in various styles of *déshabille*, and we spent half-an-hour laughing over our adventure; then, taking our leave, returned on board for the night. Not any too soon, either, for we had hardly gained our cabins when a frantic discharge from heaven's reserved stock came drenching down, accompanied with thunder and lightning, making us glad to have the wherewithal to keep our jackets dry. The weather all day, by the bye, had been lovely. The rain continued in a moderated degree through the night and until early this morning, when we got under weigh, and now (11 A.M.) we are going along with bright sky, and a pleasant cool breeze in our faces.

### *Hotel der Nederland, Batavia.*

*May 16th.*—We made our formal entry into this town this morning, anchoring about 10 o'clock some three miles off the shore, the water being too shoal to get in nearer. After a little delay a steam launch came out to take us on shore (not forgetting to charge us at the same time), and we steamed in under rather a broiling sun, and landing at the wharf, where the Custom House passed all our traps unsearched, and we drove up to the hotel, a distance of nearly three miles, I should think. The arrival at Batavia is not striking; the town scarcely appears from among a thick low growth of trees—low, that is, almost on a level with the water—which stretch along the whole line of coast that you can see, and you approach the town between a narrow canal, formed by two long breakwaters, stretching out about two miles. I am nearly forgetting to say aught of our voyage across from Singapore, which, however, was uneventful, and, I thought, tedious, though there was really not much to complain of, except a rather uncongenial half-dozen of passengers and rather stuffy cabins below, which same, by the bye, furnished us with society gratis, in the shape of huge blackbeetles. You are not long in getting an insight into Javanese richness of vegetation, and on the way up from the wharf we pass many fine trees, avenues down the streets, and thick groves in little gardens and places right and left. Land should be cheap in Batavia, judging by the amount of breathing space each house has to itself; at least, such is my first impression in my very cursory glimpse. Our hotel, at all events, is a good example of this—a large straggling ground floor building, or, rather, collection of buildings, all built with an idea to coolness. Our rooms are very nice,



with a wide verandah running its whole length, which, with a thick row of trees, keeps delightfully shady and cool. Outside each room door is a cane lounging chair and a little table. Of the latter I am now taking advantage, lightly clad in pajamas, cool and comfortable, and with a lovely breeze fanning my brow!! When we arrived at the hotel this morning and made inquiries for John Pryce & Co., we found we had to go right away back to the wharf near which we landed; so off we go in a "dos à dos" to get hold of our letters. These national carriages, I may as well mention, are simply small pony carts, in which you sit dogcart fashion, only there is never a back in the middle, so you have to sit up straight or lean back "dos à dos." But this you hardly feel inclined to do if you chance to be sitting behind the driver!! On the contrary, your one desire in life, if you have your choice, would be to get as far to windward of the individual as possible. Well, we found our friends and our letters, the former very friendly and hearty, and returned to the hotel to feast upon a large and unending dish of curry, and then digest the same over our letters in the afore-mentioned chairs. While the process was proceeding—indeed, almost before it had well begun—we found ourselves among a crowd of Javanese merchants, who, with great volubility, poured out their wares before us in a continuous string; pajamas of every shade and make, linen suits, light coats, handkerchiefs, towels, fans, curios, &c. Of course everything was *very cheap*, and they were most affable as they solicited our favour. It was easy to see their Jewish element. They ask first at least six times what I'm sure they would take, and then ask for your "last price," without your so much as hinting that you want to buy. They take it to be a matter of course that you take *something*. At one time I was completely blocked in, with a cigar merchant squatting familiarly by my side, pouring his tempting offer slyly into my ear, another holding up several pajamas and jackets in front of my nose, and yet again a third with something—handkerchiefs, I think—on my left. It was amusing to watch the change from light to shade—from a face of all that was meant to be bewitching, that is, to one of intense disgust, almost contempt, when they found it was "no go." As I write comes a second detachment, more importunate, if possible, than the first, and I hear cries of "very good!" "very cheap!" "how much!" proceeding from George's billet two doors further on, so they're bent upon "keepin' the tamboureen a rollin'."

9.30 P.M.—The cry was "still they come," and all manner of wares, including "family old brown Windsor," which last one man was particularly anxious for me to buy. I thought it rather personal. They came trooping or dribbling in until in the cool of the afternoon when we got into some rather more presentable clothing, and proceeded in quest of Mr. Nederburger, a cousin of De Fremery's, and a bit of a "boss" in this city. Our hotel keeper, a very civil Hollander, gave careful instructions to our driver, but this one proved a regular fool of a man, and, to make a long story short, after going from house

to house and consulting English-speaking Dutch ourselves, or with natives through our coachman, we found ourselves at 6.30 obliged to give it up, and content ourselves with blessing (??) our driver, who could not, or would not, understand plain directions given in his mother-tongue. The line of country we took, though, showed us a sort of suburb of the town, and a gem of a one too. The road itself is a splendid avenue of large shady trees (I'm sorry I cannot give the name), to one side of which and all about are snug villa residences, some small, some large, nestling in a luxuriant out-of-door hot-house of palms and other tropical plants; the grounds varying in size and extent, but all of a wealth of green quite enchanting.

*Bellevue Hotel, Buitenzorg.*

*May 17th.*—We came on here from Batavia by train in one-and-a-half hours, arriving about dusk, just in time to take a delicious swim before dinner in a small bath close to the hotel. We found they had been having rain here for the last two days, and this evening it has been coming down steadily. We went down to Pryce this morning and stayed talking over plans for a little, and he has made us out a sketch *itinéraire*, which we are now beginning to carry out. We also went to Maclean, Watson & Co., for whom we had a letter, and who are the agents for the British India steamers, one of which we hope to take for Queensland on the 17th prox. We had the pleasure of learning that we had a good chance of having to make our berths on deck, as there is such a rush of emigrants out just now that every boat is crowded. However, they are to do what they can, and at all events we are first on the list of Batavia passengers. The banker and the hairdresser took up the rest of the morning, and we left the hotel at 4. Perhaps I ought to say a word of the Javanese habits in the way of meals. These, judging at least from hotel fare, are not numerous nor noted for great variety. To begin the day you are offered about 6 or half-past a cup of coffee, very good beverage; then there is a sort of rambling breakfast going on between 7 and 9 o'clock, consisting of cold sausage and ham, and boiled eggs; and at 12.30 comes tiffin, with its chief dish of curry, a wonderful *plat*. You are offered ten or twelve little dishes of various mixtures to accompany the rice. I began taking of them all the first day on board (we had Dutch feeding there), but at last had to stop because there was no room on my plate for more!! It is almost too much of a good thing, and not nearly so good as the plain curry we had at Shanghai and Hong Kong, &c. Well, another dish, generally beefsteak, follows up, and then fruit. Dinner apparently has no great variety, beefsteak and beef, or beef and beefsteak, being generally the order—very good as far as they go, but to-night they did not go very far, as some sort of sausage meat took the place of the beefsteak, and Henri and I, being in great form, suddenly awoke to the horrible reality that we had come to the sweets when we were under the impression that

we had barely begun, and on comparing notes found we had each internally resolved not to let the beef off so easily another time!! The lady guests at the hotel pass the day till about 5 o'clock in very light costume. I don't undertake to state precisely the number of garments worn, but externally they resolve themselves into two, viz. : a loose cotton jacket and a coloured cotton *piece* fixed somehow round their nether person so as to half truss them. But they are not expected to walk further than from their room to the dining-room, so the garments hold together that far, though they seem very inclined to slide off. The jupon, or whatever it is, does not incommode their feet at all, these being quite left free save for a pair of open slippers, and a very moderate if not modest piece of leg and ankle unadorned appears below the abrupt conclusion of the gaudy skirts. After tiffin no one thinks of doing anything but the siesta, and for three or four hours the ordinary mortal proceeds to snooze or sleep as the fancy takes him, and a peaceful quiet reigns supreme and torpid.

*May 18th.*—It was a lovely morning as, on waking soon after 6, I got into my slippers and strolled out into the garden, where from a little mound a lovely little view is seen through a gap in the trees. It really seems to have been made for a picture, the mountain Salak filling up the gap in the background, thickly wooded up to its graceful ridges and sharp peaks, while from the centre flows a merry stream shut in by the densest growth of palms, &c. I come back and rouse my companions, and we proceed to the bath-house, a natural stream walled in and roofed, stopping on the way to admire my picture, whose wooded slopes the sun is just awakening with ruddy tints. After breakfast we find our way out to the gardens where we are told the band is to play from 8 till 10 o'clock. They are really the grounds of the Governor-General's residence, which stands in the middle of them, there being only a small place immediately round the house reserved as private. We are soon strolling along fine avenues, or in thickly shaded walks, beautifully cool under the thick foliage. The trees are all new to me, so I can't tell what they are called, except the bamboo, which were magnificent in their massive clusters and graceful waving heads. We soon heard the strains of music and bend our way towards them, sitting down on a bench presently to listen and look. It is very jolly, this sitting down and wandering about alternately, surrounded by this rich green, looking so fresh and bright, and this wealthy foliage. During the intervals of the band, a first-rate one, which plays some lovely German waltzes, among other selections, to perfection, we saunter about, exploring the gardens and examining the plants. Artificial aid has been called in most successfully to make the most of nature's bounty—a grateful and easy task no doubt, but still it has been very well done, and everything has the look of growing naturally. Here you come to a little plantation of large trees, ferns, and a perfect mass of orchids, few of which are, however, in bloom; there is a thick slope of palms of all species; further on, a lovely grove of "*dracæna*" (*et hoc genus omne*),

or little nurseries containing beautiful specimens of "siccās," "yuccas," and numbers of others, what we should call "hot-house plants," here of course growing in all their native beauty and size; and many others again which I did not recognise, and about whose names I must also plead my ignorance. In other parts there were only forest trees, some of them with quite a "rockery" of ferns growing from out the forks of their branches; or a thick mass of different sorts of creepers running rampant up their large trunks, and in such profusion that you would fancy they must choke the tree. There were several little ponds, too, where lilies and the lotus were flourishing in quantities; also a plant belonging to one or the other, the leaves of which resembled floating tables, or perhaps trays, as there was a rim turning the outer edge all round. They must measure 5 feet across, and look so quaint, apparently floating about.\* The flower is quite magnificent in its whiteness, grace, and size, more like the lotus I think, on a much larger scale. From the extremity of the gardens you should get a pretty view of the mountains, but a thick mass of clouds is congregating rather ominously about them now. This afternoon we went and had a delicious bathe in the Kotta Batoe, about half-an-hour's drive from here. We had intended going about 4 or 5 o'clock, but as the clouds seemed gathering we thought it better to get over our dip before the rain came on, so soon after 3 we summoned two carriages and drove off in company with two other young English fellows who are staying here—one bound for, and the other coming from, Australia, and both very good sort. The conveyances I have dignified as carriages are rather a rough edition of the Batavian "dos à dos," only you sit behind one another instead of back to back, and they are drawn mostly by two or more ponies, the extra ones being harnessed disconnectedly outside the shafts. It was a pretty drive to the baths, though the mountains and distant views were all in clouds, and on arriving there found a fair-sized bath-house open to the air with a continuous flow of fresh mountain water running through. The water, too, was as clear as crystal, and we had a delicious refreshing swim. After a slight refreshment in the shape of bananas, we started home walking, letting the carts follow; but we soon had to take refuge in them, as rain began to fall steadily, so we came straight back the same way. The rains are, they say, late this year, and the rainy season is only just breaking. When we got in, we sat on the verandah at the back of the hotel, overlooking the mountain, whose name is something like "Sally" (my knowledge of Malay is as yet wanting), and upon the stream rushing through the palm-trees, and washing the tawny skins of a few brats who are disporting themselves in its waters. The view is sadly bleared and blotched just now, but we pass the time very pleasantly till dinner with our new companions, looking at photos and chatting chiefly travel.

\* The "Victoria Regia."

## JOURNAL XXXVIII.

*Tjiandjoer.*

*May 19th.*—We left Buitenzorg this morning at 9 P.M., and took the train to Sækabœmi, which we reached in about two hours. From there we had a lovely drive of about fourteen miles, up and down hill, and with vegetation as thick as ever, but the land comparatively little cultivated, except with rice. The country seems thickly inhabited though, and we met hundreds of people on the roads and in the fields, a nice open-faced, healthy-looking lot generally. Their dress naturally is neither costly nor elaborate; the men's garments consisting of short thin linen drawers, and the women's a single piece of coloured cotton known as "sarong" fastened somehow underneath the arms, not unfrequently even lower—not tied or pinned at all, but *hitched* round the body in a way peculiar to these parts. A long steepish descent brought us down to this place, a good-sized snug and tidy-looking village in the midst of a rich rolling valley, which, with the mountains and their grassy or woody slopes, afforded us some fine views as we drove down. Our little ponies—we had three to each cart—brought us along very well, especially with the hill in our favour. One of them, it is true, thought about tumbling down, but didn't. We found a very smart, comfortable little hotel, with a pretty garden and a verandah well covered with ferns, &c., and an obsequious Holland landlord, who spoke a smattering of French and English indifferently well. We had a little 5 o'clock tea, and then strolled out to loosen our joints, which had been a trifle cramped in our little carriages, where, however, we had been otherwise well off, and the road being excellent, we travelled very easily. I have not yet mentioned the addition to our party in the person of Hummel, one of the Englishers whom we met up at Buitenzorg at the hotel, and whom we pressed into our party. He seems a nice fellow. He is on his way home from Australia, *via* Japan and the United States, and is, I think, not sorry to have some company, especially such *charming* company—ahem!!—as he has lit upon. Our stroll lasted till about 6.30, by which time it was dark, and we saw quantities of fire-flies flitting about along the hedgerows and across the road. They looked quite pretty, darting about in front of us like so many miniature shooting stars. By the way, this is a rare place for insects, and as I write I have a fine collection disporting themselves all around, tickling my nose and ears in the most obliging manner, and going on various voyages of discovery down my back. They have such insinuating ways! We saw a young tiger this morning at Sækabœmi, while we were waiting for tiffin. It belonged to the Dalmatian landlord, who had found it when quite a baby. Now it is six months old; but it is not my idea of a pet, and though it has had its toe-nails cut, and has gone through a short

course of dentistry, it looks even now quite ready to go for you if it had the chance, besides which it smells horrid.

*May 20th.*—We were off at 7.30 A.M. in our three-ponied two-wheeled little conveyances of same make as before, though the covering was so low I could scarcely sit upright with my hat on. We drove at first down the valley, with acres of bright green paddy fields, or thick groves of palms, &c., &c., stretching away right and left, the mountains rising indistinctly on either side in the morning haze. By-and-by the country got wilder and the paddy fields were exchanged for jungle grass, until suddenly turning a corner we found ourselves on what seemed to be the side of a precipice. Down it we had to go, however; but we anticipated the drivers' wishes by jumping out, preferring to make the perilous descent a-foot. It certainly was a steep bit, and rough. They keep a supply of water buffaloes to help pull vehicles coming up, and they need some such extra help. Ugly brutes they are, these buffaloes, but very strong, I should think. There are a great number all about. As we go down this hill we have some enchanting scenery; the broad mountain stream at the bottom of the ravine just appearing now and then between the thick foliage, while away beyond again, the soft-looking luxuriant woods roll up and down the mountains in charming waves of green. Arrived at the bottom of the gorge we find a rather primitive but very practical ferry, on which we all place ourselves after some little hesitation on the part of our ponies. Very pretty again is the view looking up and down the stream; but we have not long to admire it, as we are soon on the other side and struggling up the hill, which, however, is not so precipitous as the one we had just come down. Our ponies find it rather too much of a good thing, and one of them positively refuses to face his collar, and the cart is shoved up chiefly by a dozen or so naked native boys, who think it rather good fun. Poor brute!—the pony I mean—we found afterwards he had a raw shoulder, but by changing his side and altering his harness he was able to work pretty comfortably. Once on the top of the hill all went smoothly for some time until we discovered that our off wheel was travelling a little away from the perpendicular, and on getting down to examine into this phenomenon discovered that the axle was bent and had an ominous "smile" in it which threatened a catastrophe ere long. Our coachees set to work manfully to unscrew nuts and generally take the carriage gradually to pieces. What they were aiming at I was at a loss to see. Anyhow they failed signally, and nearly forgot how to put the carriage together again. With a kind of binding and fastening intended to strengthen the wounded limb we started again, not much better off than before—indeed, I think, rather worse. But we had had the satisfaction of spending half-an-hour in the broiling sun, having chosen the hottest place we could find to stop for repairs in a narrow gully. Soon after we came to a steepish hill and a very rough road, and we deemed it prudent to spare our trap as much as

possible and walk up. Indeed, we should have had to anyhow, for our self-willed ponies showed a strong distaste for uphill work, and we had to shove up behind a good way, or I think we should have been there now. At one time the cart was actually travelling downhill backwards, the ponies adapting themselves very naturally to this retrograde motion. At last we got over the worst part, and again mounted our carts. But a very few yards sufficed to show that we should never get on far; the wheel got drunker and yet more drunk, and gathering from the driver that there was a village a little further on where we could get another conveyance, we got out, and George and I trudged on, on foot. However, even with the reduction of our weight it was a regular case of *no go*, and we had to leave it behind and let the others go on ahead and send back a fresh trap for our luggage that we had in with us. The village proved a longer way off than we reckoned for, and we had covered hard upon five miles before we sighted it. If I had not been so frightfully hungry I should have thought this no great hardship, notwithstanding a few "warmish corners" as we tramped along, as there was a nice air at times to temper the heat of the mid-day sun. The scenery, too, was lovely: mountainous ridges and wooded peaks jutting up all around, and a pretty, distant range of hill and vale; while in one part five or six mighty rocky bits rose up and separated themselves from the rest—dark foliage covering one side up to its summit, while the other broke off sharp and precipitous, and its white face contrasted well with the dark green around. Still I was very glad to see the village at last and a little newspaper package containing a modest luncheon which we partook of while waiting for our relay to come up. This made its appearance just as the last hard-boiled egg was disappearing, and we were soon jogging along again, and in half-an-hour reached our resting-place, which boasts the name of Bandœng, the capital of the province of that name, and distant forty miles from Tjiandjoer. We are here in a widish plain surrounded by mountains, and though rich in rice it possesses no particularly striking feature; at least we could find none, in a short stroll we took after getting in, except some beautiful gardenias growing on a large bush in front of a cottage. We immediately made friends with the owner and came home loaded.

*May 21st.*—The weather was "covered" this morning as we drove off, at a quarter to 7, *en route* for the volcano "Tangkoeman prahoe." We had a pretty drive of eight miles, a steady drag uphill all the way. At the end of this distance we reached a little village, where, after some delay, we changed our carts for four jolly little ponies—such sturdy, game little beasts—on which to make the ascent, though George and I ended by walking quite three-quarters of the way up. The weather was not kind. The sun at one time looked like dispersing the clouds, but the latter got the better of him, and provokingly shut out most of the view, only allowing us tantalising little peeps. We ascended most of the way through a dense tropical

forest, by which must be understood a general collection of all kinds of plants, forest trees, and ferns. My! what a mass of growth there was. At times we were quite walled in, in the narrow grass-grown pathway, by gigantic ferneries on each side, from tiny frondlets peeping out of the banks, to monster spreading tree ferns towering above us. One wondered how they didn't choke each other; but apparently they didn't want a great deal of breathing space. The path was steep in places, and the last part rough. We arrived at the top in about two-and-a-quarter hours, and there a lovely view (of clouds) met our gaze; but the distance did not lend us its enchantment. We could, however, just see the bottom of the crater, on the edge of which we were standing. There are two of them close together: one apparently extinct, or at least quite dormant; the other emitting a fair jet of steam, and still fairer effluvium of sulphur, hissing at the same time like an engine which is thinking about exploding. We took our lunch on the top, but had scarcely begun before the impending and enveloping clouds began to dissolve themselves into a steady rain, which increased into a downpour soon after we started down, and lasted more than half-way. Lower down, the sun showed himself for a little, and soon dried our wet jackets. Henri and Hummel resumed the wheels when we got to the place where we had left our carriage in the morning; George and I, preferring to stick to our half-score of toes, trudged the remaining eight miles home getting in to the hotel about 4.30, pleased with our day as far as the elements would allow, and not sorry to have given our legs a good stretch. We must have walked quite fifteen or sixteen miles—not bad for Java, but then it was cool and cloudy nearly the whole time.

*May 22nd.*—We had a cloudy drive back to Tjiandjoer, but without any misadventure; horses and carriages keeping sound of limb and spring, though those belonging to the quadrupeds, it must be owned, were not altogether dependable. We took our lunch in the verandah of a cottage near the ferry during a heavy shower of rain, which continued at intervals throughout the afternoon and evening, and did not enhance the beauties of the surrounding landscape.

The canine and volatile races abound in these parts; but neither have a very *distingué* appearance. The former are a collection of curs of very low degree; such a mangy mongrel set of hounds it would be hard to find; and perpetually yelping at nothing, except when the *garçons* wage war against them for getting in their way during meals, and then I think they have a little cause for grumbling, poor brutes! The chicken brood, too, are a "cocky" lot, in more senses than one, thinking a great deal of themselves, when they have nothing to show except a wretched pair of lanky, ungainly legs—invariably tough ones too, by the bye—and a peculiar, unmusical tone of voice which they use prolifically and at most unorthodox hours. There were three just outside my window last night crowing hard all against each other at 10 o'clock P.M., and then they are up at cock crow into the bargain. Our nice little Japan cocks were much better



behaved, especially the sacred ones, in the different temples where they knew they couldn't be hurt. They strutted about with a great deal of consequence, no doubt; but then they had something to swagger for, and were really uncommonly handsome birds as a rule.

*Buitenzorg.*

*May 23rd.*—We are not altogether in luck as regards weather just now, and to-day it certainly was not all that could have been desired. It was 8 o'clock as we rattled away from Tjiandjoer, and a dense fog enshrouded everything in wetting folds. The sun, however, by degrees pierced through, and showed us, as we wended our way uphill, that we ought to be enjoying a pretty drive. But the clouds were "real mean," and kept all the beauties to themselves, or at least the best part of them, and remained persistently and provokingly low. After about two hours' steady and sometimes abrupt rise, we changed horses and carts and went on to Sandanlaya. We were like to have had a spill soon after starting with our fresh team, for as we were in full career down a long hill, going at no mean speed, our trio of ponies suddenly made for a gateway on the side of the road leading into a gentleman's place, evidently a common resort of theirs. Luckily the gateway was wide, for our Jehu was quite too taken aback to rise to the emergency, and how we did not go bang into the post, and a great tree just inside, I don't know. Anyhow we cleared both, and didn't even tip over, and were able to go on our way rejoicing. Shortly afterwards we pulled up at the hotel at Sandanlaya, a sanatorium situated in the mountains, whither the health-seeking Javanese resident is wont to resort when he is sick. There is a great mountain somewhere just at the back, whence there is said to be a magnificent view: now we couldn't even see the outline of the mountain. We found the tiffin hour rather too late if we wanted to get on here, so we had an irregular and somewhat scanty meal, and after an hour's halt resumed our route. We went off at full gallop, down a hill and round a corner in break-neck style, after the manner of the Javanese whips (in whose skill I cannot confess to a large amount of confidence), and as far up the next hill as the impetus took us. This was not very far, as we had now a long stiff bit up to the top of the pass. The road was a pretty one, and we got a few nice peeps looking back; but—(well, *vide supra* on the selfishness of the clouds). There has been no lavish outlay of engineering talent expended on this road: straight up and straight down is pretty well the order of things; there are some terribly stiff bits, and rough into the bargain, making it very hard on the poor ponies. We walked all the way, and naturally out-walking the carriages, got on a good part of the way down before we took them again. No sooner do you arrive at the top than you go immediately and abruptly down. The road is almost more direct—wasting no time in circumvention—and more strong than the other

side; but it is such a lovely road, and here the nasty old clouds could not "score" off us. We descend through a grand wood, dense masses of foliage rising up right and left of us. There is every shade of green collected here, and all kinds of leaf and frond, walling us in or wandering up a narrow ravine, or covering the rich slopes. After some time of rapid descent the view expands, and there is a beautiful valley stretching out below us and rolling away into the hazy distance. Nearer to hand, we are still going through enchanting scenery as we leave the thicker woods behind us. They still look very grand as we turn round from time to time, but the ground is more open and broken up now. Little mountain streamlets appear between deep banks of luxuriant creepers, or tall drooping ferns. Here and there are little mounds and slopes of natural ferneries, waving terraces teeming with plentiful rice crops, and a back of woodland slopes of more sombre hue. It is all very lovely and enjoyable. By-and-by the carriages come up to us, and after two hours' walking we take our seats in them again and rattle away merrily through a charming undulating valley, until we at length reach our journey's end about 5 o'clock, having had a delightful drive. The scenery is certainly the finest we have seen here. Our ponies, too, were a better lot than we have yet had, and they were *all* sound, and they brought us in at a rare pace down the falling ground (which continues all the way down the valley), stopping only now and then for a few minutes' breathing space at the different post stations. They go all day long on nothing to eat or drink except a "pick" at a handful of rice.

*Nederlander Hotel, Batavia.*

*May 24th.*—We returned here by 8 o'clock train from Buitenzorg this morning, and are at our old quarters until to-morrow morning, when we make an early start for Samarang.

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*Samarang.*

*May 26th.*—We anchored in the bay off this town at 11.30 A.M., and at once proceeded to land in a steam launch, as we could not get within some distance of the shore, as was the case too at Batavia, and as at that part, we found our way to shore between two long stone jetties. We left Batavia yesterday at 9 A.M. Our voyage had nothing remarkable about it; our boat, the "Sindoro," was larger and more commodious than the "Sudbawa" from Singapore, and a very slow mover. The company on board was not large, but of a *genteel* order. Not being able to speak Dutch, however, we were not able to enjoy their acquaintance, nor were any of them peculiar or interesting enough to be "made fun of." The captain was the

youngest-looking captain of a vessel I ever met. He looks about eighteen, and may be perhaps twenty-eight. But he was extremely affable and polite, with a head like a curly-coated sheep.

After tiffin, which meal we found in full progress on arriving at the hotel, we went to look up the Vice-Consul, Mr. Downie, for whom George Tolson had given us a letter of introduction. He was most charming, taking a great deal of trouble to give us all sorts of information and tips for our route inland, and loading us with letters for different people on the way.

*May 27th.*—Railed to Solo (Sœrakarta) leaving Samarang at 8.20 A.M., arriving 12.15. This is the capital of the independent province of Sœrakarta, generally known as Solo, but does not in itself offer much attraction. We have just missed some grand fêtes having to do with the Imperial Court in some way, and which appear to have been very gorgeous. Mr. Sœlsman, for whom we had a letter (or more properly the managing man of Sœlsman & Co.), offered us an audience of His Highness the Emperor (!!) if we liked to wait for two or three days. But as we had neither the time nor the inclination, much as we should of course have felt the honour!—nor, I may add, the necessary finery in which to present ourselves, an item of no secondary importance, by the way, the Javanese potentates being extremely punctilious in this respect—we declined with thanks, and contented ourselves with looking at the palace and fortress from the outside. Solo, as I have said, has nothing particular to show: a rambling, rather dirty town, though the avenues of trees cover a good many sins, and give it the picturesque look which most of these towns seem to have.

### *Djojockarta.*

*May 28th.*—This is the terminus of the railway. We arrived a little before 3 o'clock, having left Solo at 7 A.M. and got out at Bambanan half-an-hour short of this, at 9 o'clock, to visit some ruins in the neighbourhood. After some little difficulty we discovered them by the help of a native who guided us to the spot, but who was at first so stupid, he couldn't even understand his own language!!! The ruins when we got to them resolved themselves into four large heaps of stones—a mass of ferns and creepers, within which was a shady court with fragments of figures and scraps of sculpture in a better or worse state of preservation. It has evidently been an old castle in former days, the four “rockeries” having doubtless originally been its four battlemented towers at the four corners of the wall which enclosed the noble lord. One of these heaps is not quite so dismantled as the others, and climbing up to the top I got a good view of the surrounding country, which is very pretty. Here, too, are some of the best of the statuary remains, some of which bear traces of some skill and art. There was one especially which, though not purely artistic, was at least original and quaint. At first

I thought it was a rather curiously shaped corpulent gentleman, with his toes cocked under him in a hardly natural position, and cuddling something in his hand which depended from his chin, but whether it was a long beard or only a deformity in the lower part of his face was not made exactly clear. On closer inspection I discovered the artist had intended to render the combination of a man-elephant squatting on his haunches, the unknown appendage being the monster's trunk, and above, a dubious cast of feature belonging to the same fancy creature, and surmounted evidently by a tiara of precious stones, with something between a death's head and a monkey's face appearing in the middle; while from behind the shoulder-blades protruded two human hands and arms, I suppose a set-off against the elephantine paws which were affectionately clasping the fat stomach.\* As we were leaving, we were met by another "aborigine," who appeared most affable, and insisted on our going with him. So resigning ourselves to his guidance, "Lead on, we follow thee," we said (I'm afraid he didn't appreciate the quotation), and after a short walk we found ourselves among some more ruinous buildings, not quite so tumbled down as the last. Here was evidently of old a temple or nunnery, the pillars of the cloister all round marking this very plainly, while inside are several little shrines or oratories. Altogether they are among the most picturesque ruins I ever remember seeing, every little nook and hole being the retreat of some fern or plant. There are traces, too, of some very good stone carving, in statues and porticoes, or little niches, some very fairly preserved, and they are decidedly interesting to see. Their history is, I believe, veiled in obscurity, but it must be a good many centuries since the first stone was laid. Tradition, by the way, tells how they were built in a single night. At the two outer gates are most imposing-looking custodians in stone, with ferocious expression, eyes literally starting out of their heads, and huge massive frames and limbs, which are shown to great advantage as they kneel down on one knee in most determined, yet hardly graceful, "pose." Our next care was to seek out the owner of a sugar plantation hard by, who, we had been told, would be very happy to see us, and would show us some hospitality in the shape of tiffin, for which we were beginning to find ourselves quite ready. The good gentleman may have been very glad indeed to see us, but all he showed us was his sugar-making tanks and engines—no doubt very good things in their way, but not satisfying the inner wants of nature any more than his saying he would have been very glad to have seen us at tiffin if, &c., &c. So we departed hungrier and wiser men. I should have said it had been no easy matter to unearth our friend—our Malay or the guide's intelligence being at fault—for some time, and then we had more than once to mount on our coolie's shoulders to get across some "soft" going on the road, or when the

\* This was the image of "Siva," one of the Hindu deities, of which I saw plenty later on in India.

rains had left a goodly stream of water. I don't think he quite approved of Henri's feather weight, but if it was any consolation to him, I am quite sure we liked our part of the business as little. He had been walking in the sun some little time, which had made him rather warm!! and I fancy his other shirt was at the wash!!! Well, returned to the village—a collection of a few straggling hovels—we somehow did not fancy the native restaurants, temptingly though their fare was displayed in the streets, so we allayed the most pressing pangs with some bananas and cocoanut, which kept us alive until our arrival here, when I don't know whether the “sappadas” (*Anglicè*, waiter) or the beefsteak was the more astonished. For the rest of the afternoon it rained steadily. The early part of the day had been lovely, but the clouds seem to have a nasty trick of collecting and precipitating themselves in the course of the afternoon, especially near the mountains. We only went out, therefore, to call on Scelsman & Co., the head man of which is brother to the Solo branch. But he not being in, we only saw one of his juniors, who did not tell us much more than we knew before, and as his French, our sole mutual tongue, was not very fluent, nor conducive to long conversation, our visit was a short one. The inhabitants of the town have been in great stir all the afternoon about what I have not yet been able to find out. I fancy it is a court “drawing room” or something of the sort, numerous gorgeous gentlemen and ditto painted ladies being conspicuous in the procession, which was heterogeneous and disorderly; consisting of fancy-dressed pages, umbrellas, staves, sedans, music (??)—*i.e.*, the native band of drums and a discordant twangy instrument, and a feeble edition of a European brass band—hobby-horse and larkly little ponies, some of which were jumping and bucking all over the place to the manifest discomfort, and in one case imminent dislodgment, of their gay cavaliers, and of course a goodly crew of etceteras in the persons of Robert, Thomas, and Jeremiah.

*May 29th.*—We were not able to get away from the Tjiangjoer Tirtio Hotel until 10 o'clock, as the necessary quadrupeds were not to the fore, a fact which caused us some regret before the day was out, as had we been able to start two or three hours earlier we should have seen a little more of the country and a little less of the clouds. However, we took a look round the town after breakfast and whiled away a little time in the market studying the indigenous, human and vegetable, produce there displayed. The latter did not look tempting, and there was a decided lack of cleanliness apparent. There were stalls, too, of native food—extraordinary messes, and such very nasty-looking cakes, &c. Then here and there you might see a little hair-dressing going on. This is no uncommon sight all about the country. The lady to be operated upon lays her head on her friend's lap, and the latter proceeds carefully to go through her hair after the manner of our monkey friends exactly, in search of specimens of animal life: the joy

manifested at a find and kill is great. From the market we found our way to the palatial grounds, but saw little more than the '*orses*' '*oofs*', as after passing through a large yard, round which were rows of big trees, all trimmed and clipped close—fantastic but not picturesque—we were politely given to understand by a dilapidated-looking official that the public did not enter there. Well, by this time it is nearly time to be off. An imposing start we make with six ponies, and two footmen standing behind: these being to urge on our rather unobtrusive quadrupeds. They took it in turn to run alongside, shouting themselves unmusically hoarse, and strengthening their suggestions forcibly with cracks and cuts of their whips. The ponies are harnessed with liberal allowance for their heels, the wheelers being at least 3 feet from the splinter-bar, the others in the same proportion, so that the "leading leaders" are quite out in the country. We need some cattle to pull us through the heavy, dragging roads, and we need all the luminous suggestions (fulminary would be more appropriate) of our coolies to keep our ragged team together. At the first post, about eight miles, we change horses; but these are not altogether a success. They begin by declining absolutely to budge, and when they do gradually get under weigh the leading files turn deliberately off to their stables. They never really got warmed to their work, and went very erratically all the way, so that we were not sorry to see the next post, where we changed carriages—and for the better. We had only four horses and one footman, but we got along ever so much faster, and went nearly at full gallop the whole stage. Thank goodness we are out of the Sultans' dominions now, and on a decent road which allows of better going. These two Sultans, by the way, are independent in little more than name, as far as I can hear, as they have to ask permission for anything in the least important, which permission can be directly granted or withheld at the will of the Resident, so that the Government "hold" their Highnesses, but apparently leave them to manage the roads in their district as they like. I believe the chief influence of these gentlemen is in the fact that they are respectively first and second Priest in the island. But to get on to the road again. All goes smoothly, except that the rain comes on about 2 o'clock just as the country is getting prettier. It has been very bright and pleasing all the way, under the thick shade of the avenues all along the roads. We reached "Barœ Bœdo" a little before 3 o'clock, having first stopped at the ruins of Muntob a mile or so before. These are some interesting remains of an old Hindoo temple, in which there is a monster Buddha carved of a solid block of stone, besides some smaller images and other little figures and sculptures. The ruins of Barœ Bœdo are more elaborate and extensive, and are on a lovely site, on an elevation isolated and overlooking a large tract of country. The temple consists of a series of terraces, square in form, rising one above another, rather like a pyramid, and at the top of the edifice, reached by staircase going directly up from the bottom, is an

open space filled with innumerable deities in stone, or the remains of them, rising in circular tiers one above another; and in the centre of these are the remnants of a sort of dome or pinnacle. Here the view is extremely pretty. The clouds are selfish and hide anything at all elevated, but the lower ground, a rich verdant tropical garden, with forests of palms, is very beautiful. All the way round the different terraces the walls on either side are covered with reliefs in stone—groups of figures more or less worn with age; but some still showing well the artist's design. These are all very quaint, but the edifice itself, looked at as a whole, is scarcely handsome, in its present state at all events, and has rather a heavy, massive look. We stopped a short time to go in for a little light refreshment, and then continued our route. The rest of the drive it rained torrentially, to the disgust not only of our ponies, who objected strongly to the heavy state of the roads, but of ourselves, as the country looked to be delightful through the mists—bother! I mean it looked as if it ought to be delightful without the mists. Magelang we reached at 6 o'clock, to find mine host speak not a word but Dutch, and even our little German did not go very far with him. Luckily we had a letter from Mr. Downie, which gave him some interest in us, and after a little he came in with a "pal" who spoke English, and with whom we discussed plans brokenly. We eventually made out Mr. Downie had been a little out in his distances, which disturbed our calculations not a little; but by degrees got the better of the knotty point, to the satisfaction of all parties, and made all necessary arrangements, &c., &c. The most amusing part was when I made our friend the interpreter a pretty speech of thanks. The only response, a vacant stare; and on repeating myself in plainer language, "I don't understand you," with a mingled expression of disgust and wonder. Imagine my feelings, and with that brute Henri laughing in his sleeve, and it required further abridgments before the dear man would gather that I was only trying to thank him for his trouble!!!

*May 30th.*—7.15 A.M. saw us rattling down the high street of Magelang in our coach-and-six, "'midst horrid shrieks" and crackling of whips—in fact, making a great commotion through the town. We had barely cleared the town before we had to stop more than once to lift the hind legs of first one and then the other of our wheelers over the traces, as they had a playful way of hoisting over. The near horse soon tired of the little game, but his companion was light-hearted the whole stage, and went on hooraying with his heels in style. His one object in life seemed to be to kick over the *reins*, and he nearly succeeded more than once. But except when he got over the pole, or became inextricably mixed up with the different ropes, of which there were enough to hold a man-of-war riding out a gale of wind (the coachman had an immense coil under his feet, the "ribbons" being of substantial cord, and with six of them he had his hands full I think); indeed the driving was chiefly entrusted to our

running footmen,—and I should have been sorry to have entrusted myself to the sole management of our worthy Jehu,—well, as I was going to say, except when our kicker got interfering with his mate's side of the pole we let him have his fling. But when we had to stop it was the most laughable sight to see the refractory leg or legs being hauled over into their place again, and then we would start again, and while we were going we travelled at a rare pace, and no mistake. At the end of some eight miles we got a fresh team, rather a soberer lot than the first, but here again we had a determined kicker in the wheel. At Temmangong, where we changed again, we got rid of some of our heavy baggage, and taking only what we wanted for the night left the rest at the hotel. Up to this point the road was charming in the extreme. At one time we were going under thick shady avenues, or between fine palm groves; then we would get out into the open, and the whole gorgeousness of the valley was before us in all its wealth of luxuriant vegetation, and the volcano-shaped mountains sloping up imperceptibly to their conical peaks. One especially straight above us looked lovely in its transparent haze of blue. Beyond Temmangong the road is straight and less fascinating, besides being heavy going. We reached Perakang, the end of our carriage road, at 11, and were most cordially received by the native head of the village—at least he held some such swell position, and our Jehu prostrated himself humbly to the ground before him. While waiting for our saddle horses we had an amusing interview with the boss and some other under officials, by aid of our conversation book, the latter gentlemen being especially sharp and greatly amused at our conversational powers. We parted with many salaams after an hour's stay, and proceeded on our ponies along a good mountain road and over a pass down into Vonesobo, about seventeen or eighteen miles. We might have saved ourselves the ponies, as we walked most of the way after the first few miles. The afternoon clouds had gathered with persistent regularity, and about 2 o'clock came down in a steady pour, which continued with a slight interval the rest of the way. It was dark when we arrived, and there was a moment when we seemed to be likely to have to spend the night where best we could; nobody could direct us to *the* hotel. After knocking up a few private individuals we at length found our hostelry, an unassuming and unpretending place. Here we found two young Dutchmen staying in the neighbourhood, who proved very merry companions and extremely useful, with our limited knowledge of the language. They were in some official capacity—woods and forests, I think—and had been residing at the hotel for some little time, so were quite at home there. They had nicknamed the two “sappadas” Alexandre and Simon, and had taught them to answer to these names. The former, and elder, was quite a character in his way, and as ugly a specimen of a Javanese as you could well find. Simon was better favoured, but being only an urchin had plenty of time before him to grow as ugly as his mate.



*May 31st.*—We were ready for a start by dawn of day, but thanks to the pony and coolie whom we had ordered for 5 A.M., it was nearly 7 o'clock before we were off, and then the coolie never came to the fore, and we had to leave our baggage to go by itself, our Dutch friends undertaking to have it meet us at Perahan. We had a delightful walk of thirteen miles up to Deang, along a good mountain road, a gradual ascent at first, and then pretty steep and rough until we reached Deang, a mountain village some 6,000 feet. It was a very pretty walk—the steep slopes everywhere cultivated in the most thrifty and careful manner; they looked like so many well-kept gardens, so tidy and neat were they, and the height to which some of the crops reached was surprising. The ground was broken up into innumerable little hills and vales, snug little nooks and corners, mountain torrents with banks of ferns and flowers, while above appeared the peaks and wooded slopes of the loftier heights. The volcano element is plentiful, and from one there were two thick streams of white smoke puffing out from the top.

The object or the chief end in view in visiting Deang was to see some wonderful ruins—a miserable delusion and base snare. All there is to be seen consists of the foundations of some old walls and a tumble-down stone shed, in the middle of a marsh, without any attempt at architectural beauty or interesting sculpture. We returned at once to the hotel, rather sold and very furious, made the best of a very inferior meal, and got off without much loss of time, as we had still a good bit of ground to cover before night. The pony which G. and H. had shared coming up we now left here, and there being no beast of burden to be had, we started off with a coolie to guide our steps on Shanks's mare. There is not much to say of this part of the journey. The rain began before long, and for the rest of the way, *i.e.*, until 7.30, we had buckets and deluges sent down on our devoted heads, the intervals being filled with that dense mist and cloud which we love so well!!! Our road lay back over the way we had come in the morning at first, then turned off up a mountain pass, where we slipped and slithered about in a coating of greasy mud, or through extempore torrents, in the most heart-breaking way. When we did at length breast the summit it was easier, though at times slimy travelling, and we all did our best too, and G. succeeded in measuring his length in the mud, which put the finishing touch to the spotless purity of his trousers. But we "slipped along" all the same at a good pace, and didn't "let our spirits go down," if we were not always so successful with our bodies. It was a long time coming, this precious village of Perahan. We had been given to understand it was a matter of five hours from Deang, but it was a good six-and-a-half of best pace before the welcome lights appeared. We found our carriage waiting for us, and while the horses were being put to proceeded to get into some drier garments under the friendly shelter of a shed, to the amusement, I think, of a group of natives belonging to the suite of the chief man of the village,

that boss himself having retired for the night. An hour's smart driving brought us back to Temmangong, our resting-place for the night, where we found our baggage that we had left the day before, and, what was almost of greater importance just then, a supply of fair viands, off which we proceeded to make a good "square" meal.

N.B., and moral from above experience.—"When at Wonosobo always order your coolies at least two hours before you want them."

The distance from Deang to Perahan must be quite eighteen or twenty miles, so with that and our morning walk I think we had earned our corn.

*June 1st.*—A good day's carriage exercise and a lovely drive back to Samarang. Hilly all the way. I really don't think there were 100 yards of flat the whole way until we got into Samarang; and in some parts, especially as far as Amberawa, the hills were precipitous, and we frequently had to call in the assistance of oxen or buffalo to pull us up. On the whole the hills were in our favour, as Amberawa is considerably above the level of Samarang, which is the level of the sea, or pretty nearly so. But to get down a hill requires as much time as getting up, as a rule. To begin with, the "breaking" of the wheel is quite an undertaking. Besides the skid—the putting on and taking off of which occupies three men an unconscionable time—it is considered prudent further to fasten the wheel with several coils of rope, in case the drag-chain, a huge cable in itself, should come to grief. The fastening of this rope seemed always as difficult to unfasten as the Gordian knot. The Javanese has not the bump of coachmanship strongly developed, but then neither has he any false pride about him. He holds the reins indeed—no mean performance of itself, I must confess, considering the make of the ribbons—but the chief direction of the team is entrusted to the two running footmen, who cut, slash, and yell away in the most fiendish manner; cruelly so at times, and the way one of our teams were knocked about by these men was brutal, and it was more aggravating that we were powerless to prevent them. They have a great notion of "springing" their hills when practicable, these Javanese Jehus, and their one idea on coming to a hill is to rush it, or as far as the ponies can be got, at full gallop, as hard as they can split; except of course when the beeves are tacked on, and then the ponies have an easy time of it. But it is as well for the traveller that they do bucket up the hills; for, as I say, going down is generally a slow process, the coachman not trusting sufficiently to his skill to get into a trot except along a very moderate incline; and for that matter I'm just as glad they don't. We reached Amberawa at noon, after six hours' drive, and there had tiffin and changed our carriage for a lighter one with four horses, a rather more reasonable driver, and much quieter footmen, which was a great improvement, as these fellows, when not running, stand on a footboard behind you and shout—no, yell—at the horses and into your ears, cracking their whips at the same time; which

delightful harmony rather palls on one after a time. We went through a beautiful country the whole way, and I enjoyed the drive and scenery and an occasional stretch of the legs up hill,—enjoyed it at least as long as the fine weather lasted, which was till 4 o'clock, when the afternoon pump was set in motion, and cool refreshing showers were the result. Samarang was reached soon after 7 o'clock, and after a night spent in doing battle with mosquitoes, who somehow found their way inside our curtains,—these same not being exactly of the newest fashion,—in blessing the coolies who were making night hideous with their jokes just outside our windows up till 2 o'clock A.M., and in doing something rather the reverse of blessing an objectionable brat who must needs begin trumpeting after that hour, and at intervals for the rest of the night—we embarked for Sourabaya at 8 A.M. on June 2nd, on board the “Gouverneur-General Myer.”

### *Sourabaya.*

*June 3rd.*—Landed at 8 A.M. this morning, and put up at “Hotel des Indes” till this afternoon, when we are off up country.

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### *Pasærcæan.*

*June 3rd.*—W came on to this town from Sourabaya this afternoon—two hours by train, through a flat but rich country. The sugar-cane is cultivated plentifully in these parts, and dense plantations of it alternate with rice fields or generous profusion of tropical woodland. This seems a pretty place, and the little daylight that remained after our arrival showed us as we strolled about broad shady avenues, lined with snug-looking verandah-fronted houses, each in its little plot of ground, well kept and ornamented in front with fine specimen ferns, &c. The “plebeian” portion of the town we did not penetrate, our hotel standing in the *quartier chic*.

N.B.—Coffee here A 1.

### *Tasari.*

*June 4th.*—We left Pasærcæan at 6 A.M., and were soon bowling at a good pace, behind four little *ribby*-looking angular ponies, along a first-rate road, shaded thickly with graceful bending bamboo, stately palms and their kind, or other umbrageous foliage, which often met over our heads, forming the most delightful of natural arches. An hour and a half brought us to the end of the carriage road, and we stopped for a few minutes with the chief man of the village and district, while a couple of beasts were being got, one for H. and G., the other for the luggage. The great man couldn't

understand our not having a pony a-piece, and thought we should certainly faint by the way, or otherwise come to some grief; but we shook hands cordially and set off again up the mountain. The road was an excellent one, at times exposed to a rather baking sun, but sheltered from time to time between lovely avenues, chiefly of a tree something like a lime, and with huge broad leaves which leant a deliciously cool and grateful shade. Presently the road got steeper, but it was a pretty walk all the way, and we sauntered up gently, enjoying the rich forest growth all around, and a pretty view of the plain and sea behind us as we halted from time to time and looked back. Butterflies of every imaginable shade and colour fluttered about us in motley swarms, but floral colour in the banks or woods there was none, or but little. I think we must be in a bad time for flowers just now. Certainly we have not seen much variety or number, and this is one of the few disappointments I have experienced in what I had expected of the vegetation of the island. We passed a very curious tree on the way up to-day. I don't know what it was, but it was one of those which send down their roots from up in the branches somewhere, and different sorts of which we have seen pretty often. But I never saw such a magnificent specimen as this one. It was closely surrounded by a dense shrubbery, through which I only just caught sight of it from the road, and into which I forthwith penetrated. It was difficult to say what was branch or trunk or root, or which was the parent stem. It was a mass of those downward-shooting roots, which, starting from about 50 feet up, gradually drooped lower and lower till they touched earth, and took root downward again, the fibres above ground growing to the size of goodly trunks, spreading in all directions. There was a sort of second edition of these close by, but whether from the same origin, or whether of a second tree which had joined its fortunes with its big brother, I could not be quite sure. It is difficult, too, with the denseness of the shrubs all around, to say the size of this tree, but I really think I am under the mark in saying that a measure of 150 feet would not embrace it. It was a great height at the same time, and the depending roots were still to be seen in younger stages, adding to the circumference, I suppose, every year. We kept the fine weather until soon after 11; at 11.30 we were in the clouds, and by another quarter of an hour these same were dissipating their insidious moisture in a steady rain—not those drenching deluges, those “diluvian” sheets of water, ferocious, irresistible, to which we have before been treated, but more of a liberal Scotch mist order. About here the masses of ferns everywhere were abundant, stately drooping fronds, of enormous size some of them; then a thick plantation of a shrub something like a Portugal laurel, with thick clusters of red berries; and now and then we could just see through the mist and moisture a deep dark ravine, which, under the kindlier influence of old Sol, would, I can well fancy, resolve itself into many a varied shade of green foliage, and pretty dips and

hollows. The last part of the road is in places steep, but always splendidly kept; even the rain did not make it soft or slippery, and we reached this little mountain village at 1 o'clock, after five hours' climb, to find a cheerful-looking, good-sized inn, with a fine buxom specimen of a Dutch landlady, who, all courteous affability, showed us into some capital bedrooms, and after we had effected sundry ablutions and changes of garments, set us down to an excellent tiffin, at which we soon forgot the lachrymose elements outside, except now and then when an extra lavish discharge would come clattering down on the roof, accompanied by surly grumbling rattles of thunder. Later in the afternoon it cleared, but not enough to tempt one very far afield—not much farther, in fact, than the terrace outside the dining-room, which must be a pretty outlook in clear weather. A billiard table and a harmonium helped to while away the afternoon, and we agitated the ivory (?) a little, and I treated the company to some gratuitous harmonious strains, the instrument being a pretty good one, which is more than I can say for the table. It was certainly anti-Burroughes & Watts. We had a protracted discussion on ways and means of going up the volcano and getting on to Malang the same evening, this being our proposed line of march as advised by Mr. Greig. The worthy hostess, however, declared this impossible, and said there was no other way to Malang except by coming back to the hotel. The first of these statements we declined to believe, the second we were forced to give way to, and after the various *pros* and *cons* had been exhausted it was settled to make an early start for Bromo, and push on in the afternoon for Malang. Accordingly, June 5th, at 4.45 A.M., we started, in company with an errant native of Glasgow, who was at the hotel, a not particularly attractive individual, nor an engaging—and I'm afraid we rather shocked him. For nearly an hour we trudged along by "de gaslight ob de moon," a fine bright moon which made our way as clear almost as daylight. Gradually she gave way to the superior force of the sun, and it was lovely to watch the wooded peaks and green slopes one by one catching the rosy tints and then the golden glow, while the little glens and the deep ravines below were thrown into deeper shadow. The walk was a delightful one, and the brisk morning air so delicious: everything looked and "smelt" so fresh, and the early birds were warbling away merrily. A couple of hours' walk brought us to the edge of a wooded, precipitous-looking ridge, at the bottom of which was a bare, flat, sandy plain, and behind the mountains on the opposite side we could see the white smoke of the Bromo volcano rising in thick clouds. It was a very steep descent into the plain—a perfectly barren waste of slate-coloured sand. Along this for a mile or two, and round the foot of an extinct volcano, and we arrive at a shed just at the foot of Bromo. Here we leave our coolie with the grub and ponies, and proceed to scramble up a small ravine of hardened lava, and a steep rough slope of slippery cindery stuff; this latter part being a labour of supererogation, as we found

afterwards a fair track cut, which we had somehow missed. From the knife-like edge of the crater we looked down into the enormous bowl with its sides all bleared and burnt, and saw the smoke bursting out of the earth, and from another aperture a curling flame of red. The noise and roar were deafening, even from where we stood, and we had to roar at each other in our turn to make ourselves heard speaking. It was extremely curious and interesting; and here, if in no other part of the island, you get a good idea of the volcanic tendencies of the country in the different mountains around, while some way off you see a large one smoking away in great volume. When we had looked enough we returned to the shed and our provisions, and, after lightening the coolies' load considerably started back again over the plain, where, by the way, lots of pieces of lava are scattered about, and up the zigzags of the cliff, a pretty sharp grind. By this time the mid-day clouds have collected, and we do the rest of the way in thick mist. What a contrast to a few short hours back! However, it is most of the way down hill now, and we are lucky enough to get in with dry jackets. But they were not to be so long. Having discussed a beefsteak and got fresh ponies we were off again, this time in a pelting downpour for a change, which continued wickedly for about an hour, and then more moderately in occasional light showers as we wound away down through a glorious forest, quite the finest we have yet seen, and lovely despite the dull weather. In places it was one enormous fernery; ferns above and below, in thick bunches on the branches of the bigger trees, or in luxuriant masses, and of all sorts, carpeting the ground and banks. Then we would find ourselves among thick plantations of coffee; now we would descend into a narrow cañon to cross a mountain stream and look up above at the amphitheatre of woodland heights, or a forest dell, or single clump of giants standing out alone, then a sharp pull up a little *col* and more variety of fresh scenes, and down again a rocky road. In this way we gradually got into the plain; but it had been dark some little time before we reached the village of Pakies, where we hoped to find some sort of conveyance to take us on to Malang. For this purpose we had been furnished with a letter for the Vedomo, or native head man of the place, but unfortunately this official was not at home. Where he was we couldn't make out, nor could we succeed in procuring anything like a cart by our own unaided efforts. So we decided to push on further as we were—*i.e.*, G. and H. riding, I on foot—to the next village, where we thought we understood the great man was taking his coffee. This proved some five miles further on, and very dark and slippery was the way. It was all level going now, but it was pretty dark, and you had to walk in blind hope, and trust to chance for the rest. In places where the trees were thick on either side, the darkness was pitchy and the road baddish, and I found myself often splashing into a big puddle, wading through ruts and mud ankle deep, or being nearly brought on to my nose by a large stone. However, all good things have an

end, and in course of time we reached the village, and after a little, found out the residence of the "assistant" Vedomo, to whom we presented our note. He was unwilling to open it at first, since it was not for him; but, his scruples overcome, and being made aware of our wants by the contents, he readily lent us his assistance, sent off for some traps, prayed us be seated, and handed round some tea—very welcome and refreshing, and with some sandwiches we had with us we restored exhausted nature while we kept up a desultory conversation with our host, who was, I think, no little astonished and amused at our appearance. Such a nice-looking man he was too, and gave us each a hearty grip of the hand when in half-an-hour or so two little carts made their appearance. Into these we lost no time in conveying ourselves and belongings, and in another one-and-a-half hours we reached our destination, Malang. Our drivers here first took us to some private house instead of the hotel, and we, in our ignorance, began banging and hammering at the door. In response there came back fierce invectives from inside, the proprietor naturally objecting to being roused thus suddenly from his beauty sleep. We apologised profusely in all the languages we could muster, and our next attempt was successful in finding the hostelry. We entered—but our researches only revealed to us a sweetly sleeping coolie; all else was dark and deserted. The coolie refused obstinately for a long time to wake at all; kicking and poking produced no signs of life for some time more than a guttural muttering; but when at last roused he was very quick in showing us some rooms, and providing us with a bottle of champagne, which we thought we deserved after our long day. Up till 6 o'clock P.M. it was the jolliest day we have yet had. The early part was most enjoyable, and even the afternoon by comparison was not too wet, and that magnificent forest afforded as glorious a woodland walk as I ever had. We wanted two days though, really, to do it comfortably. Seventeen hours on the go was a little too much, and though I was not unduly tired, thirty-five miles in the mountains is at any time a pretty good stretch.

*June 6th.*—From Malang to Kediri by train, starting at 7 o'clock A.M., and getting in at 5 in the evening. We changed twice, having to wait three hours at one place, Sidhoardjo, a pretty little village; but otherwise there was nothing of particular note: country pleasing and thickly cultivated.

### *On Board SS. "König Wilhelm III."*

*June 12th.*—Well, we have not had an idle time nor an uneventful one since I last wrote, and I don't think we shall forget our expedition up to Dick Tolson. To begin at the beginning of our adventures, and to preserve the strict order of events in my journal, I must hark back to Kediri, which we left in carriage-and-four the morning of June 7th, at the hour of seven. We began the

day by having two erratic teams, and taking three hours instead of two over the road. The first set of ponies were the most objectionable. They began by turning round every corner they were not wanted to, and then refusing to budge an inch one way or the other. They did exactly what they liked with their driver, who was the poorest of coachmen, and even when we were going along a perfectly straight road we went serpentine along, describing a series of "S's" and tacking about from one side of the road to the other. One time we brought up alongside the ditch on the starboard tack for some unaccountable reason, and it was quite ten minutes before we got under weigh again. The second team, as I say, was a little better; but we had a difficult passage just before getting in of about twenty yards of mud, through which the ponies suddenly declared they would be blowed if they would drag the carriage. Blowed they certainly were, and coaxed and pulled; we got out and took up various positions at the wheels of the carriage, or the heads of the horses. But for some time the wheels only turned round in the mud, and the bridles showed signs of remaining in our hands. I don't know how we at length moved on, but we did get through, and reached the hotel soon after 10 o'clock. Our next idea was to get ponies and a coolie to go up to Dick Tolson's place, and going to the Assistant Resident he undertook to procure them for us and have them ready at 12 o'clock. It was 1.30, however, before they made their appearance, and then they were not the most amiable. George's began by letting out behind, and just caught me on the leg. Luckily I was only just within range of his heels, so he didn't do me much harm. Then I approached mine: he resented, and broke his bridle by which he was fastened. Fresh delay. He condescended at length to let me mount, but took exception to my waterproof being handed up to me, and careered off. I, waterproof in one hand, was scarcely aware of his intention, when he whisked round a corner, and the next thing I was aware of was lying ignominiously in the middle of the road, with my saddle and the remnants of a girth by my side, the pony "skiddadling" down the road in the distance. It seemed hopeless to wait for him, so I started off a-foot; but before we had gone half-a-mile the truant steed was brought after us, and I mounted again. The stirrup leather broke before I had scarcely put foot in the stirrup, so I had now succeeded in parting with all the different parts of my saddlery—bridle, saddle, and girths and leather, the last being the least important. But there was just a critical moment when soon after I went through the performance of putting on my waterproof—the *causa belli* before—as a heavy shower came down. Our guide was holding him the while, but I was not at all sure that he would hang on if it came to a crisis, or if he did whether the bridle would not go before I could get into my coat. The animal, though, contented himself with pretending to be frightened, and we resumed our way rejoicing for some time along the high road. A few miles



further on, though, he displayed his agility by trying to kick himself out of the saddle, and was not a long way from being successful, as the miserable sort of surcingle, the only apology for girths, was several lengths too long, and the saddle was soon somewhere in the region of his neck. After about four or five miles along the flat we turned aside through some paddy fields, and gradually wended our way towards the mountains which rose in gentle slopes before us. It was a pretty and very easy path we were following, but as the sun went down the rain came down steadily, and it was soon pretty dark. Our coolie, who led the way, however, seemed to show no hesitation in his road, and until 6.30 or 7 o'clock we got on, if slowly and blindly, at all events surely. But there came a part where there was nothing to mark the line of the road, and we found our guide was quite at fault, and couldn't make out his road at all. It was now black as pitch, the ponies' heads being quite out of sight; the rain was coming down in torrents; we hadn't an idea where we were; we couldn't speak a word hardly to our men (the coolie or the man in charge of the ponies), and these men, instead of helping us out of the difficulty, were useless as a couple of babies. The "groom" stood speechless and vacant; the coolie, when he did move, tried to tumble down a sort of sloping precipice, and quite succeeded in tumbling into a ditch, where he lay speechless for a few minutes, and I thought he was really hurt. Though standing right over him, I couldn't distinguish what was coolie or what was baggage; but he at length pulled himself out, the only harm done having been his breath and remaining senses quite knocked out of him. I don't know how long we waited in this cheerful predicament: it seemed an age; but eventually we discovered the direction of the road, and left the natives to follow, ourselves taking the lead and groping our way with the greatest difficulty. Presently we saw some lights above us, to our great joy; but they turned out only to be some natives, who refused to come down to us, and as our intelligent companions could not be got to shout out what we wanted, and we couldn't find our way up, we were obliged to content ourselves with plodding as best we could for some way further on. At last, about 9.30, we thought it too much of a good thing; our guide was quite hopelessly stupid, our coolie completely done, and we had a strong suspicion that they neither of them knew their country; so, by the light of some matches, we fastened the baggage on to one of the ponies and gave the word to retire. My handy pony all this time showed quite a charming temper, and it was all I could do to drag him along; riding had, of course, been long out of the question; and I almost felt inclined to let him take his own line, which would have disposed of him down the precipice, I fancy. We learnt afterwards—luckily for our peace of mind we did not know at the time—that it was not at all impossible to come across a stray tiger in the jungle grass, which here and there was thick around us. They were not common just near this road, but on another a short way off, by which we

subsequently returned, they are frequently straying about at night, and here there was quite enough jungle to afford them a comfortable lair. Well, we made the best of our way back along the way we had come, until arriving at the place where we had seen the lights. Here we determined to find out what these people were made of, so as we still could find no road or path I left the others and proceeded to scramble up through a tangled bush in the direction we had seen the light, shouting at the same time; the others making the best use of their lungs below. I forced my way through brushwood plantations, of what I could not see, crashed through two or three stiff bamboo palings,—no easy fence to scale, as I discovered, especially in the dark and rain, and with everything greasy, slippery, and tangled about you,—but could find no habitation. Suddenly I found my nose against a bamboo wall, which, on closer inspection, turned out to be that of a hut, from which, as I banged at the door, there came forth a chorus of terrified agonised shrieks in juvenile and female notes. This was not encouraging, but after a little more scrambling, I saw some lights moving about, and heard voices, and another minute brought me into the midst of some twenty or thirty men, who looked upon me as if I was a ghost. I don't suppose my appearance was particularly reassuring. The next thing was to get the rest of the force up. I looked into one of the huts, and seeing that we could perfectly make out the night there, signified my intention to that effect to the owner, at the same time getting him to bring lights to show us the way up. It was not altogether an easy matter getting the horses up the steep slippery pathway, but we managed it with the loss of only one bridle, my steed being, for a wonder, the most tractable and active. As may be supposed, we created a small sensation among these native folk, and we entertained a large audience as we sat inside our room and got out of our wet clothes. Imagine the scene: three-and-twenty natives of various ages and sexes sitting round a trio of Europeans inside a bamboo hut, and staring with silent and curious gaze! They were civil fellows, our hosts, and anxious to do everything they could for us. They made us some hot coffee, which, with some bananas and a hard-boiled egg, made a capital dinner, and hung up our clothes to dry. Then laying us down in a row on a low bamboo stage covered with a clean-looking matting, we slept the sleep of the mountain-lost, and the next thing I remembered was the chattering of our hosts at 6 A.M. I don't know how many of the twenty-three slept in our room, but when I woke up there was a goodly proportion of them to greet us; Henri had already been entertained by a cock chase which had taken place amid great excitement round the room. We lost no time in getting off, as we were determined, having come so far, to shake hands with Dick Tolson, if we had to go back at once. Our landlord accompanied us to guide our guides, who were manifestly out of their element, but who carefully gave the wrong address to the man, as after two hours we found ourselves at the

plantation of a Mr. Van——, who now lent us another coolie, and set us on the right road, and in another hour we had the satisfaction of meeting Dick Tolson and St. George walking through the plantation. They rather opened their eyes to see us, as it turned out my second letter, announcing ourselves, had never reached him, and he had only received my first, telling him about when we expected to reach Sourabaya. This accounted for our hearing nothing from him. However, it was something to have arrived. It had taken us twenty-two hours to arrive, instead of about five. Tiffin was served soon afterwards, a welcome meal to at least three of the party, and we discussed how and when we should get down. We had intended being back at Tœlœngalœng that evening, but as that would have left us such a little time, and as our ponies were not all as fresh as could be wished, it was eventually decided that we should have a pony lent us for the baggage, and make an early start to catch the train from Kedirie next morning. This was more advisable, too, as it would give us more chance of getting down dry, the afternoon rain being a certainty. It is a daily blessing up here, and poor Tolson finds it, as I can well imagine, a little wearing and dispiriting. We got out for a little, and had a walk about the plantation, saw the coffee being picked, and afterwards going through the first performance of pulping. This is the maiden crop being got in, and is consequently a small one; but there is every promise of the plantation being a good one. Its extent is about 800 acres, and besides the coffee there are several plots planted with the cinchona, from the bark of which quinine is made, which also answers very well. There are two sorts of this, the commoner of which grows very easily and quickly, but the other and more valuable sort takes some trouble when young, and requires great attention and care. The house is at present rough, but that will be improved later on. There must be some pretty scenery in clear weather, as we had some pretty peeps from the slopes as we went up; but from the time we arrived at the plantation itself, we were in the clouds or rain. St. George, who looks after another part of the property, lives by himself in a house on his own beat, Melbourne being the sole companion of his uncle Dick. The afternoon slipped away very quickly. St. George went back to his own quarters before dinner, and that meal over we were not long in turning into bed to prepare us for the fatigues of the morrow.

*June 9th.*—We didn't think when we started at 3 A.M. *what* fatigues were before us. It had rained unceasingly and delugingly the whole night, and up till the moment before starting; but we were rejoiced to find it lessening as we mounted our ponies, and soon afterwards it ceased entirely, and we got down without being "under the pump" at all. We had a torch to light us for half-an-hour, after which we could see our way pretty well. The road was naturally very bad going, wet and slippery, and an occasional landslip necessitated a little steeplechasing practice. My Bucephalus was

"all there." He went off kicking down some slippery wooden steps from Dick Tolson's house, and continued at intervals to hoist away freely for a good part of the way, generally choosing the steepest bits to stop and kick, as, "Jerry like," he didn't fancy going down hill. He had a great leaning towards the precipices, and did his best to send his hind legs flying down. My best resource I found in sending him along at a gallop directly he began. I think the risk was the lesser of two evils. Nothing of note happened till we got down to the plain, which we reached by a quite different road to that by which we had come up, and on getting on to the high road, H. and I went forward to see about the carriages which we had ordered by coolie to be ready for us, G. remaining behind with the baggage, as his beast began to show prominent signs of lameness. Urging our noble steeds into a shuffle, we went on for about a mile when we were stopped by a man who began talking excitedly with our head groom, who, after various signs and jabberings, made us to understand that the water was out further on above one's neck. Cheerful prospect this, very, for men in a hurry. However, we could not choose but believe that the state of the waters was as we were told, so turning our horses' heads we hustled along back, wondering presently why we didn't see George and the baggage train. It was useless under the circumstances to stop and inquire, so on we went, our ponies warming to their work and going along at a good hard gallop. Our groom guide was more idiotic-looking than ever, nor was he a skilled horseman. His mount was the least good of the three, and he had no idea of sending him along. The enraging man too stopped to let him drink, going through some water, which in one or two places was flooding the road. At last we drove him before us and whipped his pony into a gallop, and so continued our career at full speed, the native looking more uncomfortable and "gagar" every stride. After two or three miles of this we reached a village, and a little further on we came to the river and what was once a bridge—for, horror!! half of it had been carried away during the night, and there was a fierce rushing stream surging along at a frantic pace. We said good-bye now to the train at Kedirie, as it was now nearly 9 o'clock, and we ought to have been starting from Tœlœngalœng; but we had still the boat from Sourabaya to think about, leaving next day at 8 A.M. and the last train gone—at least as far as we were concerned. The only thing to be done was to leave the ponies and cross in a ferry, a long narrow boat hollowed out from the trunk of a tree apparently. We were taken across very cleverly, the men pulling themselves across by what remained of the bridge, and then using the stream so as to carry us a little further down on the opposite bank. We were like to have gone down rather further than we had a mind as we missed the bending by about a yard, and went on until a friendly overhanging tree enabled us to hang on and pull in to land. Once on land we went off as hard as our legs could take us, and had the satisfaction of thoroughly pumping out our ass

of a man, before reaching Tœlœngalœng, some four or five miles off. To our great surprise, on getting into the hotel we found G. already arrived. He had turned down by mistake a side lane, which accounted for our not seeing him when we turned back, and had then gone on the regular road and waded through the dreaded floods, which turned out to be nothing so formidable after all, the water only coming just above the ponies' shoulders. Our attendant would doubtless have "looked a fool" if it had been possible for his face to have assumed a more asinine expression; but it was not, and we had to content ourselves with roasting him as well as we could for having taken us such a dance all for nothing. Our one thought now was Sourabaya, and the quickest mode of getting there. A couple of small carts were procured which brought us to Kediri very well by 1.45; but the difficulty was to get on from there. It was impossible to have an idea how long it would take to drive, no two people agreeing on the time, which varied according to them from five to more than eighteen hours. We tried the Assistant Resident, in the person of his secretary, to see if he could help us to getting post horses on, but he was not much good, besides being very short and unobliging, not to say uncivil, and briefly informing us we couldn't have the cattle. Fortunately we found a great contrast to this brute in a most obliging Dutchman staying at the hotel, who did his utmost to help us through our difficulties, and after a great deal of talking and settling, we at length got started at a quarter to 4 in three little carts, after telegraphing to the Resident at Modjokerto, which was as far as these conveyances would take us, for horses to take us on. Our little rats of ponies did their work well, and hard work it was; for, for the first ten miles, the country was all under water, and we had frequent long tracts of water to go through, up nearly to the axles of the carts. We had contracted with our drivers not to give them more than the five rupees we paid in advance unless they brought us to Modjokerto by 2 o'clock. It wanted a quarter of an hour to that time when we drew up to the post where we had asked for horses to meet us, but not a vestige of a horse was to be seen, not an animal was to be procured. Our last hope of catching the boat was gone, and we knew our only resort would be hard posting from Sourabaya to catch it at Samarang. For the present we bade our carts take us to the railway station, there to await the early train for Sourabaya. Nothing stirring here: doors all shut; and we force an entrance by scaling some iron palings, and transporting ourselves and effects on to the platform, where we disturbed and astonished the sleeping and sleepy porters. They didn't attempt to help us in the least, calmly looking on as we carried our things. We laughed a good deal at our situation, and wondered what our respective friends at home would say could they see us now, in a deserted Javanese railway station, with two or three prostrate officials around, sitting and eating sandwiches at 2 o'clock in the morning. Suddenly we recollected it was G.'s birthday, so immediately fell on his neck,

and then stretched us each on a bench and slept more or less well till 6 o'clock. We had had a good snooze coming along in our little carriages, so hadn't a bad night's sleep on the whole. We had a particularly beastly cup of coffee at the station, and some doubtful looking ham, and at 7.25 took our seats in the friendly train which brought us to Sourabaya a couple of hours later. At once we dispersed in detachments to wait upon the Bank, the hotel, and Mr. Greig, of Martin Dyce & Co. This gentleman was as kind as any one could be, and put himself to great trouble to arrange for our posting on to Samarang. Eventually he provided for our journey as far as Rembang, about two-thirds of the way, and we telegraphed to Mr. Downie at Samarang to make arrangements for a carriage the rest of the way, and a little before 1 o'clock we were rolling out of the town in an enormous antediluvian travelling carriage, which our various teams must have found a good weight. We had relays of government ponies about every six or eight miles, and got on all right except for a delay of two-and-a-half hours at one post station where we had to wait for horses. Rembang was reached at 9.30 A.M. on 11th. Here we found another carriage ready for us. Our things were quickly removed, and we accomplished the remaining seventy miles by 7.30 P.M., nothing loth to see the lights of Samarang once more, and to be at our journey's end after sixty-four hours of perpetual motion—*i.e.*, from the plantation. We had not even the satisfaction of a fine country to look at. It was all flat and uninteresting, the road going along the coast most of the time. It was an expensive amusement, too, this posting, the horses alone coming to half-a-crown a mile all through. Fortunately from Sourabaya to Rembang we got a return carriage for nothing, or that would have been 150 gulden more. We went round to see Mr. Downie after dinner to thank him, and tell him of our adventures. He was very incensed at the conduct of the Dutch officials at Kedirie and Modjokerto, and their neglect of strangers in trouble, taking care of whom is, I believe, a part of these persons' business. At any rate it should have occurred to them to do *something* towards helping them. Looking back, the source of our adventures were the various delays in getting started for Tolson's, added to the ignorance and stupidity of our native guides. Now, too, we see we should have done better to have gone straight from Kedirie to Tœlœngalœng, and slept there, and Mr. Grieg also saw that he should have advised our telegraphing to Dick Tolson. He didn't think a letter took so long. But it is so easy to say what we might or could have done afterwards. Anyhow, we are here safe and sound, and none the worse for our knocking about. Arriving on board, we found a tremendous crowd assembled fore and aft. Besides a fair amount of steerage passengers, we have a regiment of soldiers on board, and the decks forward are *packed*. There are upwards of thirty first-class passengers also, including, for our sins, juveniles and babies in and out of arms, of every age and disposition. The malicious dispositions

predominate, I grieve to say, and their wicked and prolonged howls are distracting. I thought we had had our fair share of these little members of society, but "by Jove *this bangs all!*" Then some of them have been frantically ill during the day, which varies the degree of delightful warbling notes. I don't think the damp towel dodge has been tried, but it was with intense satisfaction this (13th) morning that I heard ominous sounds of "spanking" going forward, and though the cries were for the time redoubled, he or she had at all events "what for." One can't imagine, till one has experienced, how such music helps one write! There were no cabins to be had, but it was a small hardship to sleep on deck, where we had mattresses spread; and we had a delicious fresh night, and, speaking for myself, a very sound sleep, the night air being by far preferable to the stuffy cabins below.

*Sourabaya.*

*June 14th.*—Landed this morning soon after 8, and repaired as before to the *Nederlander*. After tiffin went and saw Pryce, and then to Maclean Watson to see about our passages, when, to our horror, we are informed politely that we cannot go by the boat of the 17th. Cholera has been declared epidemic, and the Company, in consequence, will allow of no passengers embarking at this port. Here's a pretty go! Our feelings may be imagined, but it would be no easy matter to describe the mingled sense of amazement, dismay, incredulity, rage, and despondency which agitated and harassed them on hearing the verdict in no uncertain voice. It came on us like a thunder-clap, and even more unexpectedly, knocking us down completely at first. At present our movements roam in all the glories of uncertainty.

I picked up a horseshoe when strolling out after dinner and religiously hung it over my door!! Joy be the consequence (?)!!!

JOURNAL XLI.

*Sindanglaya.*

*June 19th.*—After a few days passed in drying our clothes in Batavia, we have beaten a retreat out to this mountain Sanatorium, until we can take ship for Singapore. We were to have left to-day by French mail, but at the last moment she would take no passengers, so we have to wait for the "Netherlands-India" boat, and meanwhile have taken refuge here for a few days, Batavia not being the most lively place in the world to do nothing in. Our occupation while we were there consisted chiefly in exposing the whole of our wardrobe to the sun and air to counteract the effects of a damp sojourn in the baggage-room of the hotel. Our principal amusement during the day was to hold conversation with our *valets de chambre*,

who were among the few intelligent natives we have come across. They had a smattering of the English language, and their proficiency as linguists made rapid strides under our able tuition. Saturday I had an hour's rather mild tennis in the afternoon with the brothers Pryce, and later on G. and H. joined us at dinner, when we were introduced to Mrs. Pryce, the eldest brother's wife. Sunday we "tiffined" with Mons. Nederburg, who, with his family, consisting of wife, mother-in-law, son and daughter, was very pleasant, and we had an agreeable time with them. Previously in the morning we had been to the Museum, where are collected some curious old Javanese antiquities: statues, and old bits of sculpture from temples, &c., Indian clothes, bead works, and other specimens of original inhabitants, the most interesting being the old Javanese weapons of war, which were various and horrible in form. There was one case, evidently of nobles' arms, which were costly and beautiful to an extreme, studded as they were with diamonds and all manner of precious stones in richest profusion. This morning we took the first train for Buitenzorg, and, only stopping to get carriages, came on here at once, pulling up for tiffin at "Gadok," a snugly situated hotel with a charming view from the verandah. It is a stiff pull up to the "Pentjah," against the collar most of the way, and the last part to the top of the pass very steep. The afternoon gloom had settled down on the mountains, and clouds were less favourable even than before, though we had only a few drops of rain. We rattled a tremendous pace down the hill in the headlong Javanese fashion, and reached the hotel here at 5.30.

*June 20th.*—It poured hard all last night, and the morning was gloomy, but, the sun breaking through the clouds after breakfast, we sallied forth about 9 o'clock and had a nice walk until 12 o'clock. It was pleasant to stretch one's legs again after our Batavian inactivity. The afternoon was threatening, and we did not get beyond the hotel verandah, whence there is a pretty, though not extensive view. George and I had purposed storming the heights of Pangarengo, a volcanic mountain near here, and had laid our plans for a night attack, the only time when it was worth while ascending, as the summit is invariably in the clouds by 8 A.M., and the only chance is to anticipate them and be up on the top by sunrise. The elements, however, willed otherwise, as, on coming out after dinner, we found it raining, and the rain becoming a deluge soon, we countermanded the supplies and pioneering force, and the expedition stands postponed.

*June 21st.*—The morning broke cloudless, and we determined to make our way to some waterfalls, on the way to the mountain of which we had been baulked, and about a couple of hours' walk from here. With a little boy to guide our steps we left a little before 8 o'clock, and after about an hour's easy ascent over some wild land, with the wooded slopes before us looking so soft and inviting in the morning sunlight, we gained the edge of the forest and wound our



way up along a narrow, rough, and muddy path. It was one of those dense luxuriant forests which, I suppose, can only be seen in tropical lands, everything growing rampant in extravagant profusion, the fern kind beating anything I have yet seen for variety and rich growth. Some specimens were magnificent, and many quite unknown to me. The clumps and masses of them growing out of the trunks of the trees, too, added to the variety and beauty of the foliage, especially when the sun pierced through the tree tops, and sent lovely golden lights and shadows dancing among the green undergrowth. One could almost have believed oneself in fairyland, had it not been for the disagreeable dirtiness of the road. I'm afraid Queen Mab, or any spritely wood elves, would soon have got themselves into difficulties with the mud, the foetid semi-liquid composition through which we had to wade at times above our ankles, and which quickly brought our minds back to things earthy (and watery) whenever they by chance strayed to more romantic fancies. After some two hours' tramp, we came suddenly upon a semi-circular wall of solid perpendicular rock, over which at three different points the water was falling in no mean cascades from a height of some 200 feet. It was a grand spot, the rock towering over us covered with ferns and creeping plants, which somehow found means of living on its perpendicular face, the roar of the falling water as it dashed into spray in the wealthy green below; but the sun had gone in, and it struck damp and cold, so we did not stay long. Returning the way we had come, we reached the hotel just in time for the mid-day meal. As we emerged from the wood we had a pretty view stretching out before us, of green rolling vale and broken ranges of mountain peaks in the distance. Indeed, this part of the country is among the best of Java's scenery; only the clouds are so precious selfish, they grudge but a very fleeting glimpse of its beauties. We saw a few monkeys in the woods having rare games and gambols up in the branches. There was one especially fine old chap, who made some astounding leaps from tree to tree. It is such fun to see them. We saw a whole army of them one day, near Toelengaleng, I think it was, lining the road and making hideous faces at us.

### *Buitenzorg.*

*June 22nd.*—We had a terrific thunder-storm yesterday evening. For about half-an-hour it rained Jumbos and Megatheriums, and the water came pouring down like fifteen Niagaras, while the thunder kept up a well-sustained volley right over our heads. One or two peals were awful, and burst over the roof of the house with a frightful crash, bringing every one almost on to their feet, as if the building were coming about our ears. The lightning, too, was very vivid, and kept up a bright electric stream in front of the hotel. The rain continued heavy most of the night, but the morning was fine as we

started at 7.30 on our way back here; and we had a jolly drive in our little carts, supremely uncomfortable though they were. The weather was beautifully bright and clear, and the woods looked glorious as we came over the Poentjek, down the precipitous hill, and into the valley again, looking even prettier than we have yet seen it, and with the distances all clear. We reached this in good time for tiffin, and spent a good part of the afternoon enjoying *dolce far niente* and the fine prospect of undulating woodland from our balcony. The Salak rises straight in front of us; below runs the broad mountain stream between its walls of tropical trees, and as far as we can see the woods rise and fall, until a distant range of mountains on the right "horizons" the view. I certainly think the country from Buitenzorg to Sindanglaya *inclusive* is finer than any we have seen throughout the island, in fair or foul weather. As I write, the rains descend in floods—I wish they would have always waited until after dark to begin. It would give "a fellow" some chance then. We met last night at Sindanglaya a Mr. John Day of London, who knows Uncles Jack (Judd) and Harry Johnston well, and who is, like ourselves, delayed by this precious cholera and quarantine; only he is bound homeward. He seemed very nice, so we shall, at all events, have one genial spirit to help pass the ten days on board the Dutchman, and share the pleasures of quarantine. Like ourselves, too, he had been sadly disillusioned in the weather, having come to Java under the firm conviction that he was going to enjoy bright sunshiny weather all the time!!

*June 23rd.*—Morning devoted to the viceregal gardens, strolling about and looking at the different collections, which are most complete, I believe, and contain all known specimens of all rare plants, trees from all the different "gardens of the sun." In the afternoon *dolce far niente* on the balcony before our rooms, engrossed in literature and scenery, the latter ever varying in the lights and shades which played over it as the afternoon clouds came up and took turn about with the sun over the landscape. Strange to relate, it scarcely rained at all—only a "little summer shower," lasting barely half-an-hour, which overtook us just as we started for Kotta Batoe to have our afternoon bath. But our waterproofs laughed at the feeble attempt, and we had a jolly walk, about three miles, followed by a delightful swim, and a really fine evening to finish this very good-natured day. We telegraphed down for news of our boat, and have at least something definite to rely on now, though our departure still stands postponed until 27th inst. Mr. Day turned up from Sindanglaya, and keeps us company—and most welcome it is—until Monday, the eve, I hope, of our embarkation, when we remove to Batavia.

## JOURNAL XLII.

*Hotel de l'Europe, Singapore.*

*June 30th.*—We killed the time very pleasantly at Buitenzorg till Monday, if not in a very exciting manner, and the days passed away in reading and strolling about the gardens or going down to Kotta Batoe for an evening swim. The former improved even on our first acquaintance, and we used to discover new varieties of plants, and admire the stately avenue more every time we went : fine trees 150 feet high joining in a thick arch overhead, while below the trunks were one mass of ferns and creepers. There was one creeper near the gate with a very long classical name, which must have been 100 yards long—the name as well as the creeper—from first to last. It began in a serpentine coil on the ground as thick as the young trunk of a tree, and then found its way up a big tree from which it clambered on to several others, hanging in long festoons from one to another. It must have been of great age, which, with its great length, was its chief attraction, as it was almost leafless. Then the different sorts of palms brought from all parts of the warm world were endless, and formed a most delightful grove. But still, notwithstanding these charms, we were not sorry when Monday morning came bringing the day of departure nearer, and we moved our camp to Batavia. Glad, too, were we to see Tuesday dawn, and we wended our way towards the wharf ; but we were ready to do something quite eccentric in our joy on getting on board the tender to learn that quarantine was just over, and we should be able to go into Singapore direct. Our boat was the “*Königin Sophia*,” the oldest of the line, and an awfully slow old tub. Our company was small and select, consisting of three distinguished Anglo-French travellers, three Jesuit Fathers, on their way to evangelise New Guinea (as a short way of getting there, they were going by Ceylon and Melbourne), our former canny Scot of Tosari, who answers to the name of Curle (with several *r's*), and who is very great—in his own opinion, at least—in matters financial and statistical. The latter, I am bound to own, are in rather a Scotch mist ; the conclusions, in consequence, are not always clear or reliable. But his investments, especially in Fiji, are masterpieces of far-sightedness, and I'm afraid have some influence on his brain, as no matter what the subject of conversation be, he will always manage to wedge in Fiji *and* a certain set of houses, &c., and *da capo*. He has a pet stock of stories and anecdotes, with which he is in a perpetual state of overflow, and which bubble forth on all occasions. Of course they are amusing in the extreme, only no one can ever see the point except the narrator,—or at least not until some time afterwards,—and so you never know when to laugh, and as he is in a perpetual state of giggling during the telling of the tale it is rather difficult to laugh at the proper time. I always did it too soon

or too late, and found the best way was to keep up a giggle *obligato*. Then there was our old friend Mr. Day—such a jolly old man ; though why I should call him old I don't know, except for his white locks. He is a great botanist, or rather fernist, and is exporting something under a hundred specimen rare fronds. He is a great traveller, and is constantly making little jaunts abroad in and out of Europe. He is a great partisan and admirer of Switzerland, and has footed it the length and breadth of the land. Among forward passengers we had a fair contingent of Mussulman pilgrims, on their way to Mecca, who used every evening as the sun set to go through copious flections and prostrations to the departing luminary. There was a sad accident happened to one of them on Wednesday afternoon. We were standing on deck after tiffin, when suddenly we heard a cry of "Man overboard !" There was a rush to the side of the vessel—a buoy was thrown over, the engines were stopped, and as we crowded astern we saw the man rise above water, and apparently strike out strong enough. But, as far as we could make out, he did not see the buoy, and the last thing we saw of him was swimming in the opposite direction. All this time we were rounding to, and a boat was being got ready. They were dreadfully slow about this last manœuvre, and notwithstanding that we were going at the time nine knots, and under sail, which carried us on some way ; we had come round almost by the time the boat was manned, and were in sight of the buoy again. But there was no trace of the man, and after staying about for some little time longer we had to give the poor fellow up, and leave him to his watery grave, there being no hope of life by this time ; and whether he was victim of a shark or the waves we could not tell. The sea at the time was perfectly smooth. It appears no one actually saw him go over, though from several circumstances connected with him, joined to the fact that no cry whatever was heard, it was thought he committed himself voluntarily to the deep. Otherwise it were difficult to account for his not keeping afloat longer, as all these fellows can swim like fish, and he at first seemed by no means an exception to his fellows.

I awoke about 4 A.M. Thursday morning, just in time to shut my ports, as a heavy squall sprung up accompanied by a deluging rain. The wind continued fresh all day, which was very pleasant, and we had quite a cool day to re-cross the line. We dropped anchor in the roads at 9 P.M., and came on shore this morning, to find to our immense joy that there is a steamer leaving for Australia to-morrow, the "Meath," on which we have secured passages for Brisbane. She is not a regular passenger boat, but has accommodation for a few, for the last of which we have just "nipped in." This is a great piece of luck after our delays, as it is very rare that a vessel bound for Australia leaves this port, and saves us going all the way round by Ceylon. Poor Mr. Day has not been so fortunate, and arrives to find his boat gone to England yesterday, and his letters by some stupid mistake just sent to Shanghai—besides the prospect, most

cheering, of finding the canal blockaded or blown up! either or both of which events the telegrams lead us to expect as being "on the tapis."

So here's to a *bon voyage* through the Torres Straits.

## JOURNAL XLIII.

### *On Board SS. "Meath."*

*July 4th.*—It was Sunday afternoon 4.30 P.M. before we actually weighed anchor from Singapore. Saturday noon was the original hour fixed for our departure; then Sunday daylight; then Sunday noon, at which time we put ourselves and traps on board, but it was five hours later ere the last rope was cast off which held us to the shore, and the first turn of the screw was heard—a welcome sound, and we now really believed that we were on the road to Australia.

So far we are getting on well enough, despite the fact that we are eighteen cabin passengers where there is room for eight. However, we are lucky enough to have secured the last of the four cabins, which, though naturally the worst, and a poky hole enough in truth, gives a refuge for our smaller effects and ourselves the option of a couple of berths. The extra passengers bestow themselves at night about the ship as their several fancies elect; in and outside the saloon, on table, benches, or floor, or on the small hurricane deck. The latter is my election; a cushion from one of the cabin seats affords a perfect couch, and I ask for no better night, or sounder sleep, than I have so far enjoyed, "rolled up in my rug;" as, despite the latitude we are in, there is a fresh breeze ahead. Then at 6 A.M. I am awakened by visions of a sailor and hose, insinuating I should pick up my traps and go below, which I do—first having put myself under the orifice of the aforesaid hose and enjoyed a delightful morning douche. We are a cosmopolitan lot; English, French, American, Australian, New Zealand, and Japanese being all represented. The colonial element are—well, rough; pleased with their own little selves, if not so amiably inclined towards, or regarded by, their fellow passengers. These three, with two rather mild little Japs., ourselves and the first mate, form the first table at meals, where we are not a particularly lively or sociable company, and where our chief amusement is to listen—edified, of course—to the intellectual remarks of the colonial fraternity, the New Zealander, who is in a perpetual state of "mop" and would-be witticisms (he wears *such* a dirty shirt, I am wondering whether it has got to do duty for the whole voyage), displaying his conversational powers unlimited. Besides the above there are our three *Pères* with whom we came from Batavia; three Gallic wanderers (two masculine, one feminine), about to make their fortunes in Sydney; a mysterious old English lady (very chatty, who has offered to mend a hole in my trousers for me);

and Burgess, a young Englishman from Singapore, whose acquaintance we had already formed when crossing from that port to Batavia—nice. I was forgetting the little child of the Frenchman and his wife, a model little brat who never gives way to any dismal howlings. Our ship is a special one, chartered by some Hong Kong and Singapore firm for Australian ports. She is about 1,500 registered tonnage, and I believe a good boat, though we have not had to test her sea-going capabilities. The saloon and cabin accommodation is right aft, above which is the little hurricane deck where we spend the day, and some of us the night. At the present rate I spend twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four in the open air, so I am not badly off for fresh air. The days are lovely and clear, and a nice breeze keeps us in a satisfactory state of temperature and temper. George sleeps in the cabin. Henri has at present divided his favours.

*Wednesday, 5th.*—Morning black and threatening, but the clouds dispersed in a few drops, and day was fine. In the evening we just sighted the mountains of Java between Samarang and Sourabaya.

*Thursday, 6th.*—Off the coast of Madeira all the morning, steaming quite close to the land: a lovely-looking island it seems, judging from the rich-looking slopes rising up from the beach, dotted here and there with good-sized fishing villages. In places the highland rises in fine irregular ranges, looking especially green and refreshing from sea. The natives are around and about us in crowds, fishing, sailing, or paddling in their narrow, canoe-shaped little boats, with long beams of bamboo stretching out some 10 feet on either side to keep them from going over. They carry an immense big sail—sometimes two, cut square at the top, and coming down to a point—under which they go a tremendous pace before the wind, though they can't go very close to it. I am told they will stand some very rough weather, and in effect we saw some of them in a heavy squall which overtook us in the afternoon suddenly, not at all distressed, although they were not extra quick about getting in their canvas. For this manœuvre the men were to be seen standing on the beams, clinging on like monkeys, sometimes above their knees in the water as the waves rose. I watched one boat as long as I could through my glasses, and one man was still in, apparently, a very precarious situation on the boom, but no doubt very comfortable. Some of the smaller boats are so narrow that a man can scarcely sit down in them, and they are only kept on even keel by these parallel beams.

The wind blew pretty strong for an hour or so, and we had to take in the awnings. Passed a few more islands towards nightfall. I had to barricade myself well with chairs before turning in, and did so very successfully, keeping beautifully snug, though it blew fresh all night.

*Friday, 7th.*—A particularly "beastly" day. Passed through the Straits of Bally about 4 A.M.—I believe quite close to the cliff, but I wasn't awake to see. About 8 o'clock sighted a fine rocky

island with precipitous cliffs, and some rocks standing out something like the "Needles"; but it looked cold and gloomy through the clouds. The sea ran pretty high all day, and the rain came down in driving drizzling fits. There was a good deal of motion at times, which impaired the appetite of the passengers in general, but the ship upheld her reputation as a good sea boat, and went beautifully through the heavy sea. I had to shift my sleeping quarters on to the main deck, so as to have the benefit of the awning against the rain, but found a very comfortable nest, though a stray drop on to my nose advised me from time to time that there was a limit to the endurance of the rather threadbare awning. It blew, too, strong throughout the night.

*Saturday, 8th.*—The morning a repetition of yesterday; but the clouds broke about mid-day, and sea went down considerably in the afternoon.

*Sunday, 9th.*—Wind still fresh and always ahead, but a lovely bright day. Appetites looking up again. A "booby" came flopping on deck in the evening, and it was amusing to see its helpless viciousness as it snapped and squeaked at anybody near it—though quite unable to get any further, its feet and wings being equally useless. When we had diverted ourselves thus for a few minutes, a sailor got hold of it by its wings (a feat requiring some caution to avoid an ugly "nip") and we restored the poor bird to its element again. There were several about the ship through the day.

*Monday, 10th.*—Fine.

*Tuesday, 11th.*—Ditto. Passed Melville Island 3.30 P.M.; anchored outside the harbour of Port Darwin at 9 P.M.

*Wednesday, 12th.*—Anchored in the harbour off Port Darwin soon after daylight—a fine large harbour it is, with fourteen square miles of good anchorage. The town is a scattered collection of corrugated iron houses, with an European population of about two hundred souls. Its chief importance at present is the fact that it is the northernmost telegraph station in Australia, forming the connection with the cable to Singapore, &c. Near the coast the land is not good for much; but a little way into the interior it is being taken up as stock stations, and seems promising pretty well. The future of the town itself depends probably upon the line the railway takes, or rather whether they make it or Southport the terminus. There is a party of surveyors now about to go over the ground, and one of them told us that the latter was more likely to be chosen. Still Port Darwin is no doubt a rising place, and a few years will show a great deal of difference. We went ashore after breakfast, but, notwithstanding the "winter" weather, found it too unpleasantly warm to go about much. However, after tiffin at the hotel we chartered a one-horse "trap" and drove out to see the nursery gardens about two or three miles off. "We" consisted of our three selves, Messrs. Yates and Pugh (the New Zealander and Australian, who have improved a great deal on acquaintance), and the two Japs.—a pretty

good load for the poor horse, who had done his twenty miles already in the morning. The bush was wild and not fertile-looking, with scant ragged trees, no undergrowth, and but little grass. The chief feature were the white ant-hills, which were in great number, and of great size, many 4 and 5 feet in height. The gardens are organised by Government, as an experiment, to see what the land is fit for, and to encourage its cultivation. We found the managing man at home, a very civil German, and he took us about the grounds, showing us the different productions. There was sugar in quantities—eighteen different sorts of cane, besides patches of other crops, cotton, arrowroot, indigo, millet, maize, tapioca, &c., all of which were doing well. Fruits and flowers were not wanting, the hibiscus among the latter being especially fine. The durian and mangosteen had, so far, not been a success, but most other tropical fruit, besides Chinese peaches, were flourishing. The heat is great in summer, and for seven months in the year they do not look for a drop of rain.

There was a lovely view of part of the harbour from a point near the nurseries, across one of the many bays which abound, and during the drive, too, we had several pretty peeps. On our return we went in search of one of the native encampments, but only succeeded in finding the *débris*, a very heterogeneous *débris*, the camp having lately been moved off. However, we saw several specimens of the indigenous population, and finding a man with a spear under his arm, got him to display his skill by turning his weapon o' war at a tree about fifty yards off. These natives are perfectly black in skin, with shaggy curly heads of hair, and some of them rather fine open faces, light and wiry made, and carrying themselves very erect, the women especially so. Clothing is, of course, but little considered. But they are fit for nothing in the way of work, and are not at all amenable to civilisation, except for a smattering of English which some of them pick up. I believe they have occasional raids and skirmishes among the different tribes, which helps to kill down the race, which is gradually dying out. Near Port Darwin they are, as a rule, friendly disposed towards the white men, who, however, shoot them down on the sly up country. We returned on board for dinner, well pleased with our run on shore.

*Thursday, 13th.*—George, Mr. Pugh, and I went ashore after breakfast on equestrian exercise intent. We managed to find three fiery untamed steeds at the butcher's, and had them saddled and led out forthwith. We had a very jolly ride for near a couple of hours, through a wild bush track, and on to one of the promontories in the harbour, where we had a pretty, sweeping bay below us, and a fine distant view out to sea. It was warmish work, especially as our mounts were rather curious movers. G.'s was the best—indeed, not a bad-looking one altogether; but Mr. P. had a very *lame* apology for a cross between a trot and canter, mine being of the rakish



roadster bone-shaking order. However, we got a few spins out of them, and had very good fun, returning about 11.30, and going soon after on board, as we were to leave at 12.30. We should have been off before, but the "Catterthun," bound for Hong Kong, was in port just before us, and monopolised the lighters and hands, so that it was 7 o'clock this morning before we could begin discharging. However, they were pretty smart, once they got to work, and our anchor was up by 1 o'clock and we stood out to sea again.

We have added to our passenger list by three, much to the delight of the steward!! who has his hands pretty full already. I don't know what we are going to do, or where to stow ourselves, when we get into colder weather. I was forgetting to mention yesterday a quantity of parrots which we saw in the Gardens—beautiful birds they were. There was one large flock of (I suppose) a hundred birds among some millet.

*Tuesday, July 18th.*—We had some bad weather after leaving Port Darwin, especially Saturday and Sunday. The former was a wretched day; blowing hard, frequent and violent squalls of rain, and big seas occasionally breaking over the deck. The awning was tried severely during this time and found sadly wanting; another day or two of such usage would, I think, reduce it to shreds. The ship is badly found in many ways of this sort, and is by no means kept in smart trim. The first officer is a "hog" of a man, literally and allegorically; so much, in the way of neatness, is not to be expected of him. The captain is not a bad fellow, but doesn't seem to have any "proper love" for his ship. Of our passengers we have a little better opinion than at first. The Hebrew gentleman is a large landed proprietor in New Zealand, and is in some ways not a bad old chap; but though he *has* changed the original shirt, he does not study appearances to an exaggerated degree. Pugh the Australian is amusing, for a little, until one is at the bottom of his stories; but the American—a clown we find he is—is not a sympathetic spirit. The child, by the way, belongs to Pugh, and the old lady is the nurse—an eccentric creature, in a normal state of *roux* with the child's father, who has at length dispensed with her services. We reached the entrance of the Torres Straits Sunday night, and anchored a few miles off "Booby Island," as the passage of the Straits is too intricate to be attempted by night, especially a dark one. Booby Island is a large, barren, dome-shaped rock, at the beginning of the Straits, and is a great resort for all sorts of birds. There are any amount of these island rocks sticking up all over the place; some, mere rocks of various shapes and sizes, some with scant vegetation. The largest and most important is Thursday Island, celebrated for its pearl fisheries, and on this account has a small "white" station on its shores. We passed quite close to the island, and very pretty it looked, with its little bays and inlets, its green or wooded slopes; but they say it is no good for cultivation or stock. Glasses were in frequent requisition to make out some

distant headland, or inspect some peculiar feature or shape in some nearer rock or island. They dotted the sea in every direction. It is nice navigation all the way, on account of the narrowness of the channel and the quantity of hidden rocks and reefs and sandbanks. There were coral reefs, too, just appearing above water. About 2 o'clock we rounded Cape York, and have now the Australian coast constantly in sight down to Brisbane; but the navigation is still difficult all the way down—so much so that we had to anchor again last night. There are no lights whatever, and besides the long line of barrier reefs stretching almost uninterruptedly upwards of 600 miles, there are numberless rocks and sunken reefs knocking about, which make the actual channel very narrow and treacherous of a dark night. It is now a glorious bright day, though with a strong head wind, the mainland cliffs just in sight, while we are constantly passing stray rocks and islands which are the feature of this coast, and which form a pleasant relief to the monotony of the ocean. We had a small row among some of the Chinamen forward last night. It appears two or three of them tried to steal some rice from the ship's cook, and on that personage remonstrating, one of them "went for him," and in the scuffle the cook got a nasty cut in the eye from a knife. On the alarm being given, the culprits made for their bunks, and were of course sound asleep when the captain came down to restore order. However, the principal offender was recognised, and after some difficulty, and a chase the length of the decks, secured and put in irons, much to his personal discomfort; but he was released this morning on making an ample apology to the cook, and promising good conduct for the rest of the voyage.

*Friday, July 21st.*—Tuesday night being beautifully clear, we were able to run the gauntlet of the reefs and rocks without stopping, and dropped anchor in the open roadstead off Cooktown at 8 P.M. Wednesday. This part of the coast—I mean from Cape Melville southwards—is fairly well lighted with lightships, which are very necessary, as the sandbanks, reefs, and sunken rocks are in every direction, almost unseen except in very clear weather. Low bits of coral island, too, rise up here and there in every stage of growth, from the time when you can only just perceive them by the discoloured sandy appearance of the water, to their more mature state of *terra firmâ* with grass and trees flourishing on them. The coast-line is very varied; now jutting out into rocky promontories, now retreating in a wide sweeping bay, but nearly always very barren and inhospitable-looking with its bleak broken range of hills. The interior is supposed to be more fertile, but so far is little or not at all known, and the indigene reigns supreme—a poor specimen of humanity this same gentleman is, they say, and but a few degrees removed from the brute beast. Since leaving Cooktown this morning at 5 o'clock we have been steaming along about a mile from the shore which is here much more pleasing, with a well-wooded range running along the coast-line, prettily indented here

and there with little gullies and pockets and rich-looking patches of pasture. We had a very pleasant day on shore yesterday at Cooktown. It is a township of some eight thousand inhabitants, and is, I believe, a flourishing and rising place. The gold diggings are 130 miles inland, and are giving good returns with good promise of continuance, as also are the tin mines lately discovered. The town itself consists of one wide street, starting from the wharf, and boasts some nice wooden houses and some quiet smart-looking shops; also a large supply of hotels and public-houses, the bars of which form no inconsiderable source of income, thanks to the colonial habits of drinks or "nobblerising" all day long. The quantity of liquor consumed in this way is, I have been told, enormous, and from the two Australian ports which I have already seen I can quite believe the accounts not at all exaggerated. The amount "imbibeable" is really surprising, and I believe in this respect the Colonies distance the States. At the risk of hurting their feelings one has to draw the line—at least I do, and I confess put my own internal feelings on the subject prior to their more delicate sentiments. It is winter time here now, but yesterday was exceptionally fine, and though the night and early morning were fresh—as I found when I took my morning douche—the sun came out very powerfully later on, and we postponed any active exercise until after tiffin. We then set out on a short excursion into the bush. The Captain, Mr. Pugh, George, and I on horses; the rest of the party—*i.e.*, Mr. Yates, Mons. and Madame Gaudin, Henri and one of the Fathers—in a little waggonette. The country seemed much better than at Port Darwin, the trees and grass more luxuriant: of the former, the gum tree and iron bark predominated, with an undergrowth of "siccas" and "corkscrew palms." The ants were again conspicuous in their gigantic mounds, and we saw, too, a few parrots and a kind of kingfisher among other birds. Our steeds were pretty good animals, though mine was not a perfect hack—a great heavy, rough brute, without a vast deal of ambitious qualities in his composition. But they afforded us a very jolly ride of about twelve miles, which I enjoyed, and we had a lovely sunset over the bay as we came back in the evening. We dined on shore, at the best of the many hotels, and enjoyed a little change of diet, and especially some fresh butter, getting on board shortly before midnight. We had intended going off after dinner, but the boat was delayed a long time at the ship, and the wind dropped almost to a dead calm, so that, not being able to put up any sail, it took some little time to cover the couple of miles intervening between the shore and the "Meath." At the hotel in the evening a man showed us a very curious specimen of gold which had been found in the "Palmer" diggings. It was a flat piece, worth intrinsically about £16, and had been worn by water until it resembled the most exquisite piece of fantastic goldsmith's work; indeed it was difficult to realise it was the result of nature and not art. The owner, a man who had made a "pile" out of the precious metal, was wisely keeping this as a curio, which

indeed it is, and would probably be valued as such at double (or more) its intrinsic worth by many a collector. We found on our return that those who had stayed on board had been entertained with the capture of a shark. I have just seen its head hanging up. It looked quite ferocious, even without the rest of its body.

*Evening.*—The coast scenery continued very fine all day; weather glorious. There was an especially pretty bit passing a little island called "Fitzroy" Island, as we went between it and the mainland, a rocky wooded spur. The surf was breaking on the rocks below; the "shadows of the evening" were playing on the dark cliffs and woods above, and away along the coast far away into the horizon stretched a grand panorama of irregular mountains rising straight out of the sea. The sun setting on this was lovely. The atmosphere is most beautifully clear in these parts, and the nights too are beautiful.

*Saturday, July 22nd.*—We let go our anchor in Cleveland Bay, otherwise called the "Bay of Naples," at 11 A.M., between four and five miles off Townsville. I don't know how far the bay deserves its "sobriquet," but it is certainly a very pretty one, though the anchorage is sandy, and the water shoots some way from the land, which is a great nuisance for ships of any draught, as it necessitates a long delay at the best, and leaves you rather at the mercy of the landmen. In our case these same gentlemen took their time, and it was three hours before the health officer came on board and the lighter came alongside for discharging. Being so far out it was scarcely worth while going on shore, there being nothing particular to do or see, so some of us took one of the ship's boats and pulled on to a small island, "Magnetic Island," about two-and-a-half miles off, and spent a very jolly afternoon roaming about the beach, two or three of us taking off our shoes and socks and "paddling" in true seaside fashion, looking for shells, &c. Our researches were not crowned with great success, I am sorry to say. One of the party declared he saw a young alligator, and at once beat a hurried, if not dignified retreat, the monster whatever it was doing the same. I don't know which was the more frightened. However, there was plenty of accommodation for nasty beasts of all sorts near the shore, and inland, the thick jungle stretching right out into the water in places. The vegetation was too thick to penetrate very far into the interior, though we made a few darts here and there, but found nothing curious. We were furnished with a few murderous weapons, the chief engineer having a rifle, I and another carrying revolvers, and some one else—the clown, I think—a fishing rod. But we had no occasion for their practical use, and the number of birds, beasts, and fishes was not diminished by our visit. We saw a few cockatoos in the woods above us, but nothing else in the feathered way, and George and Mr. Yates just caught sight of a wild dog through the bush. There should be a good many, judging from their tracks. The island is uninhabited excepting for an occasional visit

from the blacks, and a solitary old white man who lives a sort of Crusoe life there with his daughter. We had discharged our cargo by 10 o'clock, and about 11 the anchor was weighed, and we were on our last stage to Brisbane. Townsville, by the way, is the probable future capital of Northern Queensland, or Albertland, when the separation which is now being agitated for takes place. I forgot to say we left the priestly Fathers at Cooktown, whence they were to find their way to New Guinea, the field of their missionary labours. Poor dear men! their intentions are no doubt very good, but I should not place great faith in their success. More helpless men I never met, and when thrown on their own resources I don't know how they will get on.

*Sunday, 23rd.*—This afternoon passed through "Whitsunday Passage," so-called from the season on which the great navigator first sailed through. You are among any quantity of islands—some of good size and with densely wooded slopes, others little more than rocks. It was delightful steaming along through narrow channels, and then into open water with little bays and inlets darting off inland, and all in fine bright weather. It seemed quite like being on a lake, and indeed in several places I was reminded of Lake George on rather a larger scale. We have certainly been most fortunate in our weather the whole passage, and with the exception of two short spells of wind and wet have had most perfect days and nights. However, I fancy none of us will be particularly sorry to be at the end of the voyage. People seem to be getting a little cross and quarrelsome. The steward and "Madame" have been having a few angry spars, which are rather amusing to listen to. They storm away in their native tongues, but being mutually ignorant of each other's language, no great damage was done. Then the English and French ladies have a few passages of arms. War to the death seemed at one time imminent, and speculation was rife among the passengers as to which would gain the day in that event. However, the cloud blew over, and confined itself to a few fierce invectives on either side, and vicious glances respectively of scorn and defiance. In this case, also, neither understood what the other was saying—which perhaps averted worse consequences. The *causa belli* are too intricate to enter into, even if I had grasped them myself, which I haven't. There is one among us whom I should not pass over—a Mr. Surgison, who came on board at Port Darwin. He is a remarkable man, but chiefly so for his wonderful manipulation of the long bow. Talk of tall talkers! He is head and shoulders above any Yank I ever met. His powers of endurance are surprising, to say nothing of his imagination. Unfortunately he is not always consistent, and his memory at times is at fault as to what he has told us, and how! which has induced us to politely demur to some of his yarns, which otherwise would be really thrilling. Besides, he has been "caught out" at different times by very palpable "busters"; as in some of his Oxford experiences to me. Then he has told us

one and all, individually and collectively, of his wife's nieceship to the Duke of Buckingham, and his consequent association with many of the titled aristocracy of England, &c., &c. A great point was made of his having matriculated at Christ Church with the Prince of Wales, and indeed of having deserted the college of his forefathers (Brasenose) because of H.R.H. patronising "the House." Here of course was a grand opportunity—not to be lost—of a heavy discharge of the nobility, my friend Lord this, and my great chum Duke of that, or rather the titles were dropped to denote the familiar relations. He has the entire peerage at his fingers' tips, and thrusts shiploads of them pitilessly down your throat. We have all been collared at different times. I think I have been least afflicted, but a sitting of two-and-a-half hours the other evening quite satiated me. Dear me, what a lot of paper I have expended upon him! and if he could only be looking over my shoulder! or if he had an idea of the impression he has made on us all! But "if ignorance is bliss 'ow 'appy 'e must be." Colds are the order of the day on board just now, and the resounding echoes are awakened with an irregular fire of coughs, sneezes, snufflings, and blowings of noses all day long. So far I have not adopted the fashionable malady. The wind has been more nippy the last few days, and the poop is nearly deserted now—though the weather is gloriously bright. I have had to move my night encampment on to one of the benches in the saloon since leaving Cooktown.

*Monday, 24th.*—Weather still lovely. We passed definitely out of the region of the tropics this afternoon as we crossed the 23rd parallel south at 5 o'clock. We are beyond the long wall of the barrier reefs now, and again in the genuine ocean. Islands of rocks appear on either quarter still, but we have been out of the Coral Sea and the numerous coral formations for a day or two, the reefs being some twenty miles to the east. This barrier extends over a thousand miles,—I think I have mentioned only six hundred somewhere else,—and forms a very effectual defence to all the north part of the coast.

*Tuesday, 25th.*—There is not much doubt about our being on the broad ocean to-day. We have left the islands behind and only just sight the main coast. The day is perfect: a cloudless sky, a wide expanse of deep blue water, a warm sun, and a nice westerly breeze with just a nice sting in it, and just enough to ripple the sea, which would be "calm as a duck pond" but for the long, regular rise and fall of the Pacific swell. I suppose "consummate" would summarise the whole; at all events it is intensely enjoyable!

"Bar accidents" we shall get into Brisbane—at least at the mouth of the river—some time to-night, so, as I may not have opportunity to announce the fact before the mail closes, I will seal, sign, and deliver here.

*Brisbane.*

*July 27th.*—Of all the uncomfortable arrivals, our arrival here this morning was the worst I ever had, and our experiences of getting to land are scarcely pleasant. To go back to Wednesday, we arrived in Moreton Bay about 10 o'clock, and at once signalled for a pilot to take us up to our anchorage; but the blue lights expended themselves in vain, and at length the captain had to go in a little further to cast anchor for the night. Next morning, soon after daybreak, we had to go off I don't know where on a wild goose chase after a pilot, and at length got hold of him. But by the time we got him on board we were thirty miles away from the mouth of the river, and it was 2 o'clock by the time we reached our moorings off the mouth of the Brisbane river. For a wonder the lighter was not unduly long in putting off, but they were a long time getting alongside and setting to work discharging, partly owing to a very strong wind that was blowing, and then they were a most unconscionable time getting the cargo out. There was not much of it, and we were told we should be able to leave at 7; but soon they found some packages missing, and had to hunt about pretty nearly all over the ship for them, and so it went on. In fine it was close upon 4 A.M. before we bid good-bye to Captain Johnson, and cast off from the good ship "Meath," leaving her, I am bound to say, with no great pangs of regret, thankful though we were for her opportune services. It was bitterly cold, with a keen west wind blowing, and we were glad to pile on plenty of wraps. The lighter fortunately had a little cabin aft in which we were able to lie down, and I knew no more until we brought up alongside the wharf in Brisbane at about a quarter to 7. The place looked rather like the City of the Dead, scarcely a soul being abroad. However, we found a Good Samaritan to show us the way to the "Imperial" Hotel, where we are now established. We had been unable to get our baggage off, as the Customs officers were in bed; consequently we could not do much toileting, and there being no breakfast to be had for another hour we wandered about disconsolate and ravenously hungry,—we had been up best part of the night,—and had a look at the town. It is a very large straggling place, with its 30,000 inhabitants scattered over considerable acreage. The houses vary from fine stone erections of massive proportions to tumble-down wooden shanties. The main (Queen) Street is, however, pretty uniform, and is a good wide thoroughfare, with good shops. There is a pretty view, too, of the river from the bridge, which was the extent of our rambles. The hotels of Brisbane are not famous. This is considered about the best, and it really scarcely comes up to a second-rate inn. The rooms are wretchedly small, about the size of a very moderate loose box; but the greater essential of cleanliness makes up for the size, and covers a good many peccadilloes. And the food is very fair.

Oh, what a lot of bread and butter I did eat at breakfast! It was such a treat to have fresh butter again, instead of a semi-liquid composition of grease. Well, I felt I ought to stop after a time out of consideration for the butter, and we went down for our traps, and then proceeded to cleanse and beautify the outer man. After tiffin, —I suppose I ought to forget this name now we are out of the East, —well, after the mid-day meal, the chief meal of the day in the Colonies, we went off to Government House, and were fortunate enough to find Sir Arthur at home. He seems a very "jolly old boy," and was most kind and courteous to us. On leaving, he gave us in charge of his Secretary, Captain O'Callaghan, to get us nominated for the club, and see about getting rooms there. We looked in at Parliament House as we passed (the House being then sitting) to see if Mr. Blundell was there, Henri having a letter for him. He was there, and came out to speak to us for a few minutes, but could not be away for long, as there was a stormy debate in progress on the all-absorbing coolie question. Captain O'Callaghan walked about with us till about 5.30, when he left us at the hotel, and at 6 o'clock we sat down to the evening meal, a sort of high tea arrangement. We finished the evening by going to the opera, to hear "Lucia di Lammermoor." Miss Ferguson, the *prima donna*, sang beautifully as Lucy, and deservedly brought down the house, but the rest of the company "hardly reached mediocrity," as the papers would have it, or rather *should* have it. As a matter of fact they rather "butter them." Captain O'Callaghan was there, and came and sat with us the latter part of the performance. It has been bitterly cold all day, a regular "March" day at home, only with biting west instead of east wind, and after all the hot weather we have had we feel it, even with our winter things. Fancy, only a fortnight ago sleeping on deck, and going about in thin flannel. I should be sorry to do either to-night.

*July 28th.*—A lovely day, and not so cold as yesterday. We had a very jolly ride this morning, and found some first-rate horses: at least two of them were good, but George's had an awkward trick of alternately "dropping" behind, and stumbling in front, and being, I suppose, near-sighted, liked to keep his head near the ground to look out for loose stones. The country is pretty and wooded, though wild and uncultivated beyond the suburbs of the town, all the "stations" being a good bit further up country. In the afternoon we walked out to some gardens, which, however, boasted no great show except untidiness. There was a pretty good show of different sorts of palms, but they looked sadly pinched by the cold wind. We dined and spent the evening at the club, where we had a capital dinner, a very brilliant display of billiards on the part of G. and myself, and a great feast of *Fields* and *Illustrateds*. We have decided to stick to our quarters, and not take rooms at the club. It is scarcely worth while to change for so short a time.

*July 29th.*—A finer day even than yesterday, and we have



made the most of it by exploring the surrounding country on horse and on wheels. We started off this morning about 9.30 on our steeds of yesterday, with a change for the better in George's stumbling friend; crossed the bridge, but presently found ourselves pounded again by the river, which twists and turns in the most unaccountable manner. Our next essay was more fortunate, and we found our way up on to a hill, where we had an extensive view of the town and river of Brisbane below us, and some pretty ranges of woodland and hills away in the distance. Then continuing along a good road, we made various darts into the bush on either side, when a tempting little ride offered itself, and then it was most delicious, cantering along under the eucalyptus trees. But, for prudential reasons, we did not penetrate too far in, not being bush rangers of very long standing, and besides, often the tracks would break off suddenly, and we would have to retrace our steps or push on a little till we came to another. I found my nag had a great idea of leaping, so we had a little timber practice over all the fallen trees which came in our way, and altogether got on very amicably together. We had to come back along the high road, the roads about being few, but it was not quite going back again the same way, as we had skirmished a good bit in the woods on our way out. There were several nice bits of turf, too, along the side of the road, which made it very pleasant riding, and we had enjoyed ourselves extremely by the time we reached home again at nearly half-past 1. We only waited to join the mid-day *table d'hôte* and change our breeches, and behold us bowling along in a light buggy, with a nice-looking brown and a racy-looking flea-bitten grey, who seemed all like going, and were inclined to pull my arms off for the first mile or two. However, they steadied down after a bit, and we had a most glorious drive—at first along the banks of the river, and then into a hilly wooded country. Up hill and down we bowled along merrily, and some of the hills were uncommonly steep—in fact, it was a very sporting road, scarcely a hundred yards on the flat, and charming all the way. Some bits as we rose a summit got a peep of some distant hills, or descended a precipitous-looking glade, were most lovely. The roads were as a rule first rate, except about ten miles from the town, where they resolved themselves into cart tracks. There were not many people about, once clear of the suburbs, only a few houses here and there. We met a few bullock teams drawing timber in one place, teams of ten or a dozen bullocks. They made quite a formidable train. We were in again soon after 5, after a delightful drive of three hours; and soon it was time to begin thinking about finding our way into evening toggery and overhauling dress clothes, a performance requiring no little consideration, as it is eight months since we sported swallowtails and white chokers. We had not outgrown our clothes, however, and our ties made a very presentable appearance; but we felt rather like schoolboys putting on evening coats for the first time, and felt proportionally uncomfortable at first. Notwith-

standing, we were very soon at our ease at Government House, and passed a most charming evening with Sir Arthur and his daughter, Miss Kennedy, the Secretary, and a young lady from Sydney. Our first impressions of our host were more than confirmed, and we have voted him a regular old brick, a very "young old man" as he himself put it, with lots of fun in him, and most kind in putting us in the way of seeing all we want and making our stay here pleasant. It was close upon 12 o'clock before we retired, as after a rubber or two of whist, at which game the good old gentleman prides himself very highly, he made us draw round the fire and discuss some hot punch before going to bed, and entertained us with some of his experiences in his different appointments, which have taken him in every quarter of the globe, and all extremes of temperature.

*July 30th.*—We went to church at the Cathedral, a very unassuming edifice, and spent the rest of the day down at Sandgate, a rising watering-place on the sea coast, about fifty minutes' rail from Brisbane. It is a pretty spot, overlooking the whole extent of the bay, and with Moreton Island rising up opposite in its white cliffs about fifteen miles away. We found we were doing quite the "right thing," as it is the popular Sunday lounge of the hard-worked Brisbaners, and we had a small amusement as we were leaving again to watch several buxom old matrons who had run their time rather fine, coming full split down the hill to the station, and arriving panting, steaming, and mopping, and in a general state bordering on apoplexy. We dined again at Government House; Mr. Blundell was there also, besides a younger partner of Jardine, Matheson & Co., and two young ladies stopping in the house.

*July 31st.*—We were to have gone up country to-day, but were persuaded by Miss Kennedy to stop for their reception this evening. The morning we "loafed" away partly in the government gardens, where it was delicious and summer-like, though there had been frost in the night. The late cold weather has been very exceptional, Thursday especially (the day we arrived), when *some one* is supposed to have seen six flakes of snow! a phenomenon almost unparalleled within the memory of that wonderful personage, the oldest inhabitant. Up in the hills where we go to-morrow, as much as two inches fell, and the papers are full of the astonishment of the people in those parts, many of whom scarcely knew what snow was, flocking to their doors, &c., to watch the fall. In the afternoon we went for a ride, which, however, was not quite so successful as the last, as the river and the railroad kept getting in our way. I never saw such a marvel of sinuosity as the former. We thought we had left it away on our left hand, and, lo! the next thing we see of it, it is coming along towards us on the right, and almost insulating us. We dined at the club, and soon after 9 o'clock repaired to the ball room, where dancing was kept up till about 12.30. The hall has a splendid floor, and the music was good; but though I got a good bit of

dancing, Miss Kennedy being an admirable hostess and keeping the ball rolling with great spirit, I must confess that the fantastic toes of my partners were not particularly light (with a few exceptions, perhaps), and the fair sex were perhaps more curious than beautiful (always with a reservation in favour of a few who shone all the more from the contrast they afforded).

### *Toowoomba.*

*August 1st.*—We came on here this afternoon from Brisbane, leaving at 3.40 and arriving at 11 P.M. This place is some 2,000 feet above Brisbane, and the "iron way" here is a splendid piece of engineering skill, especially from a place called Heledon, about three hours from here, though only twelve miles in direct line. Of course it was night when we went through this bit, but the night was beautifully clear with a glorious moon, and the silver streaks piercing through the trees was beautiful as we curled and twisted and zig-zagged up through the forest, or as mounting higher we wound along the edge of a sloping precipice and looked down into the ravine below, and across on to the dark mass of wood rising on the opposite side. It reminded me very much of the route through the Black Forest, only there was the eucalyptus instead of the pine, and I think the scenery is wilder. From the top, shortly before arriving, there must be a grand view by daylight, as even the moon showed us distant ranges and woody peaks in shadowy outline. The night is pretty sharp, but we find a cheerful wood fire to greet us in the coffee-room of Mrs. Lindenberg's Hotel, and three clean and cosy bedrooms upstairs ready for us, Captain O'Callaghan having advised our arrival and made all arrangements for our reception and comfort.

*August 2nd.*—We are all alone in our glory in this very comfortable rustic hostelry. The people are very nice, and look after our creature comforts admirably; and feed us well and plainly. The old Hanoverian landlady sent us in a first-rate piece of beef for dinner this evening, accompanied by a fine fat volatile, with apple tart and custard pudding *en fait de* "sweets," and having been out all day we showed our appreciation of the good qualities of the viands. Not being able to find any saddle horses this morning we put ourselves into the hands of a hackney coachman, who drove us up to a spot known as "Picnic Point," about four miles from the hotel: a lovely point of view on a spur at the edge of this high plateau, and overlooking a perfect sea of woodland plain and mountain, which, seen through the clearest of atmospheres and a transparent veil of blue haze, and under an Italian sky, was an outlook pleasing enough for any but the most fastidious or *blasé* to enjoy. We, not being as yet one or the other, did enjoy it as we sat roasting in the sun on a fallen log, munching our sandwiches and drinking our bottle of Bass, and afterwards lounging quietly

about. We saw the Governor's summer residence on our way up—an unpretending little cottage well situated just out of the town, which is a large straggling town, like all young places here, but steadily assuming a more compact appearance and more solid houses. In the way of new birds, we only saw the "laughing jackass," which were in great quantities and quite tame. They are left unmolested on account of their useful propensity for killing snakes, which abound and are often of a very poisonous nature. These birds are extremely ugly brutes. They belong, I am told, to the kingfisher tribe, but can scarcely think it. However, they are very well named, as they make a cackle exactly like some one "guffawing," and have a most idiotic asinine expression. We stopped to visit a nursery garden on our way back, but it had not a great deal to boast of, excepting a fair show of orange trees. On our return to the hotel we ran in to "tidy ourselves up" a bit, and then drove off to call on Mrs. Gregory, who lives about half-an-hour's drive the *other* side of the town. But I must explain our acquaintance with this lady. Our friend the Secretary at Brisbane had telegraphed on to a Mr. Scholfield, of this place, to do the needful for us on arriving here. This gentleman happened to be away yesterday, as also his partner, Mr. Gregory. But the latter's wife, Mrs. G., having opened the telegram, sent us a very kind note, which we found on reaching the hotel last night, explaining the absence of the male birds, and saying she would be glad to see us in the afternoon if we liked to call. I should perhaps have said that this morning after breakfast we had been round to Mr. Scholfield's, and found that he was still away on business, and Mr. Gregory had crossed us on his way to Brisbane. His wife, however, we found extremely hearty and pleasant, and chatty. We passed her on the road shortly before getting to her house, walking by the side of her little son on his pony; she evidently *spotted* us as we turned in at her gate, and so sent her boy galloping after us to say that his Ma would be up directly if we would wait. Accordingly, we turned down the drive to meet her, and introduced ourselves, and she brought us into her house,—such a jolly snug little establishment, with a charming woodland view unrolling before its windows,—and treated us to some 5 o'clock tea, and we were soon laughing and talking like old acquaintances. We are to go there for lunch to-morrow, and if one of the horses is better of a wounded foot we are to take a drive under her escort. Mail day to-morrow, so I close to-night.

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##### *Lindenberg's Hotel.*

*August 3rd.*—We found Mr. Scholfield at his office when we went round there this morning after breakfast, and learnt from him that he had made arrangements for us to go out to Mr. Hodgson's

station at Eton Vale to-morrow. As he (Mr. S.) was very busy we did not pay him a long visit, and about 12 o'clock walked out to Haslextun, to lunch with Mrs. Gregory. There was another lady there, name unknown. Mrs. G. was very pleasant, and we had a nice little party. Afterwards our hostess took us out in her carriage for a drive, bringing us back to our quarters about 5 o'clock, and we had another very cosy evening together, after an excellent dinner served by mine hostess, in the course of which we did not forget the birthday toast of the evening, followed by all absent friends, and finally our own selves!!

*August 4th.*—Took train at 12.20, and about an hour later arrived at Cambooya Station, where we were met by Mr. Hodgson. Eton Vale, his station, is two or three miles' drive, and thither he took us at once to deposit our traps, and have some lunch. We then started off again to see the sheep-shearing sheds, about seven miles from his house, across a wide grass plain, and surrounded by a low range of wooded hills. The property was settled forty years since by Mr. Hodgson's father, and consists now of 68,000 acres freehold. It is essentially a sheep station, and raises 60,000 merinos, besides a thousand head of cattle and horses. With the exception of a few hundred acres devoted to agriculture, and some woodland country on the boundaries, it is all in grass, divided into different paddocks, mostly of 2,000 acres. These paddocks are all enclosed with wire fencing, with a bar of timber on the top—to avoid any accidents from not seeing the wire—and there is, besides, a boundary fence the whole way round the property, also wire, except for seventeen miles of timber paling 4 feet 6 inches high, on the top of the hills where the wild dog is wont to roam, and as he has a particular liking for young lambs, his visits are not encouraged. Arrived at the shearing houses, we got out and were initiated into some of the mysteries of this science. I should like to be here when it is taking place, about October: it would be most interesting, I think. They shear 2,000 sheep a day here (the sheep being washed three days beforehand—just time enough to allow the fleeces to dry), and then drive them into different pens inside the houses. At each of the pens a shearer is stationed. These men are outside hands, not on the station, but hired for the job and paid by the "piece,"—3s. 6d. per score sheared,—subject always to the approval of an overseer, who sees that the work is properly done, that the sheep are not cut, &c., and who subtracts accordingly from the delinquent's wage. A good man can shear as many as 120 in a day; an ordinary one, from seventy upwards; so, as their rations are thrown in, their pay is pretty good. In a room adjoining the shearing pens the fleeces are taken off at once, sorted, rolled, made up into bales, and dumped, *i.e.*, compressed down as tight as is compatible with not injuring the wool (in much the same way as we had seen the bales of cotton flattened into about half their size at New Orleans), and the railway being close handy they are shipped

off to Brisbane at once, and soon on board the vessels direct for England. Mr. H. told us he got about 6 lbs. of wool from each sheep in average years. We drove back to the house after learning all about shearing, and had just time before it was dark to have a look round the place. They are delightfully snug quarters, prettily situated on a gentle slope with the woods rising some little way behind the house, and in front a wide expanse of flat or undulating grass land, bounded by the hills of eucalyptus in the distance. The house itself, or rather houses, as there are two separate buildings, form very cosy bachelor diggings. The older and larger one contains the dining-room and several bedrooms, the younger and smaller having two or three more small bedrooms and a perfect little snug-gery of a sitting-room. Mr. Hodgson had to ride in to Toowoomba in the evening, about twelve miles by road, so our company resolved itself into—our three selves; Rolston, a young fellow learning station work; Hyde, an old Eton fellow, and now on a station near Rockhampton, on a visit to H.; and “Jack,” a little boy of about ten, staying up country for change of air. We made a very sociable little party together in the evening, and Hyde has promised to get us put down for the Australian club at Sydney, so that we shall be able to take up our quarters there at once, which from all accounts will be better than an hotel.

*August 5th.*—We spent the morning in a visit to the washing pool, about eight miles distant, and here we went through the performance in imagination, and were much interested in seeing all the different stages of ablution to which the poor sheep has to be subjected. They begin the washing three days before the shearing, so as to get the fleeces all dry, and then continue on every day keeping pace with the shearers, so as to allow about 2,000 dry fleeces to present themselves to be shorn. The performance of washing is something as follows:—They are first driven into a pen, the length of which runs a perforated pipe which plays gently upon them in a fine sprinkling shower for half-an-hour or so. They are then invited into a hot bath, the water having been previously well mixed with soft soap, and here they swim about and are gently rubbed by hand while in the water. One after another they emerge at the other end of the bath, up an inclined plane, and into the “sweating house,” where they wait in a sort of Turkish bath until their turn comes for the cold douche. Out of the “hot room” they are shot one by one down a sort of inclined gangway, where, at the bottom, the actual washers are sitting ready to receive them. These men hold them down under tremendously strong jets of water, which force out any remaining impurities in the wool and leave the poor sheep probably in a half-drowned state, or at all events anything but satisfied with the way he has spent his day. After waiting the night in a dry pen, he is let out into a clean paddock, and then gradually driven up to the shearing houses, which he reaches punctually on the third day, ready for another day’s treat. This station is particularly well off for

water, for Australia, and has two or three small creeks running through, which never dry up, even in the hottest weather. But other places are not so fortunate, and not very unfrequently the poor animals die off by the thousand from want of water. I was told the other day of several thousand sheep on one station, one very dry year, being sold for a shilling a-piece!! This dearth of water is the bane of the whole country to a greater or less degree, and it seems that owners of land are surprisingly slow in taking any measures for artificially keeping up the supply. Heavy falls of rain are not unusual, but they have as a rule no means of collecting the rain-water, which would be a simple way of making them to a great extent independent of a drought. Sir Arthur told me he kept a supply of large tanks for the purpose, both in Brisbane and at Toowoomba, and he could not understand why it was not more generally done. In all towns, I believe, the waterworks are a very costly consideration, besides being uncertain. At Toowoomba they have had two systems of reservoirs constructed at a fabulous expense, and from all accounts the actual results are far from satisfactory.

We returned in time to take a hearty mid-day meal, and at 2.40 o'clock, took train back, going straight through to Brisbane and taking up our old quarters at the Imperial Hotel. We began the mountainous descent as the sun was low in the heavens, and some of the views as we threaded our way through the woods—winding about as if in a maze—were all they had promised to be by moonlight, though lower down, when in the midst of nothing but wood, the immediate surroundings showed to more advantage by night, when you could not see their rather scraggy imperfections. But it was great fun watching the various curves, almost angles, that we took, and to watch the course of the line running along underneath us. There are some curious stories current as to the making of this line, such as collusion between the contractor and architect, and many people say it has been made a great deal more of, and carried much further than necessary. Anyhow, the Government were let in to the modest tune of £18,000!! per mile!!! and somebody else found their pockets pretty goldenly lined.

*August 6th.*—We went to church at the Cathedral in the morning, and after service were asked by the Governor to take "pot luck" with him and Miss Kennedy in the evening. So after a very sober afternoon we repaired to Government House at 7.30, and had another charming evening with our kind host and hostess, who received us quite *en famille*, and we took a very friendly farewell of them on leaving. They had been so genuinely kind and hearty to us, and the staunch old Governor had quite won our hearts.

*On Board A.S.N. Co.'s SS. "Leichhardt."*

*August 7th.*—We left Brisbane this morning at mid-day, Captain O'Callaghan very good-naturedly coming down to the wharf to see

the last of us. We are a nice gang on board. As I write there is a regular tornado of hobnailed boots raging on the decks above. There is a team of twenty Queenslanders going to do battle with the natives of New South Wales in the noble game of football, and they have just been having a quiet "kickabout" or practising game on deck, to keep themselves in trim and digest their dinner. They are a nice rowdy lot—"larrikins" as we call them down here—and I foresee a lively passage unless the "Glaucus-eyed Poseidon" claims some of them as his victims soon. At present we are steaming along in lovely weather, and with calm sea; but once out into the ocean we are as likely as not to have a blow. This is a wretched small boat, and, thanks to the invasion of footballites, we have not been able to secure berths. Luckily it's only for two nights.

### *Australian Club, Sydney.*

*August 9th.*—We arrived here this evening at 7 o'clock, and on coming to the club found our letters of introduction, and there being rooms vacant were soon comfortably installed in them. It is ever so much nicer than being at an hotel, more by token that those of Sydney are not famous. We had a fine passage, but it blew pretty hard all last night and this morning, and we rolled about a good bit all day to-day, the "Leichhardt" being an awfully crank old tub, and I should not much care to be out in her in a gale of wind. We found we were better off than we had expected in the way of berths, as we had very fair makeshift bunks in the after part of the saloon. Two or three passengers had not that much; but being right over the screw we had a fine trumpeting going on underneath us all night, to say nothing of some pretty good basin practice on the part of two or three prostrate footballers. It was unfortunately dark as we entered the heads of this famous harbour; but, as far as I could see, it comes up to all one hears of its splendid anchorage, though so far I am by no means prepared to yield it the palm before the Golden Gate and its land-locked waters in point of picturesqueness. However, by daylight we'll see. The town itself looked very pretty with all its gay lights rising from the water's edge, and sloping upwards all along the wharves. As we had fed on board, we took a stroll through the town after depositing our traps, and are prepared to like the general appearance of Sydney. There are some fine buildings, though with an ill-assorted mixture of low shanties of the olden style; but it is premature yet to speak of what I have only seen by gaslight, and as I'm fast dropping asleep I'll just prepare this for the care of the "City of New York" to-morrow, and to bed!



## JOURNAL XLV.

*Sydney.*

*August 10th.*—As we turned out of the club this morning we ran against Pugh, as usual in a fuss, and just off up country. However, he took us back to his house hard by, where we saw his brother, and then we made a second start for, and succeeded in reaching, Messrs. Brown & Co.'s offices, where we seized our letters after a short parley with one of the Co., and buried ourselves in them for the rest of the morning. Lunch over, we sallied forth to a hat shop, tiled us safely, and continued our way thus adorned and respectable-ised, to call on our different friends. Mr. Joseph (a Hebrew gentleman apparently, of Montefiore, Joseph & Co.) was the only one we found at home, of new people. But our old Meath acquaintances, Burgess and Mons. and Madame Gaudin, were in. The former was looking another man, and has picked up wonderfully since his arrival. The French lady and her husband were also delighted to see us, she especially, in frantic excitement, gushing and gasconading to any extent. They were just getting into their new quarters, and were in a nice state of muddle, but we are to go and have a *soupe aux choux* on Monday. She is certainly a character—but good-hearted, and, for a little, most amusing. Her husband is a highly polished *doreur*, and hopes to do well in his new life. He comes from Java immediately, but has been all over the world one way and another. On coming in we found Mr. Allan, one of our "folk" on whom we have called, had been round to the club in our absence, and had left a note asking us to go round in the evening to a musical entertainment with which he was entertaining a few friends. There was a little dancing after the music, and we stayed till about 11 o'clock, and had a pleasant walk home under a "starlit canopy," and managed to lose our way more than once.

*August 11th.*—A change in the weather after yesterday's brightness; but it quite seemed like home again to have a cloudy, muggy, and drizzling day. We have not done much except attend to some correspondence, and do a few odd jobs in the way of shopping. We went in search of a Mr. Brazier, a naturalist and "shellist," who is to give us some marvels in that line for Uncle Dan, but he was not in. We finished the evening by patronising the "Theatre Royal," but were not edified by "Youth." Mails close to-morrow, so I'll adjourn.

## JOURNAL XLVI.

*Saturday, St. Grouse's Day.*—While we were at breakfast a card was brought me, bearing the name of Frank Barton, and on going out I found my worthy cousin, whose visit I had been given

to expect by Mr. Allan. He came for his brother Robert, but only stayed to ask us to go out to his mother's to-morrow. Later on Mr. Joseph came round to say if we liked to go out with him he was going out to his little country cottage for a few hours in the afternoon. Accordingly we met at the station again at 1 o'clock, and in about an hour's time reached "Liverpool." Miss Joseph and a Mr. Farmer were also of the party, the latter out from England, and, funnily enough, he had met and travelled for a little with Henry Exshaw in India, having parted with him at Colombo. It is quite a little box of a place, this of Mr. Joseph's, though with a certain amount of land attached, and a nice flower garden in the front of the house. We found some luncheon ready, and then went out to have a look at a wool-washing establishment with which Mr. J. is connected. Unfortunately they had just knocked off work it being Saturday afternoon; but we were taken through the works and shown the machinery and the different processes of washing. The machinery is very simple, but clever. They—the firm—partly wash for different squatters, partly on their own account, for which latter they chiefly buy skins from the butchers. These skins have to go through a process of soaking and "sweating" before the wool is scraped off, the Turkish bath process being anything but agreeable in a nasal point of view. There is also a glue factory where the discarded skins of sheep and cattle are used up. We returned by a four something train, and in the evening dined at the Union Club, to which we had been appointed hon. members by Mr. J. It is much more of a club than this, and seemed very nice in every way, including the dining-room and cuisine. The "Australian" is rather the "old fogeys'" club, and is the older of the two in standing, though the "Union" is more fashionable. But we have nothing to complain of here, where we are most comfortably settled, and where, too, by the way, the terms of a hon. membership are more liberal, we being eligible as strangers for four weeks. We went after dinner to see Shakespeare's "Old fellow" very tolerably acted in the Gaiety Theatre.

*August 13th.*—We "churched" at the Cathedral, where the singing was very good, and after lunch took one of the Paramatta "River" steamers to go up to "Gladesville," to the newly found cousins. We found a goodly contingent in various stages of adolescence, comprising three generations of the family. They were very glad to see us, and we chatted pleasantly the rest of the afternoon genealogically and otherwise. They have quite a small cottage residence, with a pretty view over-looking the Paramatta River—about five miles from the harbour, and here really a "navigable arm of the sea." It is a wonderful harbour, this of Sydney, with its endless ramifications of arms and inlets, in all of which I believe there is good anchorage for the largest ships. Unfortunately the afternoon was cloudy and cold, and the shores did not show to advantage. Still it was very pretty, though at present I still prefer Frisco,

*scenically* speaking. We had intended a visit to Manly Beach yesterday in one of the harbour steamers to see some more of its beauties, but postponed our trip owing to our afternoon with Mr. Joseph.

*August 14th.*—We had an amusing and excellent *déjeuner* with the Gaudins, where our hostess was in great form and very delighted at entertaining us, and in the afternoon went out to Elizabeth Bay to call upon Mrs. Nixon, whom we had met at the musical soirée. On our way back we thought it a good opportunity, being near the house, to call on Mrs. MacArthur, Mr. Allan's widowed sister, and not his wife as we had imagined the first night. Our visit did very well, as it was her reception day, we found, and we met two or three other people digesting their music of the other evening.

*August 15th.*—Mid-day saw us at the dentist's for a preliminary canter, but we didn't have the coverts disturbed to-day, though there were plenty of "foxes" there, but have made necessary arrangements for a *grande chasse* on our return from the country. The rest of the day we spent very pleasantly at Gladesville, going out by the 1 o'clock boat, and adjourning soon after our arrival to the lawn tennis grounds—the hospital grounds (not to say asylum) where Dr. Williamson is at home to his (sane) friends every Tuesday, and puts two grounds, one excellent one, the other moderate, at their disposal. There was a fair gathering of the young ladies of the district, one or two of whom played uncommonly well, and I enjoyed the afternoon, varying the monotony part of the time by a game of rounds. We stayed to dinner with "the cousins," who were very hearty and "nice," and had a very "cosy" evening with them until 10 o'clock, when we again took ship and embarked for Sydney.

*Wednesday morning, 16th.*—As we leave to-morrow for Mount Victoria I shall not have an opportunity for writing again before Friday's mail, so I break off here.

## JOURNAL XLVII.

### *Mount Victoria, Blue Mountains.*

*August 17th.*—Yesterday afternoon we went to call on Madame Joubert, who lives up "Lane Cove," one of the numerous inlets of the harbour. It was a lovely afternoon, and quite hot. The harbour looked beautiful. It is really wonderful the number and distribution of the different coves, inlets, and winding arms that dart about in every direction. I can scarcely make out its ins and outs yet. I believe there are various theories as to the formation thereof which are indeed quite a study, but nothing generally satisfactory has been arrived at by the geological gentlemen, who propound almost as many theories as there are inlets, &c. Well, we found Madame J. at home and very glad to see us, and talked of all our grandfathers and those of that generation as well as some of our

nearer relatives, though remembering them only as young people, *e.g.*, Father and Aunt Anna. She has a very nice house just over "Lane Cove," where she lives with her son, her married daughter living in a house hard by. Mons. Joubert died lately very suddenly. We dined at Mr. Knox's, where there were only two "outsiders" besides ourselves, a lady and her son (name ?), an aunt and cousin, by the way, of Mr. Hodgson of Eton Vale, besides the family party of Mr., Mrs., two Misses, and a Master, all excessively nice—one of those families, in fact, where we feel at home at once, and I enjoyed my evening with them immensely. A younger son is an ex-Harrowian and embryo Cantab, and Mrs. ? knows Marindin, the Eton Master and other Eton friends—among others the Donaldsons, and I learned for the first time of the death by drowning of poor young Donaldson.

We left Sydney this morning at 9 A.M. and came up the famous zigzags to this place, which we reached about 2 o'clock. The ascent of the Blue Mountains commences from the Emu plains, large rich-looking pasture lands, and after a few miles, ascends the zigzag, where the train actually *zigzags* backwards and forwards up the slope, so that you rise very rapidly and soon have an extensive view over the plains towards Sydney. The incline then continues moderately steep to the top of the range, at a height of 3,600 feet, and runs about level on to here, but always through the inevitable grim forests, which only now and then afford a peep through them, "over the hills and far away." After lunch at the "Imperial," where we have taken up our quarters, we strolled out to stretch our legs and see the country. The same is wild and broken, and the distant hills and vales have a certain rather weird beauty, especially towards evening; but, viewed from near, there is a great sameness about the woods—eucalyptus on every side of you, and scraggy and unkempt-looking withal. We were fortunate to find Mr. Wilson, who is in charge of the Fish River caves, up here for the afternoon, so have been able to make all arrangements for going there next week, by word of mouth—I might say by word of trumpet, as the poor man is stone deaf—instead of by letter or telegraph, and have thus been enabled also to learn all particulars for getting there—particulars which it was very difficult to procure down at Sydney.

And now to bed, as we have plenty before us to-morrow, weather permitting (which seems a trifle uncertain), and besides, mail hour is just at hand.

N.B.—Almost a year ago we were beginning our rambles in the *White* Mountains, U.S.A.

## JOURNAL XLVIII.

*Mount Victoria.*

*August 18th.*—We had a very jolly day visiting the lions of the place, and a good ride of hard upon forty miles into the bargain. We started at quarter to 9 on three horses of Mr. Cousins', the proprietor. Mine was a very sorry jade. I soon found that he was very diffident about his own powers, and, like Mark Twain's horse, seemed to keep looking about for something to lean against. He was evidently a bit of a geologist too, and was continually looking out for specimens on the road, being at the same time rather near-sighted. From the look of his knees I should fancy he had worked hard at his researches, while his quarters afforded two fine hat or coat pegs. However, I induced him, not without some difficulty, to forego his favourite pastime for to-day. Our first point was a point of view known as Govett's Leap. Where the leap was taken from I failed to discover, but there were plenty of eligible spots: for right below us, almost sheer down, were precipices of some 1,500 or 2,000 feet, and from the foot of these a valley wound away, shut in by wild perpendicular walls—something, indeed, after the manner of the Yo Semite, but of course on an inferior scale, and with very different surroundings, the valley being a mass of woods which sloped half-way up to meet the precipices. It was a romantic spot, and might afford scope for many a weird legend, or imaginative brain. We had to hark back for a couple of miles to regain the high road, and then in another seven miles reached Katoomba, a small village on the railway line. Here we stopped at the chief hotel in the place, and requested Mr. Biles (!!) the landlord to get us some luncheon ready, against our return from the "Katoomba Falls," distant about a mile and a half. The falls themselves were a myth, there being little or no water to speak of, though after heavy rains there must be a fine cascade, tumbling over a grand precipice in two gigantic leaps. However, even without the water the spot was worth the visit. It is such different scenery to what one sees anywhere else, so that though somewhat severe and sombre it has its charms. There is a precipitous rocky spur jutting out suddenly from the woods we had been coming through, and on one side is the waterfall I have mentioned in the midst of an amphitheatre of perpendicular rock; on the other a deep narrow ravine, more pleasant to the eye, with ferns and other plants growing out of its steep sides, or nestling together in dark damp pockets. Away in the distance are masses of undulating forest land, and dark frowning masses of abrupt mountains. Lastly, the day suits well the scene, with thick patches of clouds floating about, and taking off the monotony of the trees, so that we are tempted to say on the whole, as the "Divine Oscar" vouchsafed of Niagara, "Pass, you will do," and walk our horses back

to the inn. Here I found that my Methuselah had cast two shoes. This looked hopeful, especially with the news that there was no farther within seven miles, and we had still seven miles to do before we began to take our way back. Luckily the gentleman answering to the name of Biles had a nag which he placed at my disposal to go to the Weatherboard Falls and back, and so, having baited ourselves and steeds, we remounted. I found myself on a very different class of animal to my last. No angular discrepancies here. Punch was his name, and Punchy his nature. He had a barrel as big as the famous Heidelberg butt, and I felt rather as if I were on "old Punch's" back. However, he "galumphed" along very merrily, and in another hour, after a nasty stony bit of road, we reached our furthest point. The view here resembled in many ways that from the Katoomba Falls, only perhaps not quite so imposing, and there was missing one feature which I forgot to mention just now—a rugged solitary piece of work standing out apart from the cliff, I suppose 1,000 feet in height. We had to return the same way—roads are not yet numerous in these wild parts, nor good either—and reached Katoomba in the middle of a fierce downpour of hail. It soon passed over, and I left Punch in his stable and got on Methuselah's back again. Poor fellow, he was very sorry for himself, and despondent all the way home; but he kept on that which he called his legs, and we jogged back in a couple of hours, arriving just in time to dress for dinner. The Blue Mountains certainly deserve their name; I never saw such deep blue banks of woods—not only the "blue haze," but the deep dark colouring, which shows especially towards evening. This evening, coming back, we saw the sun dipping behind the mountains, and the golden red glow threw these vast forests into beautiful contrasts of lights and shades. Otherwise the actual road was not interesting, through the eternal eucalyptus bush.

*"Royal Hotel," Bathurst.*

*August 19th.*—We were to have ridden to Hartley Vale and had a look at the kersasine mining works about there this morning, but a dense fog enveloped the landscape, and it was useless to think of going anywhere, so that I missed the pleasure of trying Mrs. Cousins' own horse, which she had promised to lend me in the stead of my decrepid friend of yesterday. We left Mount Victoria at 2 o'clock, taking an affectionate farewell of our genial host—a very good fellow, and doing the honours of his house and neighbourhood in first-rate style. I must not omit to mention, too, the charms of the two maidens attendant. They were certainly two of the prettiest girls I have seen for a long time, and of course we were great friends with them!! and were tended to perfection. In fact, the Imperial Hotel was very comfortable quarters altogether. Well, we left at 2 P.M., and have seen the famous zigzags of which the

"Walers" are so proud. They are a much greater work than on the other side of the mountains, and are undoubtedly a magnificent piece of engineering. The scenery along the line, for about forty minutes after leaving Mount Victoria, is extremely wild and grand, with its sombre woods and dark broken precipices, and then you arrive at the top of the "zigzags" and look straight down underneath you at the terraces of the line down which you double backwards and forwards in three or four steep tracks, till you are down in valley ground again. After that you have a dreary piece of country until arriving in the Bathurst plains, where wide undulating pastures, and occasionally some arable land, meet the eye, and at 5.30 we pulled up at the city of Bathurst. This is, I believe, the third town of New South Wales—Newcastle being the second—but cannot be called a picturesque one, though it is well laid out with fine broad streets. Nor are the hotels much to boast of. This one, at all events, does not afford accommodation proportionate to its name, and is far inferior even to that at Brisbane, which is not saying much.

*August 20th.*—Bathurst is not the most cheerful place in the world to spend Sunday in, notwithstanding its multiplicity of churches. From my bedroom window, which, by the way, looks on to a large open space with the county gaol as its by no means imposing and rather suggestive centrepiece,—from my window alone I can see no less than six ecclesiastical buildings of different denominative form and height. We attended the Cathedral service, and listened to an ecstatic discourse from an excited and theatrical divine. Otherwise the service was nicely performed, and the singing good. Lunch, or rather dinner, over, we walked out to call on Mr. Smith, Mrs. Robert's brother. He was away, but his mother and younger sister were there to do the honours. We sat chatting some time, and then returned to our hotel.

### *"Royal Hotel," Oberon.*

*August 21st.*—We were not tempted by what we saw of Bathurst and its surroundings to prolong our stay, as Robert had not turned up, so we wired Wilson that we would start for the Caves to-day, and took the train for Tarana at 10.10. Tarana is the nearest point on the line to the Fish River Caves, and twenty-five miles from Bathurst. It boasts a small inn, a few houses, and a pretty view. We strolled about the woods till 1 o'clock, when we came in to partake of a good rustic meal and await the arrival of a conveyance from Oberon. It was 3 o'clock before Wilson turned up, there having been some delay about horses, and then as the nags had to be fed we did not get finally away until 4.20. Our luggage we reduced to the smallest dimensions, as the buggy had little more room than for our three selves and the driver; but as we are prepared for a little roughing the next few days our wants are small. It is eighteen miles from Tarana here—eighteen miles of very hilly

road. Some of the hills are extremely steep, much of the road is very rough and heavy, but the first part is pretty, and the latter part we had a fine bright moonlight to show us the way through some wild woods. We reached this place at quarter to 8, a small township of some fifty inhabitants. We are in a very snug little inn—small and simple in the extreme, but the people of the place are very attentive, and everything is perfectly clean, which is more than can be said of our last experience of a “Royal Hotel.”

“*Fish River Caves.*”

*August 22nd.*—We left Oberon this morning a little before 11 o'clock in our very cramped buggy of yesterday, with Mr. Fred. Wilson as Jehu and cicerone-in-chief, and our bedding and provisions stowed away somewhere under our legs. The state of the roads was very bad, and being hilly into the bargain, we took nearly four-and-a-half hours to make the eighteen miles, and even that pace our horses found too fast, and required many encouragements by the way. The scenery was “*eucalyptical*,” which is synonymous with monotonous, and only a stray parrot or two crossed the road from time to time to distract our attention from the ubiquitous tree. Arrived however at the top of the mountain which overhangs the caves, we commenced a rapid descent down a succession of steep and well-made zigzags, while a fine view opened out before us—one of the finest I have seen in these parts—away over to Mount Victoria, about twenty-five miles distant. On reaching the bottom of the zigzags we find ourselves in a wild romantic sort of hollow—enclosed on one side by the steep face of the mountain, down which we have just found our way; on the other by the rugged walls of limestone rock, underneath which the caves are. This seam of limestone extends for about two miles through the mountain, and is the only rock of its kind about, all the other formations being granite or slate. There is a first-rate little house here for the accommodation of such as ourselves, built by Wilson, the caretaker of the caves, and finished only twelve months since. Before that you had to camp out under one of the arches of the caves. The caves themselves are all under Government management, which puts the man Wilson in charge with a salary of £150 per annum, with his brother Fred. Wilson as help, with a salary of £50. These two men look after all visitors who come, make arrangements for bringing them here and finding provisions, &c., while during their leisure hours they make explorations among the caves, which are not even yet fully known, and suggest and superintend improvements and facilities for getting about them. There are men at work now putting a wooden staircase over a place which we crossed by means of rather a slight wire ladder. The senior Wilson has been appointed now for about fifteen years, which is about the time when Government took active steps for “taking care” of the caves, though their existence has been



known for nearly thirty years. I am thankful to say that Government has made very stringent regulations to protect the beauty of the walls, &c., so as to put a check on those odious individuals who love to daub, burn, or otherwise immortalise their ugly names all over the place, besides breaking off pet bits from the stalactites, &c. Well, to make a start for the caves themselves, which we did after first fortifying our inner men with a cold fowl and a bottle of beer. We only had a preliminary canter this afternoon through some of the smaller, and "daylight" caverns. Among the latter are three magnificent archways rejoicing in the names of the "Grand Arch," the "Devil's Coach-house," and the "Carlotta Arch." The last is, to my liking, the grandest, and is imposing in the extreme—a perfectly shaped arch of massive proportions, seemingly cut out of the solid "rock," and looking through this you see down a wild ravine, and away beyond again up to some rocky and wooded heights. The Devil's Coach-house is a large vaulted chamber about 250 feet in height, open to the light of day at both ends, and full of beautiful stalactites. These limestone formations here and in the "Nettle Caves" are very beautiful, generally of the purest white, and assuming most fantastic shapes, huge pillars, and slender pinnacles, and other groups and forms which I cannot describe, and all as if exquisitely sculptured, or more than sculptured even, and all different. We had one of the bits lighted up with magnesian wire, and it seemed almost to convey you to another world. If this is a foretaste of what's to come, I think I shall be content.

*August 23rd.*—While we were finishing breakfast this morning we were joined by Messrs. Luther and Paul; the former a squatter a few miles from here, the other a friend of his to whom he wished to show the caves, and hearing we were coming this week had arranged with Wilson to join forces with us. They are nice fellows both of them. A little before 10 o'clock we sallied forth to the "Elder" Caves, which was to be our morning's excursion. The entrance is through a good-sized opening in the rock, overgrown with bushes all round, into which we descend by wooden steps and find ourselves before an archway guarded by an iron gate. We enter, and soon find ourselves among artistic stalactites, and crawling about in the most wonderful manner. The whole time nearly it was a continual scramble, through diminutive rat-holes and narrow galleries. The corkscrew passage in the Kentucky caves was a joke to what we went through; the frightful contortions, the writhing and wriggling, like so many snakes. There was one awful place, where we simply had to go along on our elbows and stomachs, a mode of progression which has its discomforts, especially as the floor was a mass of small sharp-jointed little protrusions, which stuck into your funny bones and knees in the most delightful manner. One time we had to squeeze and wriggle through a sort of jagged spiral hole, about half-way through which we confided ourselves in blind confidence into the arms of Wilson, who deposited us one by one in safety on to another

stage, and then after a little more stomach work we reached our present object in life, viz., a beautiful *coral* chamber. The roof and walls were thick with pointed cones of white coral-like shapes, or masses of beautiful ornaments exactly like the purest white coral. The whole chamber was studded every inch, and when lighted up by magnesian wire it was fairyland, except that the admiring fairies on this occasion were lying in very human attitudes on the floor; there was no room hardly to sit up, except in a grotto in an upper gallery above us, and this was inaccessible. But except for this place I really don't know that the actual stalactites in this cave repaid the rough work—at least, there is nothing much more to be seen in this way than what we saw in the afternoon. However, we enjoyed our part of the scrambling, and had good laughs at each other at our extraordinary positions and contortions as we emerged one after another through the holes. We returned to our hut for tiffin, and about 2 o'clock went out to see the "Lucas" Caves. These were different again: a succession of lofty, spacious caverns for the most part, filled on all sides with all fanciful forms of limestone exudations. Sometimes they were in the shape of pillars and columns, sometimes like beautiful sculptured drapery in pure white marble, or thick masses like frozen waterfalls, with icicles dependent everywhere in delicate tapering points. But I cannot find words to describe the varied and various forms into which the limestone has drifted. They are numberless. The passages connecting these different halls are mostly pretty easy walking, comparatively speaking; once we had a long bit of wire ladder, but so much has been done to facilitate getting about, in the way of steps cut, and wire rope balustrades in all narrow or dangerous places, that there is really but little difficulty in visiting this cave, especially after our morning's work. However, Fred. Wilson succeeded in playing a nice joke on us—a favourite one, it appears, when he has a few young fellows under his charge, and sees they are not likely to mind a little fun. He had asked us on entering whether we would go to the "Bridal Chamber." Of course we said we would. But if we did—a more excruciating crawl I cannot imagine. I should not like to say how long we dragged our wretched bodies through the most contracted of workings; how we squeezed through the most impossible crevices, and grovelled along on our stomachs in a low chasm where you could not raise your head even in that position. Oh how horribly ill I made myself with laughing, at myself and the others, and of course the more intricate the predicament the more feeble I got. One time I literally stuck fast between the rocks, and began to think I was a fixture there for the rest of my existence, while my sides ached with my struggles, combined to extricate myself and to control my sense of the ludicrous. The best—or rather the worst—of it all was that there was nothing at all to see in this miserable Bridal Chamber when we got there. It was a low damp cavern, in which there was barely room to seat (?) us all; but the guide's delight was great, and

his amusement heightened to a degree, because, as he said, we all took it so well. He certainly laughed as heartily as any one at his success, and we had some good fun over it. Eventually we emerged to the light of day again soon after 4, our subterranean exertions over for the day. After freeing myself of the superfluous relics of the caves—in other words washing my hands and brushing my clothes—I went out for a ramble for a couple of hours on to the heights, and returned down a wild ravine at the back of the house, after a jolly scramble. It was not exactly a day for mountaineering, as there was a Scotch mist hovering overhead; but there were some fine wild bits of woodland mountain rolling around, and I came upon any amount of maidenhair fern. I saw a rock wallabi too, but only in the distance, as he was skipping about on the opposite precipice. We passed a very pleasant evening together after our homely meal, discussing the heathen Chinees (part of the time while I was writing the above, I wonder a stray celestial didn't find his way into the caves) and playing a friendly and unscientific rubber at whist, G. and I with Mr. Luther and the guide.

#### JOURNAL XLIX.

*August 24th.*—We saw the last of the caves this morning, and a very beautiful finish to our underground researches this "Imperial Cave" was. It is the last to have been discovered, and is far and away finer than any we have yet seen. It was discovered only three years ago, quite by chance, when Wilson, while conducting a party round, dropped his cap down a deep hole, and on being lowered by a rope some 60 or 70 feet found himself among a new world of stalactites. These are certainly the most beautiful I have ever seen, or can well imagine to exist. From one grotto to another you wander, where the walls and roof are simply covered with all sorts, shapes, and sizes of elaborate formations. There are no two alike, and I really can give no adequate description of them, as it seems so tame in black and white to talk about the fantastic and shapely cones of purest white hanging from the roofs; the mass of long slender points clustered together; the mighty columns of alabaster where the stalactites and stalagmites have joined forces; the fanciful "lumps," all delicately filigreed out; the massive sheets of graceful drapery; the blaze of gypsum, glittering like myriads of diamonds, &c., &c., &c. It seemed like walking about in dreamland, fairyland—any land except human, and I began almost to think small of the brilliant palaces described in the "Arabian Nights," especially when the magnesian wire was lit. They have a very ingenious lamp for burning the wire in, which throws a very strong light all around. The different caves and grottoes are mostly lofty and spacious, and the getting about comparatively easy now that steps have been cut and wire rope balustrades have been fixed along all the most difficult places. Before that it must have been hard work scrambling about

and having to haul yourself up by means of ropes. There is, however, one hard crawl to be got through to go down to the river, which flows through the caves, and while it lasted it was even a more painful experience than what we endured yesterday. You have to take a header down into a ridiculously small rabbit-hole of a place, and wriggle along as best you can for some minutes, then drop through another small aperture into a rather wider gallery, and finally make a steep descent down a long wire rope ladder until you arrive on the banks of the river. But this is nothing to be compared to the Green River flowing through the Kentucky Caves, in size, depth, or grandeur. Then coming back up the ladder we were led through some other "marble halls," always something fresh and wonderful, until we again saw the light of day after about three hours' "entrancement"; and after another look at the "Devil's Coach-house" and other outer caves and arches, returned to our lodgings to take our last meal and take farewell of Mr. Luther and his friend Paul, the former a very nice fellow, who started to ride back after lunch. We started off about an hour later—*i.e.*, quarter to 3—on foot, leaving Fred. Wilson to bring the empty carriage up the steep zigzags. We had had a very jolly time in our rough little hut, with our humble companions. Wilson himself was a capital guide, showing us all well, and he is very good company, too, though quiet and rather retiring than otherwise. Of course we talked and thought a good bit about the Kentucky Caves all this time, and were asked which we liked the best or thought the finest, &c. Well, I am not prepared to say that I *like* one better than the other. They are such different style, and each have their peculiar features and charms, that I don't think they are to be compared, literally speaking. For instance, here undoubtedly the great beauty lies in the number and variety of the stalactites, while in Kentucky the great size and length of the galleries is the most striking feature. The river, too, and the delicate formation of leaves and flowers are quite peculiar, but there are no good stalactites worth looking at beside those in the Fish River. As to which impressed me more, again I could not answer positively, for naturally one must make allowances for a first visit in gigantic underground chambers, and going to similar places a second time one cannot help being to a certain extent *blasé*, and so perhaps being less struck. I am inclined to think, however, that had my visits been reversed, and had I seen these before the Kentucky Caves, I should have enjoyed the latter better than I have the Fish River. At the same time I own to a sense almost of—well, disappointment the first two days (except perhaps in the coral cave); as, though the caves we first saw are very fine, I had been imagining something more beautiful still, from the different accounts I had heard. However, by the time we came to the Imperial Caves on the last day, I was more than satisfied, and they exceeded anything I had prepared myself for; indeed, I think it would be difficult to exaggerate them, or say too much in their praise.

We walked on some six miles before the buggy overtook us, as they were poor specimens of horse-flesh to draw it, and half-starved into the bargain. Horse feed is very dear just now, and horse masters economise on their horses by starving them during the winter months when there is not very much doing. We were to have been met on the road by another pair of better animals, that had been considered too good for the rough camping out at the caves. But we went on and on; darkness came on, and still no horses appeared. Meanwhile our nags were getting weaker and weaker, and we went slower and yet more slow, until at last it was evident the horses could not pull us up the hills; and after a bit, after we had got out and walked, it was as much as one of the poor brutes could do to walk at all. He was rolling about all over the place. Seeing this, we made up our minds we should have to foot it the rest of the way, so left the carriage, and stepped out the rest of the road home, about five miles. Luckily it was a bright moonlight night, and we found our way without much difficulty; but it was 9 o'clock before we reached the inn, having been over six hours covering the eighteen miles. We learnt afterwards we had to thank the man in charge of the change of horses for their not turning up, he having chosen to understand that we were coming back the following day. We found that the good lady at the Royal had given us up for that night, and having waited for us till 8 o'clock, had let the rooms reserved for us to some other travellers. However, she got some mattresses for us, and we did very well on the floor of the sitting-room.

*Friday morning, August 25th.*—The elder Wilson (Jeremiah) came round for us with the buggy and a decent pair of steeds, and drove us over to Tarana, where we picked up our things, and took the train right away to Sydney, which we reached safely at 6 o'clock. As we were taking our lunch at Mount Victoria Station, who should walk into the room but Robert Barton. He had not been able to get away from Sydney before, and was now on his way to Bathurst, so it was as well we did not wait for him.

*Saturday, 26th.*—We went out to Madame Joubert's in the afternoon, and there met the son Numa and his wife. They kept us for tea and to spend the rest of the evening, which we did very pleasantly, playing whist with the old lady and her son. The former is a very keen player, and I got pitched into right royally and blown up well all round. Somehow my game and hers didn't go well together!! Numa is a nice fellow, and is to take us out fishing next week in his steam launch.

*August 27th.*—After church at the Cathedral and lunch at the club, we took the Paramatta River steamer and went out to Gladesville, where we found they had expected us earlier in the day. They had written to ask us out in the morning, and to spend the day there, but the letter never reached us, so it was a happy inspiration which took us out. We had a jolly walk out to Ryde, a village two or three miles away where we called on a Mrs. Blaxland and walked

back again by rather a rough path through the bush. It is a very pretty rolling country all round, and we had some good views over the bay to Sydney, and up the river away across the Emu Plains to the Blue Mountains. We had tea at "Rockend" (the Bartons), and the last boat leaving at 7 o'clock we were told we were not to go back that night, but put up with a shake-down in one of the spare rooms; so being obedient boys we did as we were bid, and had no cause to regret our decision or our cousins' hospitality.

*August 28th.*—Took the first boat, 8 o'clock, back to Sydney, as we had an early appointment with the dentist; booked our passages on board "City of New York," and called on Joseph, who offered to take us on board the "Nelson," now in harbour. We jumped at the opportunity, and after lunch joined J. jun., at the office, and went with him on board. Unfortunately we had chosen a bad day, as the ship was in the hands of the painters, so that everything was rather in disorder. However, we were most heartily welcomed by Mr. Tillard, who took us all over and explained the latest improvements in the ship-building and gunnery, &c., in a very simple and pleasant manner. The torpedo room was not the least interesting part of the vessel. I had never seen one of these fell engines before. It is certainly a formidable and ingenious foe. The Commodore's accommodation is perfect, and his sitting-room a perfect gem, though a great many of his things he has taken on to his house on shore while on the station here. We had intended going to the Museum with Frank, but it was past 4 by the time we got off the "Nelson," so put off the native flora and fauna for another day, and went off to do some calls. Sir George Innes, who had called on us at the club while we were away, was out, but Mrs. Knox we found in. They have certainly a lovely spot just over Double Bay, and a very nice place. There is a good lot of "glass" in the gardens, and a fine collection of orchids and tropical ferns and plants of rare specimens from all parts. From "Fiona" we went on to Mrs. Nixon, who was also at home, and who has promised to take us to the Barracks next Friday for some lawn tennis. We looked in at Burgess on our way back, and found him rather seedy again, and got back to the club for dinner, after which we distinguished ourselves by a series of skilful manœuvres on the "board of green cloth."

*August 29th.*—We took the 12 o'clock ferry for Lane Cove to keep our appointment with Mr. Joubert for an oyster luncheon on the rocks. Arrived at his house we put off in his small boat with a few provisioned little hampers, and pulled up about a mile on to some rocks where we were to find the "natives." The tide was low, so that we had a muddy walk to get on shore. However, we did not sink above our boots, and successfully transported our commissariat on to the rocks. We then set to work to knock off a goodly dish of oysters, which were plentiful; lit a fire to grill our steak and boil our potatoes, and finally made an excellent and enormous meal, there being besides the above dishes a *plat* of Madame Joubert's own

making, some concoction of rice and chicken, which we felt bound to show our kind *chef* we appreciated!! We returned to the house soon after 4, and then walked over to Gladesville, as we were to have a dance in the evening at the "Hospital" (*Anglicè*, Asylum) to amuse the patients. They have something of the sort every fortnight. It was really most amusing, and the "patients" behaved in the most exemplary manner on the whole. Some of them danced hard the whole evening, others sat quietly round the room looking on, but with a few exceptions there were no very noticeable marks of idiocy in the room. Some of the dancers were a little fantastic in their movements, and were not great hands at *steering* (but this latter deficiency I *have* noticed on other occasions). There was one lady who was most indefatigable, a black woman, got up gaudy colours. I really think she enjoyed herself more than any one there. Bobby Paterson was most attentive to her in the early part of the evening, and it was too ridiculous to see them going round together. But if a partner failed her she was not at all put out, and would go sailing round the room quite happily by herself. There was another poor creature who thinks herself the queen of the world, and had on a flaring red and gold cloak, and a tiara of diamonds! on her head. She was very strong in square dances, and I had the honour of a quadrille with Her Majesty, which we got through successfully. We chatted away merrily about her subjects all over the world. Japan was her favourite country, but she had great difficulty in getting her subjects to work there. She had taken her degree there too. Occasionally she would break out into other languages, and now and then would jabber a lot of unintelligible gibberish. One time when I inquired whether she had made great advances in the Japanese language, she informed me with a lofty air that she had been speaking it to me for the last quarter of an hour. I felt shut up and ready to sink into the ground, but her roars of delight when George, her *vis-à-vis*, made some mistake in the last figure and began dancing it *à la Française*, were most genuine, and she forgot for a little the Shah of Persia and all the other grandees we had been talking about, chiefly Oriental, as the mere name of Queen Victoria is like a red rag to a bull it appears. I did not bestow my attentions on any others, except to make up sets of dances with them. Once we had a most impossible couple with us. They were quite inseparable, and in the grand chain persisted in running round after one another to the dire confusion of the set! There were but few "love sick maidens" there, or at all events only one who showed any amatory disposition, and she flew into the arms of one gentleman and insisted on embracing him in the middle of the room. The room was a fine large one with a perfect floor, music so-so; but I've heard worse, and I danced every dance but one, from 7 o'clock till past 10, and had some very good partners. All the neighbouring people were there. We were putting up, I forgot to say, at "Rockend," and intended going back to Sydney next morning—

*Wednesday, 30th.*—But having been invited by Mrs. Blaxland, some relation of the lady we had seen on Sunday, to go out to her place at Cleves to spend the day, we let Henri go down by the first boat to have his final sit with the dentist, and return by the next boat at 10 o'clock. The morning was black and rainy, and the day looked about as bad as it could, until at 11 o'clock the clouds broke, and soon after, having baled out the boat, we put off for our row up the river, George and I pulling the three ladies, and a pile of cloaks and waterproofs to keep off the rain. These same did their duty nobly, and not only did the rain keep off but the sun came out, and we had a most glorious spring afternoon. Mrs. Blaxland's place is about two miles up the river, on the banks of which it is prettily situated. The river, indeed, is lovely all the way up, and about here reminds one a little of the Thames, with several nicely kept places on the banks, and green slopes coming down to the water's edge. We spent a very jolly afternoon at Cleves. There was some mild tennis going on after lunch—mild owing to the ground rather than the players, as the two Miss Blaxlands play beautifully; but we had a "glorious uproarious" game to end with, where some marvellous strokes and great noise were the order of the day. We rowed back again to Gladesville in time to take the 5 o'clock boat, and after dinner made our way to Mrs. Knox's At home; dancing 9 o'clock. It was a nice dance, rooms good and comfortably filled, but though the people of the house were very good about introducing, I did not get many dances, and having started a headache after dinner made tracks early.

*August 31st.*—Went with Frank in the morning to the Museum. A first-rate collection of native birds, beasts, and fishes, and very interesting. The rest of the morning till lunch we spent in the Botanical Gardens. They are extremely pretty grounds, well laid out and cared for, and beautifully placed round one of the prettiest bays in the harbour. The view across on to the north shore, too, was lovely, looking across the water, where the "Nelson," and "Wolverine," a gunboat, and other large ships were lying, and we were quite loth to tear ourselves away from this delightful lounge. However, I had a dental appointment at 2, so we had to go in. About 4 o'clock, when I was liberated from my tormentor, we set out to do our duty by Botany Bay. The steam tram runs down there in about fifty minutes. There is not very much to see, except a deep bay opening out from a narrow opening on to the ocean. We started to walk out along the shore to one of the heads, but the conglomeration of smells was too horrible: essence of bad seaweed, tannin, and dead fish; and we stopped short of our destination and took the 6.30 train back, and enjoyed a "high tea" at the club instead of at Sir Joseph Banks' hotel at Botany—which did not look inviting.



## JOURNAL L.

*On Board P.M. SS. "City of New York."*

*September 9th, 1883.*—It is a week now since I have been able to record my doings in Sydney, so that now my fishy feelings have subsided I must try and make up for lost time, if this rolling old craft will allow me. I hark back to St. Partridge day, when my last despatch left. That afternoon we joined Mrs. Nixon at her house, and then went together to the barracks, where the officers were "at home." Tea and tennis. The latter was very fair, and I got some pretty good games until darkness stopped us.

*Saturday, September 2nd.*—While we were at breakfast we were politely informed by the steward of the club that our rooms were wanted by some members of the club who had just arrived. This was rather startling news, as we were to take the 11 o'clock boat to go out to lunch at Miss Walker's, and sleep at Rockend that night, and there was no time to move our things to an hotel. So we just bundled our things together, ran round to Frank to ask him if he could keep us over Sunday, and just caught our steamer, leaving our heavy baggage at the club. "Rhodes," Mrs. Walker's place, is about three miles up the river above Gladesville, just opposite "Ryde," and a lovely little spot, the grounds sloping down to the river. Alas, its beauty is soon to be spoilt by a great ugly bridge over the river, and the iron horse will soon be screaming and puffing just behind the house, and cutting the property, of some hundred acres, slap in two. So march "the times."

We were very cordially received by Mrs. Walker, a very jolly old lady, and her three spinster daughters. After lunch arrived Mrs. Nixon (*née* Walker) and a few other friends, and later on Frank sailed up with Mrs. Paterson and her two girls. Tennis and croquet were the order of the afternoon, and George wound up by a long walk about the place with the eldest of the three sisters. I meanwhile was having some capital tennis. A Miss Anderson who was of the party played splendidly, and we had some exciting matches. We rowed back to Gladesville in the evening, getting in just after dark to our old quarters at Rockend.

*September 3rd.*—Mr. Joubert had offered to take us out fishing to-day outside the "Heads," but as I had had my slumbers disturbed by an obstinate and officious "molar" I did not feel much inclined for the party, so let the others go off without me; and very glad I was as it turned out, for besides the pleasures of a toothache on board I should in all probability have fallen a victim to another monster. They anchored just outside the Heads, where it was blowing strong, and there was a nasty sea running. Eventually there were more fishes fed than caught—I think only a dozen miserable finny gents being hauled in. At Gladesville it was lovely, and I had a very pleasant quiet day. After lunch Frank took me for a lovely drive

on to the hills towards Paramatta, finishing up by "Cleves," the Blaxlands' place, where we were kept to tea, and getting home again soon after 9.

*September 4th.*—Henri went down into Sydney in the morning, having some things to see to. G. and I had a delightful morning on the river. We rowed Aunt Emily and Hester up as far as Rhodes and back—warmish work under a piping hot sun, but very jolly. In the afternoon we had the hospital tennis ground put at our disposal by special permission, and had some capital fun and some very noisy games, Miss Blaxland and the Miss Bartons making up the party. After tea we took ship, seven of us, and rowed up to Cleves to spend the evening, which we did very merrily, dancing and singing choruses. The night was glorious as we rowed back about 11.30; the stars most brilliant, and naturally inclining us to awaken the echoes with some sweet (?) strains: we did so with some effect, and I think the waters must have been rather astonished if they had any musical feelings about them.

*Friday morning, September 5th.*—We walked over to Lane Cove to say good-bye to Madame Joubert, and after an early dinner started off in two carriage-loads to drive over to Rydale, Mrs. Darval's place, about five miles off. Mrs. D. goes in largely for plantations of oranges, and it was not long before we were among the trees *looking at* the fruit. Soon after, a detachment of Blaxlands arrived, and having mixed forces we drove off through some paddocks and then up to a hill in the middle of some fine woods, where there was a glorious and extensive view. Here "we young ones" took to our legs and scrambled about down the slopes and along a wooded creek, where clematis, mimosa, and bigonia were growing in luxuriant masses; we were soon loaded with flowers. The carriages picked us up again after a time and took us round by another delightful gully, where we got more clematis, &c., and finally found our way among the oranges before getting into the house. Here after a short halt we again limbered up and drove back to Gladesville after a very enjoyable afternoon. Mr. and Miss Lumsden came in in the evening, and the piano was kept going till bed-time.

*September 6th.*—We took a tender farewell of Rockend and its kind inhabitants, quite sorry that our jolly visit had come to an end. The time had gone only too fast. We spent nearly all the morning running about Sydney trying to find a night's lodging. Every hotel and lodging-house was full with sportsmen up for the races. At last we settled to go to our old friends the Gaudins. We knew they had a spare room where we could make shift on the floor for a night, and so accordingly repaired to their house and found them very willing to shelter us.

In the afternoon H. and I went on board the "Nelson," where they had an "at home," and all the rank and fashion of Sydney were to be seen dressed in their best bib and tucker, and displaying themselves to the best advantage. It certainly was a very pretty

sight, and the vessel looked rather different to what she did the last time we were on board. The band played a lively selection of dance music, and dancing was kept up very merrily from 2 o'clock till 6, the decks being a perfect floor. Everything on board, too, looked so smart and trim, and so workmanlike with all its gala costume. Commodore Erskine seemed very nice, as did most of the officers, especially the two to whom I spoke at all, Messrs. Tillard and Digby. The middies too were my special delight. They were all a particularly good-looking set of fellows, and looked so neat and jolly in their uniforms. We had to finish packing after dinner, and then went round to Mr. Nixon's, by promise, to take leave, after which we found our way to our night's billet, and made it out very comfortably on the boards, with the help of our rugs and coats.

Thursday morning we were pretty busy with final adieux and packings, and 2 o'clock found us down at the jetty getting on board the tender. We had a most agreeable surprise just before leaving, when Mrs. Paterson and the girls turned up on the pier armed with some beautiful bouquets of flowers, a most welcome souvenir of Gladesville. It was very jolly, too, catching another glimpse of them, the more so as it was unexpected, and having some one to "wish us well" as we started on our voyage.

*September 11th.*—Our voyage draws to a close, so I must begin to end, as we shall be in, bar accidents, at daylight to-morrow.

We have been very comfortable on board, but a more persistent "roller" I was never on. The wind was blowing fresh as we got outside the Sydney "Heads," with a long southerly swell, which has continued more or less the whole way, but not enough to account for the rollery motions the good ship has indulged in. Apparently she is one of your smart American vessels, as, according to one of the officers—need I add, a Yankee?—the smoother the weather the more she rolls, while in a bad sea she is as steady as a billiard table!! We seem quite among old friends with the American officers and Chinese stewards. But Johnnie is a very dull boy here, and not at all up to our friends the "Belgic" celestials. The company on board is nothing extraordinary, socially speaking, with the exception of three or four fellows, who are *par contre* very good sort. Among them I have come across Brown, an old Eton fellow, who like ourselves is circumtravelling the globe.

## JOURNAL LI.

### *Star Hotel, Auckland.*

*September 13th.*—We dropped anchor in the harbour at 3 A.M., and got on shore soon after breakfast. We made first for the Northern Club, where old Yates had promised to put us up, but he had apparently forgotten his promise, as they knew nothing of us. We accordingly came on here, a very decent hotel, where we are very comfortable.

Auckland reminds one a good bit of Sydney on arriving, on a smaller scale of course, and is altogether a prettily situated town. We drove out to the "Domain" in the afternoon, a rambling sort of place, half park, half garden, but boasting no great show of anything, except, by the way, a splendid mass of lilies. These I afterwards discovered are quite favourites of these parts, and grow like weeds all over the place. It was refreshing, too, to be out of the regions of perpetual gum. Here we find all our English shrubs once more, and I quite rejoiced to see the homely laurel and his kind again. The gorse, too, grows abundantly in parts, and is just now in full beauty. In the Domain we parted company, G. and H. returning into town to visit the Museum. I went on further, and presently found myself on the top of a hill, an old volcano, right above the town, and commanding a wide view on every side. I subsequently made out that I was on the top of Mount Eden, and my same authority informed me that eighty old volcanoes are visible from this point. I did not count, so can't vouch for the truth, though "they must have had a lively time when they were all a bustin'—warm too, I guess." So my American informant. Anyhow, there are very evident traces of the "lively times," and tracks of lava and burnt rock are to be seen here and there, as well as the unmistakable "cones." The crater of Mount Eden itself is very perfect in shape, though now all grass except for a slight *débris* at the bottom. From the summit you see the whole extent of the harbour and Gulf of Haurake right away to the Great Barrier Island, and the whole stretch of the peninsula, and on the other side to Manukan Harbour across the isthmus, a narrow strip of green fields and houses dotted about. I came down the other side and had a jolly walk down to one of the many promontories jutting out into the harbour, and so round home again after considerably disturbing an elderly gentleman as he was quietly pacing his garden walk, by my sudden appearance from a narrow path up the cliff. He seemed to think I had dropped from the skies, and evidently thought I was up to no good, trespassing on his private grounds, and as my apologies did not soothe his angry feelings I cut them short and politely wished him good evening. After dinner Brown and Routledge came round, and we all went to the theatre together, a nice house, but almost empty. However, we made up for the want of audience by hearty applause, to the intense gratification of the Irving of the evening.

13<sup>th</sup>.—We spent a good part of the day discussing ways and means for our further progress, and it was not till past 3, after getting rid of as much luggage as we could, that we found ourselves free to go anywhere. We then walked out with Brown up to Mount Eden. The afternoon was lovely, so that my second impressions were more favourable than before, and the whole panorama was very pretty.

## JOURNAL LII.

*September 14th.*—Left Auckland by 8.25 train for Hamilton, which we reached about 2.15. We found a buggy in waiting for us, having wired on yesterday, and left at once for Herbert Burnett's place. Our coachman had a vague idea of the road, not having ever been up there, but we had not much difficulty at first, with the help of instructions given at starting, and from the fact that after the first mile there was only one road to follow. However, when we had gone about eighteen miles we came to a bifurcation, and availed ourselves of this opportunity to take the wrong road, a mistake we did not discover until two or three miles further when we reached a house and stopped to ask how we were getting on. The individual we accosted was only the second we had met the whole way; the other, some way back, proved to be a total stranger, and so not much use to us. It was now about 6 o'clock, and according to our informant we were still eight miles from our destination. We were traversing all this time, I should have said, a mild sort of moorland country, covered principally with fern and "Ti-tree," so we slipped along over the next three miles in hopes of getting in before it was quite dark; but to little purpose, for on inquiry at another farm we were told we had still a long eight miles (!!!) before us. Darkness was soon upon us, and it got difficult to keep to the road, or rather track, over some hard ground where the wheels left but little mark. One time we found ourselves on the side of a steep bank, inclining at rather an alarming angle, and soon afterwards we wandered from the track altogether, and had to spend some time roaming about with the lamps to find our road again. We kept on it after this, though not without difficulty; once the horses were very nearly taking a header into a ditch, and frequently one of us had to get down to reconnoitre ahead. We were just beginning to have enough of this kind of amusement, and to wonder whether we should have to spend the night under a starry canopy, when to our great delight, about 8.30, we espied a solitary light, and made for it straight. It turned out to be the dwelling-place of a Mr. Hunt, Herbert's next door neighbour, and a few minutes later, under the guidance of Mr. Hunt, *filz*s, we were rapping at the Burnetts' door and taking our four bachelors by storm. Their astonishment at seeing us was delightful, as my letter announcing our approach had not turned up, and Fred. at first did not recognise me in the dark, when I begged of a night's lodging for three strangers.

*September 15th.*—We arrived at rather an unlucky moment, as the domestics of the establishment had just taken themselves off, and our hosts had all the house work thrown upon their shoulders in addition to their outdoor labours. However, Herbert excelled himself in the kitchen, and we had a very jolly time with them. The morning we spent, assisting partly at "washing up," superintending

the slaughtering of a sheep, chopping wood, and taking a walk about the place, in the course of which we had to make some perilous crossings of two or three "soft" places. There were a good many of these, including a wide impassable bit of swamp, but nobody came to grief. We saw a good number of cattle, and also the handiwork of the proprietors in the shape of some excellent wire fencing, a young crop of oats, newly broken up land, &c. After dinner we all went out for a walk for about a couple of hours to a ferned grotto, and up one of the hills where stood in former days a Maori "Pa" or fortress, the earthworks of which are quite good and strong. It must have been a commanding position once; now it only commands a fine view all round over a large tract of country. We returned in time to milk the cows and feed Rufus, a calf of about a month old, who has to take his meals out of a bottle. Strange to say, he doesn't seem to enjoy the proceeding, and we stood and roared to see Fritz Byng administering the unwelcome draught. It is he too who is chief milkman, and he went to work in most professional form. We went up after tea to Mrs. Hunt's, where we had a musical evening of a very varied and select order, and so wound up a very jolly day.

*September 16th.*—We left our farmer hosts this morning about 10 o'clock, and drove over to here (Cambridge) in six hours; a fair road most of the way, except coming across a hilly bit half way over. It was a wild and pretty part this, and our horses, the same that had brought us from Hamilton on Thursday, were a good little pair, and very fit after their day's rest. It was as well, by the way, that we had some staunch cattle for our night's drive, or it might have been less amusing than it was. I forgot to mention, I think, a further delay in the going of one of our springs as we were bounding down a roughish hill. One of the bolts gave out, but we managed to fix it up again so as to last out the remainder of the journey. To return to to-day. Brown turned up by the coach half-an-hour after our arrival, and we proceeded together to interview Mr. Carter on the subject of mounts for to-morrow.

*September 17th.*—It was a glorious morning as we started at 9.30 *en route* for the Hot Springs, and we had a delightful ride over to Watu, thirty-two miles across an open moorland country, something like Exmoor, except for a few rocky projections which here and there started up out of the ground, and that the Ti-tree scrub and fern took the place of heather. The Ti-tree, indeed, looks very much like heather when young; when in bloom it has a pretty white flower, but it is only just coming out in a few sheltered places, where, however, it looks very pretty, and when in full flower must give the country a very gay appearance. We formed a very presentable cavalcade as we left the hotel, with our four selves mounted on hardy-looking nags, a guide, and a baggage horse, Tommy. We began by driving Tommy ahead of us, but as he was continually on the lookout for a creek of water, sometimes objected to crossing bridges, and occasionally went off on the loose on his own account, we found it

better for the guide, Willie Carter, to take him in tow and one of us to ride behind with a whip to keep him going. He was really a very good horse though, and carried his load right well. Our way for the first five-and-twenty miles followed the course of the Waikato, which higher up tore along below us at times in foaming rapids. It was curious, too, to notice the series of distinct terraces on either side, descending to the water's edge, and showing evidently the old courses of the river in former days, and where it had changed its direction at different times. We called a halt about 2 o'clock by the side of a stream flowing into the Waikato, and ate our sandwiches while the horses made their lunch off the grass. We reached Watu at 4.30. The borders here of the King County, sacred to the natives. The hotel, too, and most of the land in this district belongs to a Maori swell, a fine-looking specimen of a savage, who shook us all heartily by the hand and wished to be friendly, but his English did not carry him very far. The rest of his people were not very respectable specimens of humanity; they seem to have been having a merry day of it, and the women especially were in a high state of intoxication, and proportionally uproarious. The hotel afforded us pretty fair rough accommodation, and we were not very particular either for bed or board after our day's ride.

18th.—We were away by 7 o'clock. Another lovely day over much the same sort of country for the first thirty miles: wild, wide-stretching rolling moor, and a first-rate firm track. There was one rather curious bit in one place, a collection of precipitous cañons running into each other from different directions, and looking very peculiar from their abrupt beginning and ending in the midst of the undulating ground all round. We had to make a considerable detour to avoid them, and about 1 o'clock reached the edge of some forest land where we dismounted for lunch, continuing our way afterwards down a rather curious valley broken up into odd-looking gullies and creeks, or isolated rocky plateaux, and green sloping volcanic-shaped hills. Some way further on again we passed under a grand irregular range of white cliff, with a mass of dark green wood running up to join the precipitous walls, and filling up every available nook where the smooth face of the rock allowed. We put up several cock pheasants about here, and indeed all the way along. The whole country would make a grand place for all sorts of game, and a splendid shooting ground; but, apparently, pheasants have it all to themselves. We only met one man the whole day, until quite near Ohinimutu. About ten or twelve miles from this we got on to a good carriage road of fine sandy soil, and our horses being quite fresh and eager to get in we cantered along in fine style, and arrived at 5.30. The horses certainly were very good ones, and in prime condition. George's was perhaps the best, but my little mare Nellie, though not so fast, was a staunch little beast, and regularly pulled at me the last ten miles in. Tommy too behaved very well, though we had not been quite happy in arranging his pack, and in the morning

it kept giving us some little bother. I must not forget our boy guide, Carter's son, an extremely nice young chap, with a fair amount of information, careful of his horses, and with no colonial bumptiousness or forwardness about him. The first view you get of Lake Rotorua and the Geysers is about five miles from here, as you come round a sharp corner of rock, though you have had a sulphury whiff or two some little time beforehand. The whole place seems to be so many boiling cauldrons, all steaming and boiling away. Our hotel, "Lake House" (very comfortable), is on the borders of the Lake, and we immediately on arrival made for the baths at the bottom of the garden, where we revelled in a most delicious hot mineral bath from the waters of the Lake, finishing up by an equally lovely cold douche of the same water, cooled off in a reservoir. It was most refreshing after our long ride, and followed by a good dinner we felt like resuscitated giants. By the way, the distance we travelled to-day is called fifty-eight miles. I hardly think it can be quite as much myself, and should put it at fifty-five miles as a limit; anyhow, it was a rare jolly ride, and I enjoyed it hugely. The track turned out to be a capital one the whole distance from Cambridge, notwithstanding all the alarming accounts people had told us about it when we were at Auckland. There was an occasional soft place to be crossed, but they were nothing, and only once I think did my horse sink up to his hocks in a boggy hole; so we did well not to be frightened about coming this way.

*September 19th.*—We found the coach only goes once a week to Taupo and Napier, so, as we made out that we could see Rotomohama without too much of a scramble in a day, we determined to get on to-day to Wairoa and return to take the coach on Thursday, more especially as a buggy even between four of us would come pretty stiff, and but little be gained by the extra time. The Hot Springs are very wonderful round Rotorua, and you can spend several days visiting them all, but they are always to a great extent the same thing over again. This morning we devoted to inspecting all those in the immediate neighbourhood. The whole edge of the Lake is simply alive with springs of scalding water, of sizes varying from a tiny hole to a good-sized round pond. These are used largely by the Maoris for bathing and cooking. They boil their potatoes and fish in the hottest ones, and wash and squat in the more temperate. Of course their food has a sulphury flavour after this course of cooking, but I suppose they like it, or at all events are accustomed to it. It is a regular old Maori village this, though now there are only a couple of hundred or so, and these are dwindling away from drink and other sources. They succumb largely to measles, I believe, as when they get feverish at all they go and sit in cold water to cool down a bit!!! You see some fine faces among them, but most of them have rather a debauched appearance, which is not diminished by their very miscellaneous manner of dress, their attire being generally surmounted with a large blanket. One man I saw this morning in



a high hat and a large feather stuck in the side of it. They are mostly tattooed about the face, both men and women, sometimes very deeply, the most common place being the chin and upper lip, which does not improve their appearance. They stick all sorts of funny things through their ears, such as a feather in one, and a long pendant earring in the other. The men seem to wear these even more than the women, but on the other hand you scarcely see a woman without a pipe in her mouth. The female sex from all accounts have quite the upper hand in smoking, drinking, and fighting. The better lot are something like a very bronzed gipsy, with the regular dark, brilliant, gipsy eye. They carve beautifully in wood, the Maoris. We saw some quaint specimens this morning in their "Land Court." Most of these are comparatively modern, but I saw a fine old specimen at Auckland the other day, a very old piece, all cut out by sharp flint tools, a regular work of art. There are a few old pieces on the shores of the Lake among the ruins of an old native village, which subsided suddenly into the Lake one fine night about a century ago, but most of these are half decayed. Now they bury their dead about here, just dig down a couple of feet, and lay the corpses in a boiling bath. But to return to our walk. We reached another boiling quarter on another part of the Lake shore, and stuck our noses into all sorts of bubbling and smelling holes. The ground is perforated with these to any extent, and our guide tells us a few horrible tales of people and animals falling in and being scalded to death, through carelessness or the giving way of the ground. A few there are of boiling mud, and these look delightfully soft and inviting, as the slimy stuff "blobs" and "squelches" up. The two chief hot water springs are known as "Madame Rachel's" and the "Priests'" baths, immense boiling ponds of unknown depth, and wonderful properties. There is also one emitting very strong gases, among them a species of "laughing gas," which is very apt to send bathers "off," or even people standing near it, if not careful. From "Sulphur Point," as this tract is called, we strolled on a little farther to the "Cream Cups," a lot of little springs, the sides of which are thick in *lovely* soft creamy, muddy composition, and we amused ourselves "messaging" about from one to another up to our arms in mud and water, and trying the different springs!!! It was a delicious feeling handling about the cream, which looked like vanilla, or strawberries and cream colour—in fact, all sorts of shades and softness; and it was curious, too, to find a quite cold spring next to a boiling hot one. Well, we got back to lunch, and about 2.30 started off in a buggy-and-three for Wairoa. About two miles out we stopped to have a look at "Wakarewarewa," a collection of steaming geysers, and immense springs, some of which are of unfathomable depth. None of the geysers were very active while we there, and the "boss," which has a reputed spout of 40 feet when in good humour, was only spitting about 6 or 8 feet into the air. A large portion of the ground was seared and bare and the water trickles over sort of terraces of rock

of pinkish colouring, a composition formed by the deposit of the water. But I was surprised to see so much vegetation around. The common bracken and Ti-tree seemed to get on capitably, and to grow quite happily even over the mouth of a spring.

The drive for the first six miles or so is not interesting, but we had plenty to occupy our attention in holding on to anything that offered itself to prevent our taking a header out of the buggy. The ruts in the road were of very deep order, the inequalities of the ground, and the driving of our Jehu, execrable, and we were in constant expectation of turning over. Once or twice I think it only wanted the matter of a feather's weight more to do the trick. However, on entering a thick bush things mended a trifle, and the last four miles in were very attractive. The bush was almost tropical in its denseness and variety of foliage, and the ferns quite reminded me of Java. "Masses" of them is hardly strong enough to express their quantity. They covered the ground, they crowded whole trunks of trees, or squatted up in the forks of their branches. They raised themselves up in individual specimens of fine tree ferns. Some of the creepers also were immense. From this we emerged on to Lake Tikitapu, a lovely expanse of blue water, enclosed by mountains coming down to the water's edge, where they were reflected back. Brown said it reminded him of some of the Highland lochs, and I could fancy it well from the pictures I have seen. Lake Rotakakaha is separated from it by only a narrow ridge of mountain, but lies 80 or 90 feet lower level, and the waters are not such a deep clear colour. It looks well though by sunset light, sombre though the mountains are which surround it. Half-a-mile further and we are in Wairoa, and surrounded by a young crowd of chattering Maoris. We are told we must go and see the waterfall before it is dark, so select a couple of bright-eyed urchins (they will only hunt in couples) to guide us to the spot. They are jolly little fellows, one especially. Ten years old he tells us he is, and goes on to give a complete history of his family, his schooling, &c., all in capital English, and with a very pure accent. At times he comes out with some delightful expressions, slang and otherwise, but in such a grave way and with such a deep voice, that it is impossible to help laughing; at the same time he has brass and cheek enough for twenty. The waterfall is pretty, but nothing very wonderful, and it is really almost too dark to see much, so we make for the hotel, a very decent little place under the same management as the "Lake House." As we were going in we were asked whether we would like to see the "Hakka" danced. We had heard of this Maori revel, and after a short consultation determined to see what it was like. Accordingly, after dinner, we repaired to the building which is used for such entertainments, as well as for some religious services, legal courts, and other miscellaneous uses. It is not a large room, but it was packed as tight as ever it could hold with an audience of rather *lofty* ideas, all seated on the ground. We found our way into some "reserved seats,"

and saw the performance very well. It began soon after our entrance. It is a mistake perhaps to call it a dance, as the artists do not move out of their double row of fifteen, women in front, men behind. Neither of the sexes are remarkable for personal beauty, though some of their men are finely made fellows. One and all throw themselves heart and soul into the business of the evening, and it is certainly a very quaint and characteristic performance. It consists of all sorts of gesticulations, of their arms for the most part, and turning their bodies about, accompanied by various shrieks, groans, and wonderful snorting and roaring sounds through the throat; but the great feature is the wonderful unison with which they all act. There is but one motion all along the line, and the heads, arms, and voices move like a machine. They are directed by a man standing at the end of the line in front, who guides their actions by some cabalistic signs of his own. There is not a great deal of variety about it, and after ten minutes you have really seen it all. (We had it for over an hour.) The only change is when the men come to the front, and then the gesticulations and shouting reach a tremendous pitch, and are extremely effective. I astonished the house slightly in the middle of the proceedings by lighting a piece of magnesian wire which I happened to have put in my pocket at the Fish River Caves. The "Oh's!" the amazed silence, and then the shouts of applause, were highly amusing, and of course they were not content till I had allowed one or two of them to light a piece for themselves. Equally of course, they burnt their fingers over it.

*September 20th.*—We got under weigh for the Terraces at 6.30 on a lovely bright morning. A quarter of an hour's walk brought us down to the Lake (Tarawera) on which we were to embark, but we had to wait some time for our very deliberate crew, and then it required a good deal of chattering and settling to get them fairly started. There were five of them, very fair specimens of their tribe, and one or two of them really fine-looking men. The rowing was, to say the least, erratic, and frequent "easies" were the order of the day—indeed, there were seldom more than four oars going at once. Their tongues, however, went incessantly and simultaneously, and apparently they were of an extremely facetious disposition, for they were in perpetual "guffaws," and then they would pull frantically for a dozen strokes or so, but as this was followed by an extra long easy we did not really get on much faster. The quantity of water too that they poured down their throats! literally *poured* down—I thought the glass would follow once or twice—was astonishing. Luckily we were in no hurry, and the Lake was most enjoyable, so we did not mind dawdling. It is a good-sized piece of water, with mountains rising up out of it all round, and running out into rocky peninsulas in places, or retiring into little bays and coves. At the helm was our guide and commandress-in-chief, the celebrated "Sophia," a half-caste lady of middle age, and the proud mother of fifteen children. She is one of the two regular guides to the Terraces. Her dress was rather



a curious combination; externally she revolved herself into an old ulster, and a cotton frock appearing at intervals, a frock that had seen better and cleaner days, and on her feet a pair of canvas shoes. She chatted away merrily in first-rate English with us, and now and again "swore at" the crew, as she sat perched up in the stern of the boat, a short black pipe in her mouth, and a white handkerchief tied over her black curly thatch of hair. At one point on the shores of a wood we eased by a large rock, where one of the men got out and made a long speech or incantation to the Water Nymph of the place, afterwards coming round to beg an alms for the deity, which he was by way of hiding in a hole in the rock, in which we were solemnly assured a large sum lay amassed, presented by all passing boats to ensure a safe and prosperous voyage; such was the old belief of the natives. Now I need hardly say who takes charge of the deity's deposit account. About two hours' row brought us to land, and about a couple of miles' walk to Lake Rotomahana and the foot of the "White Terraces." These are a series of perfect terraces, irregular in height and form, and rising to a height of near 200 feet above the Lake. They are covered by a crest of mineral deposit from the water which trickles down all over them, the outflow of the several springs which rise to the surface all the way up. The colour of the Terraces is not exactly pure white, but resembles delicate tinted porcelain rather in appearance, while the water in all the pools and little cups is of pure opal, and seen from the top the effect of the contrast and the general view is striking and beautiful, as you look down this strange watercourse, with the blue lakes lying all about, and the staircase descending in broad platforms or narrow frosted steps. These are all quite clearly marked, except just at the bottom, where there is more of a gradual slope, and the edges are of a bold massive fringe of porcelain-like stalactites, looking as if suddenly petrified before falling quite over. The terraces all curve out in long sweeping curve, the lower one being, I should think, 200 yards in length, the ones above gradually narrowing up until reaching the top. The water varies as to the depth of the cascade. Now it was trickling down just over the soles of our boots, quite cold as it flows into the Lake, but getting warmer by degrees the higher you go, until arriving at the top you reach the main source, a huge boiling cauldron, about 100 feet across, and almost a perfect circle in shape. This is quite the best view of the terraces, and very beautiful it is, the different shelves of almost pure white or delicate rose tint opening out one after another underneath, and the lovely shell-like basins holding the water, bright sky-blue in colour, and looking so delightfully soft and inviting. We had to wait some minutes on the edge of the spring, as the steam was so dense we could see nothing, until a gust of wind came and blew it away sufficiently for us to catch a flying glimpse of deep clear blue water, a much deeper shade than the water lower down, boiling and bubbling and occasionally spurting up a jet several feet into the air. At times this jet spouts up an

immense height; at others, again, after a continuance of southerly winds, the crater, 90 feet deep, is left quite dry, and you can go down to the bottom of it. Its normal condition, however, is pretty much as we saw it. Round the edge of this enormous basin are encrustations of purest white all filigreed out, and forming a lovely contrast to the dark blue of the water. Right above and surrounding the crater on three sides rises a perpendicular cliff, all seared and burnt, and pierced with jets of steam. It looks very weird as you gaze upwards, the dense clouds of steam as they ascend adding to this effect, and making the cliffs seem higher than they really are. All this we saw only by dint of patience and waiting for the intervals for the steam to clear off. It was hot work, as the vapours had rather a suffocating effect, though not objectionally strong, and our feet felt rather as if we were standing on an oven; but it was well worth what little inconvenience we suffered. Sophia was most attentive and careful of our safety, and had lots of stories for our benefit of unfortunate individuals who had slipped into some of these scalding baths. She looked like business too, did the good lady, having discarded her ulster, her shoes, and stockings, and tucked up her dress so as to bring to view a short red flannel petticoat down to her knees and a fine pair of legs below them. It is curious to notice the effect of the water on different objects. Silver and gold it burnt black in a very few minutes, while ferns, sticks, &c., if left, in a little while become covered with the silicious deposit, and have a beautifully delicate lacework fringe formed all over them. There are several large geysers on a mountain close by; one of them is in a deep circular crater, and sends forth intermittent jets of water 20 feet high, or a good deal more sometimes. I got inadvertently to leeward of it once, and had a puff of scalding steam into my face, which quickly made me take up a safer position from which to view the surging, spurting mass, and it was truly wonderful to watch the immense volume in one huge incessant state of boiling waves and fierce spouts. Another equally large was quite close, but the water here was up to the brim and boiling over. We saw a few more of the same sort, only differing in detail, and then went down to the Lake to eat our lunch, which had been brought by one of our crew up by the stream which connects Rotomahana and Tarawera. The dear man had boiled us some potatoes too in one of the hot springs close by, and excellent they were. We still had a few more sights to see before quitting the White Terrace district, so Sophia led us off to a dreary, desolate gully between two seared and smoking mountains, where we saw more varieties of earth's hot interior—springs of mud and water in every form. The former were delightfully "slimy" looking, and I stood watching the boiling mud seething, bubbling, and squirting up in a great big hole for a long time. There were also jolly little mud volcanoes where the mud was more consistent and *stodgy*, but "blobbing" very satisfactorily. One of these is used as a medicine by the natives. We had a taste of it off the end of a stick,

but it hadn't the flavour of anything much except a little alum. There were two other interesting geysers, which, however, were very provoking, one particularly so, where we sat I don't know how long waiting for him to get into a state of excitement, but he would do nothing more than surge and bubble frantically. The other was a little better and sent up a few tolerable spouts at intervals, retiring in between whiles right down the deep narrow hole by which he made his appearance. Before crossing the Lake we went to visit a small natural cave in a pumice-stone rock, celebrated as being the birth-place of twelve chiefs of direct descent, the present one being still alive, though he has deserted the home of his ancestors. I don't blame him myself, as I should think the princely pair must have had a warmish time of it inside. The heat is horribly suffocating and oppressive. The gentleman's name, by the bye, is a handy one, "Mokonuiarangi." I don't attempt to give many Maori names, they are too frightfully heartbreaking, and takes half a lifetime to get into the way of them. There is one, however, also the name of a chief, which struck me as rather a convenient one for ordinary purposes: it is "Tamateapukaiwhunui," a fair specimen of a Maori mouthful. Well, we repaired to the Lake and embarked on board a native canoe, a long narrow craft, scooped out of the solid trunk of a tree, and worked with a small paddle from the stern. Rotomahana is a miserable specimen of a lake—not much more, in fact, than a wide marshy swamp surrounded by bleak barren mountains. It abounds though in a lot of duck of different sort, besides the native "shag," a sort of cormorant, and plenty of waterfowl.

About a mile's paddle across brought us to the foot of "Otukapuarangi," the Pink Terrace. There is a difference of opinion as to the respective merits of these and "Te Tarata," though I unhesitatingly prefer the latter. The formation of both is a great deal the same, but the deposit on the Pink Terraces is of a deeper tint, though not as pink as the name would infer, and the surface is perfectly smooth and glassy throughout, glistening and marble-like. The terraces themselves are much more sharply defined, and decrease instead of increasing in size the lower they come down, and the height of the cauldron at the top is less. Here, however, the brilliant and varied colours are magnificent, far surpassing anything in the White Terraces in this respect. The cauldron itself is quieter, and of a deeper blue, but of an intense clearness. The depth is not accurately known, and towards the edges of it at one end where it shoals up the water takes all the hues of the rainbow. I never saw anything so beautiful as the broad border of distinct bands of different colours on the water, the effect apparently being caused by the variation of depth and formation underneath, as the yellow belt of powdery sulphur was distinctly visible underneath, when looking closely in.

Then came perhaps the most novel part of our day's amusement, and certainly not the least enjoyable, a bathe in the different pools of

water all the way up the terraces. You can have any temperature you like, from nearly cold at the bottom to quite scalding at the top. I never had such a delicious bath, and the difficulty was to get out again. I felt as if I could have spent the whole day there, going from pool to pool and lounging about in the blue waters. I never experienced anything like the delightful sensations. There was something so exquisitely soft and soothing about the water, that as I floated about in it, or lay luxuriously back on the smooth sloping edges of the bath, I felt at the time as if in a sort of Paradise, desiring nothing better than to bask there for ever!!! I call them pools, but some were quite deep and large enough for a good swim, and the only thing was to find out which temperature was the nicest. But all good things have an end, and our bath was no exception to the vulgar rule. Reluctantly we put on clothes again, to take farewell of these fairy scenes, and take ship in our Maoric bark. We gained the Tarawera Lake by means of the running stream before mentioned, down which we glided delightfully, with the stream, which runs fast down to the larger lake, in sort of miniature rapids, and many a sharp bend and curve. We found our big boat and the rest of the crew where we had left them in the morning, and stepping on board had a pleasant row home, the crew exerting themselves frantically in the hopes of getting a bottle of whiskey to reward their extra exertions. The evening light showed up the Lake almost better than the morning had done, and the dark woods and rocky peaks were gorgeous in lovely tints, while the duck flying over our heads or skimming across the waters were far from spoiling the effect. We had our tea at the Terrace Hotel, then ordered our buggy round and had a pleasant moonlight drive back to Ohinimutu, getting over the deep ruts in grand style, much to our joy, as we had prepared ourselves for a good tossing after our experience of the road by day light.

*Thursday, September 21st.*—We were off at 6 A.M. in the "coach," the same buggy and the same driver that had taken us to Wairoa. We had one other fellow-traveller, and together filled all the seats in the mail conveyance and had a deal of packing to put away our small amount of luggage, so that our legs had to find the best place they could to stow themselves away; altogether it was not an exciting drive. The distance to "Taupo" is sixty miles, and as we had only one team of horses to take us the whole way through, our progress was not rapid. Then we had a drenching driving rain right in our teeth most of the morning, and that did not improve the state of the roads, already quite soft enough. As the crow flies I don't suppose the distance is more than forty miles, but they seem to have a charming way in this country of making the roads much longer than they need, so we saw a little more of the country for our money. It is not an attractive country though, fern and tufty grass being almost the sole products, but it is all curiously broken up into mounds, and "slices," and innumerable creeks, and old beds and cuttings,

where streams have evidently once flown. We reached Tapuwaharuru, the chief settlement on Lake Taupo, at 6 o'clock, the horses bringing us in well, considering the distance they had done and the heavy roads. Taupo Mohano (*Anglicè*, sea) is a large piece of water about thirty-five miles in length, and surrounded by rather bleak-looking mountains. Tongariro, the *Ætna* of New Zealand, is to be seen a little way off in fine weather, but we got never a glimpse of him. There are also more marvellous geysers and hot springs, but it was too late to see anything, and as we cannot wait another week for the coach, and there are no private traps to be had, I'm afraid we must take them all on trust.

*September 22nd.*—Tapuwaharuru to Tarawera (no connection with the lake of same name), forty-seven miles. It was blowing fits this morning as we started at 7 A.M., and the lake was one mass of foam. Luckily the wind was behind us, or we should still be on the road. It was a dreary drive enough as it was, over an unending stretch of wild waste land with not a living animal to be seen. At last we turned off down a deep gully, and for the last ten or twelve miles we had some pretty bits, right over a wild ravine and through a fine bush with its ferns, and creepers, and rich variety of different forest trees. Tarawera, where we arrived at 5.30, is not an inviting-looking spot, with a few scattered houses and "wharis" (native huts) about, and a wretched and very dirty sort of inn, where we stopped the night. Our team was a poor one to-day, two miserable mules as wheelers, and a pair of indifferent good little horses in the lead, and they were not fast.

*September 23rd.*—Tarawera to Napier, fifty-five miles, the jolliest drive we have had—at all events the first part. The road was very hilly, and we crossed three high ranges of hills to start with, so managed to have a good bit of walking, which was most enjoyable over the first two passes, through a thick forest bush with mountainous wooded country all around. Afterwards we got on to open moorland, which was not so pleasant, but the country was broken and mountainous, and we had some extensive views, sighting Napier and the sea coast about thirty miles away. We had a very tedious bit though after lunch (we stopped about half-way, I should have said, to lunch, and change horses) down the bed of a river in a deep gully shut in by walls of scrub on either side. For eight weary miles we ploughed away through fine river shingle several inches deep, jumped and jolted over a sort of young moraine, or boldly waded down well out in mid stream. We crossed the river between forty and fifty times, not to mention the times when we had to follow the stream for a hundred yards at a time, often above our axles in water. It was a killing bit for the poor horses, and by no means amusing for us passengers, who began to get very "seat sore." There is a fertile-looking bit of pasture valley about ten miles out of Napier, and it was rather a relief to get on to a macadamised road once more; but the entrance to the town is not picturesque over a flat swampy waste spit of land,



stretching almost across the bay, and through a rather dismal-looking suburb, connected with this spot by a long bridge.

*September 24th.*—A catchy showery day, but there is no great attraction in or near the town, and we took a Sabbath day's rest, and a stroll in the afternoon in the suburbs on the hills above the town. Napier has not a great deal to boast of, but is a clean-looking town as far as it goes, built at the bottom of a chalk hill on a sort of peninsula running out on the south end of Hawkes Bay.

*September 25th.*—Started on our way to Wellington by 7.30 train, which took us for about sixty miles through a rich pastoral country, dotted with sheep in every direction, and seemingly fairly populous, until we entered the borders of the "seventy-mile bush." A few miles on and we pull up at Mahatoko Station, where we find the Wellington coach waiting for us, an American "thorough brace" conveyance, holding eleven passengers besides the driver. A good-looking team of bays is ready harnessed, and we are soon bowling along a first-rate road eight or nine miles an hour, up hill and down, through a fine forest country. At 2 o'clock we pull up for the first change of horses and luncheon. It had begun raining by this time, and the watery element continued with little interruption the rest of the day, strongly in the "descendant." It was most provoking, as we were all the time through a lovely bush of dense virgin forest. It is certainly very fine, this wild New Zealand bush, a thick undergrowth topped by fine straight-growing timber of different sorts, creepers swinging from tree to tree, and ferns ubiquitous swarming up round the trunks, or perched on topmost branches, carpeting the ground in every variety of frond, and springing up into tall tree ferns. Flowers there are none, excepting a few bunches of clematis here and there, and another white creeper with a flower something like an azalea. Some of these climbers too grow to an enormous size, and after killing the supporting trunk, seem to develop into forest trees themselves. They do not curl round the tree, but go straight up, throwing off little arms which encircle the stem every 2 or 3 feet. Under the circumstances—the wet circumstances I mean—we were not sorry to come to our journey's end at a quarter to 8, at a place called Ehatahunga. Our night's lodging was very "so so," but we were lucky enough to get some beds, and managed to sleep pretty well, notwithstanding the howling wind and deluging rain.

#### *Empire Hotel, Wellington.*

*September 26th.*—It was poor fun turning out at 5 A.M. with the rain making violent onslaughts on the window panes and the sky as black as ink, and not the liveliest of drives from 6 to 11 in a steady downpour, and packed very close inside the coach. We were quite full inside, and were just able to wedge in, but quite unable to move arm or leg. They are open vehicles these coaches, with a roof on, and American cloth sides to let down in case of bad weather, so that

it practically becomes a shut carriage, and not exactly adapted to seeing the country. From what we did see of it though it was prettier even than yesterday; winding among wooded glens, and, I think, occasional glimpses of a range of mountains; the clouds probably could speak with greater certainty. We reached Masterton at 11 o'clock, lunched there, and came on by train to Wellington, seventy miles. There is a good piece of mountain engineering just before getting down into the "Hut" Valley. The line is carried up a grade of 1 in 15, for a short distance 1 in 12, the engine being fitted with an extra cog wheel as on the Rigi Railway, and the engine going in the middle of the train. At a point near the top we were shown where the train was blown clean over two years ago. It was on a steep embankment crossing a narrow gully, and the carriages and passengers were deposited at the bottom, though comparatively few were killed and wounded. Now there is a strong palisade on either side the embankment to prevent a similar catastrophe. I got into conversation with a very nice man in the train, a Mr. Beetham, an M.P. I think, who volunteered to put us all up for the club here. We went round there after dinner, and found it a very nice house with comfortable rooms, &c. As we left the club we espied a fire just broken out in some back premises at the foot of the hill we were on. As all the houses are of wood in the town, a fire soon spreads, and with a strong wind blowing the flames had soon taken a strong hold on the buildings. The engines arrived though after some time, and before I left seemed to have got the flames under control. There was a nice mess though in the main street, on to which the houses faced, as all the household gods of several establishments were being transported bodily from the adjoining houses.

*September 27th.*—*Wellington* is a nice town, with a good many fine buildings, chiefly in wood. The Government offices are among the largest, and, indeed, are reckoned the largest wooden edifice to be found in the world. There is a very good museum too, which we visited in the morning, with a good collection of native birds and eggs, besides other colonial and foreign specimens of mammalia, minerals, &c. About the most interesting thing there is an old Maori house, with a number of grotesque carvings and weapons. There are a number of those curious old figures such as we saw in the court house at Ohinimutu, only even more grotesque, representing, I believe, old ancestors of importance. They are rum creatures to look at now, but beautifully carved, and with large shells stuck into their heads to serve as eyes, which add to their goblin appearance. There is one statue of a different sort, representing a gentleman of more human form, with elaborate carvings to show a marvel of tattooing all over the face, but most true to nature, or, I suppose I should say, art! The type of the head and face is very good too, and has all the Maori characteristics. Then there are model canoes and exquisitely worked figure-heads, and old carved spears and clubs. But it is curious how few weapons the Maoris seem to have used besides the wooden clubs

and tomahawks. There are very few missile weapons, and these I believe they never hurled until quite close on their enemy, apparently trusting more to close quarter action.

We had a jolly walk in the afternoon out to a place outside the town, which boasts the name of Botanical Gardens, but are rather a misnomer, over some gorse-covered "down," and up on to one of the highest hills which surround the town and harbour. We had a fierce struggle up against a frantic Wellingtonian breeze, and near the top it was as much as we could do to keep on our feet; in fact, once or twice I had to collapse on to all fours. It was a glorious blow, and I enjoyed it immensely, as also the view from the summit, which is very pretty. The harbour is a good one, not quite so picturesque perhaps as Auckland, or so extensive, but completely land-locked and with good anchorage. The town itself I prefer to Auckland a good bit, and the surroundings are nearly as fine. We made a straight run home down the steep grass slopes, and returned to the club to dine and spend the rest of the evening.

### *Christchurch.*

*October 2nd.*—We left Wellington on Friday afternoon per SS. "Wakatipu," and had a very comfortable passage down, notwithstanding the threatening weather before starting. It always does blow at Wellington. Just now they put it down to the Equinox, but at other times they call it by some other name.

We steamed into Lyttleton Harbour at 9 A.M. Saturday morning, September 30th, and took the train half-an-hour later for Christchurch, distant about ten miles, three miles of which is through a long tunnel, under one of the ranges of hills that enclose the Canterbury plains. We found our names down as honorary members of the club (thanks to Mr. Knox, of Sydney), and accordingly have taken up our quarters here. Soon after shaking down into our rooms, Mr. Campbell came up and made himself known to us, having seen our names as passengers by the steamer, and having been previously warned of our approach by letters from Gladesville. He walked us off soon afterwards to the Horse Show, a very good parade of colonial bred and imported horses, and introduced us also to Mr. Templar and his brother. Came back to lunch at the club, and in the afternoon had some capital games of lawn tennis on the club grounds until 5 o'clock, when we went round to call on Mrs. Templar. After dinner we went round to Mr. Arthur Templar's and spent the evening with him and his Mrs. and three of his small brood of fourteen children.

*Sunday.*—On coming back from the Cathedral we found a card from Dr. Wilkins, one of our fellow-passengers on board the "Wakatipu," asking us to go round to his house in the course of the afternoon and take a walk with him if we had nothing better to do; so being in that fortunate state we called on him after lunch, were

introduced to his wife, daughters, and a seventeen-hand mass of solid five-year-old horseflesh. Picked up Brown at the Museum, and perambulated some gardens and cricket grounds in the environs, returning home with our host to tea, and to evening service at the Cathedral, a yearling edifice with a very good choir, and afterwards finishing the evening with the family Wilkins, who were very friendly and hospitable.

*Monday, October 2nd.*—The morning we spent with Brown, buying photos, making the ascent of the Cathedral spire, whence we had a fine view of the Canterbury plains, mountains, &c., and in visiting Messrs. Dalgety's, and Dr. Von Haast, the head boss of the Museum, and consulting them as to ways, means, and routes. Mr. Pounds, the managing man of the firm, was extremely nice, and most obliging in getting and giving us all information. After lunch I went to the Museum—a very good collection indeed, by far the best in the colonies—and had afterwards an hour's good tennis with Mr. Campbell and others. We "tea'd" at Mrs. Templar's, where Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T., also with a daughter and son, joined the party in the evening.

## JOURNAL LIII.

### *On Board Government Steamer "Stella."*

*October 7th.*—Well, we have managed to get on board the "Stella" after all, and have been on the go pretty well since Tuesday, 3rd inst., when we left Christchurch with the intention of going over to the west coast. The train took us as far as Springfield, about sixty miles, where after a good meal we took the coach soon after 12 o'clock, and had a long eight hours' drive to Bealy. Not a cheerful drive exactly. The night had been a terrible one, blowing and raining fiercely; the morning was unpromising, or perhaps very promising, of bad weather, which promise was fully realised, and we had a pouring wet day. The coach was nearly full, the box seats being taken by Mr. Bonar, of Hohitika, and another young fellow, while inside we had an elderly lady with a considerable breadth of beam, taking up a good share of the limited seat apportioned to three, and a gin and beery gentleman with a very high flavour about him, who was stupidly drunk the best part of the way, and *beastly* drunk the last stage.

The road was pretty good for a mountain road, but some of the hills were very bad, and the rivers towards the end of the day got very deep, and it was not very pleasant work crossing them in almost pitchy darkness and a driving snowstorm. However, we got in safely. There was a man staying at the inn where we put up, a photographer of the name of Burton, taking views of the country about. In the course of conversation with him, we got talking about the "Sounds" and our disappointment in not catching the "Stella."

Says he, "Why the 'Stella's' not gone yet! I had a telegram from Mr. Seed to-day saying if I wanted to go on board I was to go to the Bluff at once, as the vessel had been detained owing to the Captain's illness." We thought this rather funny, as Mr. Seed had promised to telegraph us down from Wellington if her departure was put off; but after a good bit of consultation we thought it would be no harm to ask Mr. Seed to let us know at Hohitika if the Captain's illness was likely to detain him long enough for us to be able to catch her on our return from the west coast, and so we went to bed. But after some little time between the sheets thinking over things in general, it suddenly flashed across me "that telegram was intended for me!!" The similarity of names would easily account for Mr. Burton having opened it, and he had not been expecting one and I had. So, notwithstanding the hour of midnight, I roused George, who was sharing my room, and between us we interrupted the soporific snores of Mr. Burton, which I had heard going hard for the last half-hour between the slight partition. A brief look at the telegram proved me right in my supposition. It was *Burton's* name but my initials, and had been forwarded from Christchurch, whereas Burton hailed from Dunedin. This point settled, what was next to be done? A council of pajamas was held in the sitting-room (we began in the passage, but our chattering teeth soon suggested a warmer debating court), and we finally decided to take the return coach the next day and go away down to the Bluff, telegraphing Mr. Seed we would be there on Friday, and taking it for granted from the wording of the telegram that the "Stella" would wait for us if we "hurried up."

*Wednesday, October 4th.*—I felt very like saying a bad word when at 4 A.M. a knock at the door advised us we must be turning out if we wanted to take the coach, for I should have said that the eastward bound coach, due at Bealy about the same time as ourselves, had been stopped on the road by the weather, so we thought we might as well continue our way until we met it, and see what we could of the road, the beauty of which begins soon after leaving Bealy. We had one consolation for getting up at this sinfully early hour, which was that we had a good look at the comet, which only vouchsafes to show itself in the young hours of the morning, and which had never so far tempted me out of bed to gaze on its glorious tail. It certainly was a beautiful sight, and quite the finest of its kind I ever have seen, with a dazzlingly gaudy *caudal appendage*. I see, by the way, that he nearly got it singed the other day as he took himself at rather close quarters to the sun.

It was a "crisp" morning as we left the Bealy township and crossed a river with a long name, a river which took up the whole valley with its shingly bed and different currents, now all roaring and rushing with its late increased volume. Then we crossed the Bealy River and continued along its course until the top of Arthur's Pass, on the dividing range between the east and west coasts. There was

a plentiful powdering of fresh snow on the lower slopes of the mountains, and as we got higher up the pass we found an inch or two of snow on the ground and the trees, giving a very wintry appearance, while the higher peaks had thick slopes of snow coming far down the mountain side. But the prettiest part is certainly the Otira Gorge, the finest of the kind, I think, I have ever seen. It is a magnificent deep ravine shut in by dense woods, broken here and there by long silver streaks wending their way down through the woods, or a "Staubach-like" cascade tumbling over a broken slab of rock. I don't remember anything like it in Switzerland, but the whole gorge had a decidedly Alpine appearance, especially at this time of the year with so much snow on the heights. These contrasted grandly with the dark green of the woods, chiefly of mountain birch; and now and then looking straight down the gorge, the mountain stream dashing down below, and winding in or out beneath the road, you caught sight of a jolly snowy fellow, rising up to fill in the gap in the distance, between a sort of framework of dark green forest. The road has only been open twelve years; before that it used to follow the bed of the stream, until a great bit of the mountain on either side slipped in and effectually stopped the traffic that way. The result was the present thoroughfare, a solid and good though difficult piece of engineering, as large masses of rock had to be blasted away in several places. The top of the pass is at a height of 3,200 feet, the second highest point on the whole road, the highest being Porter's Pass, the first range after leaving Springfield, which is 400 feet higher. We reached the entrance to the Otira Gorge about 8 o'clock, but still no return coach, so we took a quiet breakfast and went on with fresh horses, the scenery still fine, as the valley opens out and the lower timber becomes bigger and more varied. At last, four miles or so on, we meet the coach; horses and coachmen are exchanged, and we four take seats in the return vehicle. It had been stopped by one river for five hours the day before, and brought up short by another which they got over with difficulty this morning, the water coming right into the coach and rushing down at a great pace. The coach stopped for an hour at the "Accommodation House, Otira," while we had a delightful walk up the gorge, seeing it to much greater advantage strolling quietly up. The rest of the drive back to Springfield was uneventful but slow, and of course, because we were in a hurry, there were numerous little *contretemps* to delay us and make us lose more time instead of making it up: one of the nuts of the break giving out in one place, and the last two stages they had given us up and unharnessed the change horses, and it took a long time to harness them again, and get them to by the aid of one dingy lantern. They had luckily some very good cattle on the road, and in hard condition, and they want them so, as the roads, though fairly good, are at their best dragging, and with but little level. But we could not push them much after it got dark, and for the last hour we had a drenching downpour right in our teeth.

However, we could not complain to-day of the weather, which had been beautifully fine all day long—a glorious contrast to yesterday. The rain they say on the other side of the range was something awful, coming down in perfect sheets of water for two hours, so on the whole we were perhaps fortunate in not being stopped altogether. As it was, we drew up to our inn at Springfield half-an-hour after midnight, after close upon twenty hours of coaching.

Next day (*October 5th*) we had a long day in the “cars,” leaving Springfield at 6.30 A.M., changing into the express at Rolleston Junction two hours later, and reaching Dunedin at 7.30. The country as far as Timaru is flattest of the flat, an immense plain of tussock grass, except for a few acres of wheat in parts, but without anything of interest save perhaps for the bright gorse hedges enclosing some of the sheep paddocks. Gorse grows rampant wherever it has been introduced, and makes first-rate hedges, and very pretty ones too when well trimmed. It seems to flower much more generously than at home, and from a distance gives the land the appearance of being one blaze of gold.

*October 6th.*—We got away from Dunedin at 8 A.M., and arrived at Invercargill 4.30. The local train on to the Bluff by a very clever arrangement starts just half-an-hour before the express comes in, so we had to charter a two-horse conveyance on to our destination, as we had promised to go on board the “Stella” by the evening. The distance between Invercargill and the Bluff is twenty miles, the road bad, very often atrociously so, but except one very narrow squeak of capsizing we rolled and pitched our way over safely by a little after 8. We at once reported ourselves to Captain Fairchild, and having had tea at the hotel, shipped ourselves and traps on board, and by 9 o'clock had weighed anchor and were steaming out of the Bluff Harbour on a fine starlight night. We are very comfortably stowed away on board this little boat, and our trip promises to be a pleasant one, with decent weather. When I woke this morning about 5 A.M., we were lying off the Solander Islands looking about for any traces of the wreck of the “Miranda,” a fine bark of 1,500 tons, which is supposed to have gone down with all hands somewhere on this coast. Nothing was discovered, and we made for the lighthouse on Puysegur Point. It began to blow hard soon afterwards, and when I got on deck at 8 A.M. the seas were breaking over freely and washing the decks from stem to stern. She is a good little boat, the “Stella,” but a wet one. However, we got into calmer water on nearing the coast. Here we fell in with a cutter making her way up to Doubtful Sound to have a look at some copper mines supposed to be worth something up there. This same cutter has been trying to make the run for some weeks, but has not yet succeeded in turning the corner, nor would she to-day had we not charitably taken her in tow and brought her safely to anchor in Preservation Inlet. We were not in any too soon, as a ferocious squall bore down on us just before making the harbour, and we got a few good seas over us.

Here, however, we are completely sheltered. There is a light-house on Puysegur, for which we bring the quarterly supply of oil and provisions. After dinner, as it cleared up, we went on shore, and had a jolly ramble through the bush and over the rocks on the beach. Here we found some few shells and some very pretty seaweed, growing in lovely masses in little miniature arms of the sea between the rocks. The bush is a fine tangled mass of "unimproved" virgin forest: ferns luxuriate (!), creepers likewise, and it was hard work breaking our way through; tolerably wet work too. The mate, with the help of his dog, caught a "kakapo," and two small penguins, the latter going up at this time of the year to the hills to breed. The "kakapos" are generally plentiful in these parts, but just now are migrating inland, and into the mountains for the summer. We found on returning on board that some of the crew of the cutter had also caught four penguins in a cave by the seashore, two of them baby ones of about three weeks old. They had also come across the shin-bone of a man, some poor fellow, doubtless one of many, who has been wrecked on this barren coast. After dinner some of us went out in a small boat to see the cutter's boat draw in their fishing net, but they had not a very good haul—a young shark and two small "mokeys." We then let down our net for some crawfish for half-an-hour or so, and succeeded in landing sixteen fine fellows, besides a small eel and a large cod. This is a pretty anchorage we are in, with its bush-covered slopes coming down to the water's edge, or rising one behind another at the end of the inlet, and seawards the breakers foaming and dashing over the rocky reefs which guard the coast. But the swarms of sandflies are quite too objectionally odious, and they have converted my face and neck into an extemporary range of mountain and valley.

*October 8th.*—We weighed anchor in Preservation Inlet at 5.30 A.M., but it was nearly three hours later ere I made my appearance on deck, and we were then rolling about unpleasantly in a heavy swelling sea, and nearing the entrance of Dusky Sound. It is a fine wooded and broken bit of coast, with jagged and pointed rocks sticking up along the shore, and masses of foam and spray breaking high into the air against them. We waited to breakfast until we were in smooth water inside the Sound, but it was almost a sin to go down below and miss the lovely scenery. The morning was rather cloudy, and the higher mountain peaks were hidden, but the rest was very beautiful. Little wooded islands dotted about, and high wooded slopes of beech and fir sloping down from 3,000 feet right into the water. The water is deep and dark; "200 fathoms no bottom" is registered in mid-channel, and 80 fathoms a few feet from the shore, so that a good anchorage can only be found in a few places. You might be in a wild mountain lake, judging from the surroundings; and certainly no one would say we were in an arm of the sea. The mountains on the north, we are told, are entirely composed of solid granite, and the trees are growing simply in a few inches of mosses



and decomposed vegetation, except where they find a little crack in the rock to hang on by. It seems hard to credit as you look at some really good bits of timber right on the top of the ranges, but we saw from personal inspection in the afternoon that it was quite true. We went on as far as Hermit's Cave to land some letters and stores for three men who are established there prospecting for copper ore, then turned back two or three miles, and into "Acheron Passage," which brought us round into Breaksea Sound. This Acheron Passage is a narrow channel about half-a-mile broad, with mountains high, precipitous, wooded, rising straight out of the water to a height of 3,000 or 4,000 feet, and broken into deep gorges and ravines. Cascades and waterfalls too come tumbling down through the woods; in fact, it was magnificent, and far beyond even my very ambitious expectations. I don't know whether we are to see anything grander, but I am quite content with this Sound. We have a Norwegian on board, and even he is obliged to confess that they are as fine as, or finer than, the fiords of Norway. We could not go down to dinner until we had come to an anchor in Beach Harbour, a narrow bit of a channel between Harbour Islands and the mainland. As we were entering the channel we seemed to be steering straight for the rocks of the mainland, as we only saw the corner when we were actually turning it, and found ourselves in a snug anchorage quite close to land. Dinner over we got on shore, and after a time split into different parties as the fancy took us. Brown and I had a grand scramble through the bush—such a splendid bush, and looking lovely with the sun glinting through the tree tops on to gigantic tree ferns, and an undergrowth of ferns and mosses. We strolled along a wide gully for some little way, then thought we'd try and get up through the bush and try and get a clear place on one of the least precipitous ridges above us. The bush varied a good bit in places, sometimes across swamps of moss, now tangled brushwood, and then a tract of well-grown timber. It was nowhere exactly easy walking, and as we neared the top we had to hang on by our toe-nails and eyebrows; it was risky work clinging to the bushes, as they came away in our hand. However, some of them did help us up, and we succeeded in getting a good height up; but our clear spot had vanished somewhere or other, and it was little we could see through the trees. We were unfortunate, too, in not coming across any bush birds, "kiwis," or "kakapos," the latter a ground parrot, both very rare except in these out-of-the-way parts. But just now they are migrating to their summer quarters in the Alps. We saw several of their holes, and made frantic darts now and then when we thought we saw or heard something rustling along the ground. The mate, we found on our return, succeeded in getting one, upon the branch of a tree, where he made a grab at him (the stupid birds cannot fly); but the kakapo retaliated, and gave the mate a nasty bite with his beak, an angry, formidable-looking beak, though he was eventually captured alive and brought in triumph on board. We saw lots of small birds, pretty little things, and so tame. They didn't know

what to make of us at all, and hopped round and round us staring. One little fellow, rather like our robin, only with a white breast, got quite bold in his curiosity, and it was great fun watching him come gradually nearer and nearer, staring at us in such a quaint little manner, until we could almost have touched him with our hand. We saw two "weka-weka," a sort of water-hen, also very tame, that runs a tremendous pace, and Brown, after nearly catching hold of one, shot him as he ran away. He also had a snap shot at a "kaka," an Alpine parrot, but did not get it. It was half-past 6 before we got on board, and we were quite ready to restore ourselves with some of yesterday's haul of crawfish, among other delicacies, at tea. Soon afterwards we sallied out again in the boat and did a little botanising by starlight. We had found a rather pretty little red flower growing near the shore, and Mr. Pearson was anxious to get a few more specimens as the plant was unknown to him. We thought we could find it easily again, but had not calculated on the darkness and the rise of the tide, so after nearly breaking our legs scrambling over the rocks, and expending half a box of matches as we poked about among the bushes, we had to give up and try our luck at the crawfish. But we failed to hit upon their haunts, so after rowing about for some time—it was a lovely starlight night—we returned on board again. I was forgetting to mention the penguin, which we saw in great numbers all up the Sound to-day. The mate with his dog and some of the others caught several on shore, and also got a couple of eggs besides a little baby one. I have mentioned the "Norwegian" and Mr. Pearson: they are our fellow-passengers. The former, a settler from Scandinavia, of twelve years' experience in New Zealand, now casting about for some new land to take up, with the intention of bringing some of his countrymen out in these parts—a scheme in which I fancy he is more than likely to burn his own or his friends' fingers. Mr. P. is in some way connected with Government. He is an amusing man, and comes out with some very laughable, if somewhat improbable yarns, to entertain us at meals. The Captain, too, is very obliging, and most anxious to let us see as much as possible.

*October 9th.*—Left Breaksea Sound at 2 A.M., and entered Doubtful Sound about 7.30. Here we cast off the cutter and left her crew to prosecute their copper ore researches while we continued our way up the Sound. The entrance is fairly open, but there is a sort of second entrance through a narrow channel formed by an island in the middle of the main channel, and very pretty it is. The Sound opens out as you pass the island and shows us a grand bit of scenery. The walls are not so precipitous as those we saw yesterday, but there are some fine snowy peaks rising up further back, wild cañons and gullies breaking up the lower ranges, and waterfalls making a good show through the woods. We lay to for half-an-hour about breakfast time to cut some timber for some lighthouse or other, then went on between more sombre scenery, past Smith and Bradshaw Sounds, and another long narrow arm curling away for twenty miles, so the

Captain tells us, and come out to sea again by Thompson's Sound. The coast between this and Caswell Sound, which was the next one we put in to, is not striking, but the entrance to Caswell is fine. You don't see where you are coming in till right in the entrance, but for some time previously seem to be charging straight at a precipitous mountain. There is a marble quarry a little way up, supposed to be a good thing, but the workmen have lately struck: I don't blame them, and the company do not seem altogether happy. We landed for a quarter of an hour to poke about and carry off some specimens, and certainly the seam does not look prosperous, and the marble has been terribly hacked about. The Captain after this put it to the vote whether we should go on to the end of the Sound and anchor there for the night, or proceed at once to Milford and get there before dusk. As it did not matter to him which we did, it was ruled to leave Milford Sound for daylight to-morrow, and knock about on shore at the end of Caswell for the rest of the afternoon. We anchored soon after noon, and after a hurried dinner started off about 1 o'clock to make the most of our time. We followed the course of a stream through a thick bush for three miles, and then found ourselves on the marshy shores of a lake—a perfect picture of a little lake—some two or three miles long as far as we could see, though it appeared to go on round a corner, enclosed by lofty precipitous mountains, abounding in duck, paradise and teal for the most part. After a little we again dived into the bush, up a steep ridge and over some very rough ground, where Brown shot a “kaka,” a handsome Alpine parrot, and the mate and his dog accounted for a kakapo and a “kiwi.” These were supposed to abound in quantities, but didn't. Indeed, we saw very few birds to-day except small birds and one or two native crows; very pretty birds they are too. We succeeded, however, in losing our way in the bush for more than an hour, and got a good ducking into the bargain. The mate was by way of being in command of the party, and nobody really paid much attention for some time to what direction we were taking, but followed our leader's steps like so many Indians on the war trail, until some one suggested we were hardly going quite right, and thereupon arose about ten different opinions, which resulted in our turning to all the different points of the compass, going round and round in delightful circles, and eventually coming down again upon the lake, a locality totally different from what anybody expected. It is true the rain had not helped us to find our way: it came down drenchingly; all the heights were hidden in mist when we could snatch a glimpse of anything through the wood, and what with the moisture overhead, and the moisture below, from breaking our way through the dripping foliage, and occasionally sinking up to our knees in swampy ground, we arrived at the ship again, as somebody remarked, rather like a regiment of drowned rats, after a hard walk of five hours. I was forgetting to mention the important fact that we were only the second party to visit the lake. Its existence and direction had been stated

to the Captain by two of the marble men, who had gone up there one day on a shooting excursion, but it had never been officially reported. So in the evening Mr. Pearson, who had not been with us, tried to gather as exact a description of it as he could—no easy matter when the length was variously given at a range from two miles to thirty!!! But nobody really had gone into calculating distances at the time, not thinking that it was such a *terra* or rather *aqua, incognita*.

*Tuesday, October 10th.*—We were unable to get off from Caswell at 2 o'clock A.M. as we had intended, owing to the rain and darkness, and when we did put off at 5.30, it was in a thick mist and fog. However, as the morning wore on it cleared somewhat, and by the time we made the entrance into Milford Sound we were able to appreciate the imposing masses of rock that stood straight up to a height of over 2,000 feet, though their topmost peaks were covered with cloud. It is difficult to realise without seeing, and impossible I think to exaggerate, the impressive grandeur of this "arm of the sea;" it is hard enough to realise that it is an arm of the sea once past the entrance. The Sound itself is eleven miles long, by about two wide at its greatest breadth, though it never varies very much. It is entirely enclosed by rocky and snowy mountains, from one to six thousand feet, but varying into all sorts of shapes, and breaking off in places for you to get a view of the more distant peaks. There is from 200 to 300 fathoms of water almost everywhere, and large ships can graze the cliffs without fear of touching ground; indeed, the difficulty is to find anchorage, there being only one or two places where there is not too great a depth. The "cat-fish," a large kind of porpoise, evidently likes the deep water, and are always to be seen in shoals near the entrance. We saw about fifty of them together racing along *en masse*, and making frantic leaps out of the water. The Captain gives the word "slow" to the engine-room, and takes us close in under the precipitous wall of Mount Pembroke, whose head, rising some little way inland to a height of 6,700 feet, is now beclouded; but we can see right up this "awful" precipice of rock, a sheer wall of quite 2,000 feet. Presently we come to the Stirling Falls, coming down into the fiord in a leap of 500 feet; then another mighty wall higher than the one we have just passed, until we reach a little cove running back inland a few hundred yards, and get a view of the snow slopes of Mount Pembroke, and its glacier coming down in a nice tumble of ice. The clouds are still floating about, but decidedly clearing away, and one by one we catch glimpses of the different mountains to be seen up this opening. Away on the other side of the water too the clouds are shifting and disclosing more grand precipices of rock, with scant vegetation clinging on in impossible places, and the cliffs culminating in sharp peaks of the Mitre Mountain, which rises over 5,000 feet straight out of the water—a lovely sight, when later on we saw it quite clear from the end of the Sound. It resembles the "Matterhorn" very much from this point. On every side we see streaks of water pouring down the

steep face of the rock, and sometimes disappearing into mist and spray in the giddy descent. These are mostly all swollen temporarily from last night's heavy rain, but the "Stirling Bowen" Falls have a constant supply from lake reservoirs above them. The "Bowen," which we pass further on, is 540 feet fall, and a fine shoot of water, coming down in two leaps. The water comes down with such force on to the first terrace that it spurts up again off the rock 20 or 30 feet into the air before dashing over in a foaming tumble into the lake. One of the charms of this Sound is that it is constantly changing, the mountains all assuming new shapes as you go from one point to another, and turn which way you will it is all very beautiful. At the end, through an abrupt cleft in the mountains, Mount Christine is seen—a fine rocky and snowy summit of 12,000 feet; and away in another direction a wooded valley runs off watered by a good stream. We went up it some little way with the Captain, and then landed and roamed about the bush for a bit while he cut some timber. Returning to the "Stella" about 1 o'clock, we found the wind blowing quite strong up the Sound. This necessitated our shifting our moorings to a snug little anchorage on the opposite side, behind the Bowen Falls, while we unshipped stores, &c., for a reclusive individual who lives Crusoe like on this out-of-the-way spot, cadging about for birds, minerals, and roads, and living largely on the "gullibility" of his friends in civilised parts. The day was pretty clear by this time, and one way and another we managed to see all the beauties of this wonderful fiord, and all the high peaks clear of clouds. The "Mitre" is a splendid object from here, and perhaps the most striking of all, though where there is so much to look at it is difficult to single out any special feature. I should like to poke about here for some time, and see it all under various influences. A fine moonlight night, for instance, must be glorious. At times it reminded me of the "Saguenay," but it is even grander, and without the very deserted appearance which that river has. The vegetation is much more bright and cheerful. Late in the afternoon we steamed down the Sound again, and anchored for the night in a snug little bay outside. We had seen the best, and the clouds were coming down thick and fast again. I went on shore until dark with the mate and George, and scrambled up a stream through the bush to look for greenstone. We picked up some pretty good pieces, though not the most valuable kind, which is very scarce. The Maori used to set great store by it, and made all their charms, &c., out of it, giving high prices for good bits. But with the spread of civilised ideas the stone has lost value in their eyes, and it has really no great intrinsic beauty or worth.

We have now seen our last of the Sounds, and a most enjoyable trip it has been. I should have been extremely sorry to have missed it, although it is true I should never have known what I had missed, for descriptions and pictures can scarcely give you an idea, be they ever so exact, of these lovely and unique "freaks of nature."

*October 11th.*—We arrived in Martin's Bay on a wet and blowy

morning at 6 A.M., after a three hours' run up from Milford Sound; landed the stores for the three settlers with some difficulty on an open beach, and put to sea again about 10 o'clock. "Big Bay" is a few miles north of Martin's, and we had to stop there to see if the solitary inhabitant was in need of anything, but we were not detained long, and once more faced the open sea. It was blowing hard by this time, and increasing every moment from the north-west, raining too the while, and we were soon rollicking about freely among the billows. I never knew what were the sensations of a ball; now I have a pretty good idea, from the ruthless way in which the waves pitched us about. The "Stella" is only 156 tons register, and a poor sea boat, putting her nose well into the seas as they rise in front of her. Her decks were washed every minute—in fact, you could have swam almost about them very often, and even the hurricane deck was often swept. It was not great fun being cooped down below, the vessel dancing about and trembling all over from the blows of the waves. At last two frightful green seas struck her, and this decided the Captain to put back into Big Bay. We got back there safely by soon after 1 o'clock, in time to have dinner in smooth water. Our soup had come to an untimely end while we were buffeting with the waves, a great big sea making a furious leap into the pan where the savoury dish was a-preparing, turned it over, and was nearly too much for the *chef*. We lay here until about 3 o'clock, when the wind shifting a little to a more favourable quarter, and moderating somewhat, we put out to try our luck again. This time we succeeded in reaching a safe anchorage in Jackson's Bay, after four-and-a-half hours' good tossing. But it can blow *some* on this coast, and nasty short choppy seas are the result.

*October 12th.*—We lay in Jackson's Bay all day, as we could not get on to "Bruce's Bay" in time to do any unshipping cargo before dark, and the latter is a bad anchorage to tumble about in all night. Jackson's Bay is one of the largest of these West Coast special settlements, and number about one hundred persons. But it is not a prosperous place, notwithstanding the sums expended on it by Government for the last nine years. One way and another about £50,000 has been spent upon it, but there are little results to show, and I should fancy the people have had too much help, and have got in the way of looking to Government too much. Anyhow, there seems to be some funny management, and faulty, and some of the minor officials are petty despots, who alone make a good thing. I suppose they are not to blame really so much as the supreme powers, who almost offer a premium on playing fast and loose with public money. It was a nasty wet day, and the whole morning poured hard; later, it cleared up, and some of them went on shore for the afternoon, but, having a bit of a cold in my jaw, I tied my head in a bag and stayed on board.

*October 13th.*—Left Jackson's Bay about 1 A.M., and arrived in Bruce's Bay about 7 A.M. We had a good bit of stores to land here,

which took us half the day, as only light loads could be taken on shore at a time, as there was a high surf running on the open beach. The same cause prevented our getting on shore—not that there was anything to be done or seen—and we remained rolling about in the open bay until 4 P.M. We were right under Mount Cook here—too close indeed to see it well, and the clouds soon obscured what there was of him. A good view of the range was to be seen quite early in the morning, but I was not up with the sun, so missed the view. We had hoped the clouds would have lifted in the afternoon when we got out to sea again, but they kept provokingly low and thick over the mountains, so I fear our last chance of a good sight of the king of the New Zealand Alps is gone.

*Edgar Stewart's Hotel, Kumara.*

*October 14th.*—We kept under easy steam last night so as not to make Hokitika before daylight, and were off that port by 6 A.M.; but as the Captain could not put in, and there was no boat of any sort to put us off, we went on to Greymouth, about thirty miles further north, where, as we learnt by signal from Hokitika, the "Waipara," Mr. Bonar's steamer, was to be in readiness to tender us off, that gentleman having promised us when we took leave of him to be on the look out for the "Stella," and put us ashore. Greymouth we reached at 8 o'clock, simultaneously almost with the "Grafton" from Wellington. The "Waipara" soon afterwards steamed out of the harbour, but to our surprise went on her way to Hokitika without taking any notice of us. The "Stella" has too much draught to go over the very nasty bar of Greymouth, but a boat was lowered and we got on board the "Grafton," though not without some difficulty, as there was a nasty swell running at the time. We crossed the bar in safety,—it is a nasty one, and no mistake,—and landed at Greymouth at 9 o'clock. An uninviting-looking place is Greymouth, though of some importance as being the centre of coal and gold mining works. The latter now are not of great account, but the coal district gives some of the best quality of coal in the colony. We had to kick our heels about till 3.30, when we took tram for Kumara, an upstart township owing its existence chiefly to the mining industry. It is about fourteen miles from Greymouth, on the road between that town and Hokitika, from which it is distant about twenty-five miles. This tram is a rough conveyance, running on wooden rails and drawn by one horse, and that the pace is not alarming I have only to mention we were three hours on the road!! We experienced a new way of crossing a wide river-bed, on the way. There are strong wire ropes fastened to either bank, and by means of rollers fixed to these you are swung in mid-air across the river in a small iron cage, which is drawn across by steam from the further side by another wire rope attached to the cage. It was rather a novel sensation. As there is no particular object in going back to Hokitika we have succeeded in

chartering a private buggy to take us over to Springfield, instead of waiting for the regular coach on Tuesday, as was our first intention, and by this means gain two clear days, and two days are worth a good bit to us just now. So on the whole we have rather gained than lost by not catching the "Waipara." I believe there is nothing to be seen or done at Hokitika.

*October 15th.*—There was a liberal Scotch mist hanging about as we left Kumara at 7 A.M., and before long it had degenerated into a steady downpour, which continued almost uninterruptedly the whole day, at least up till 6 o'clock. By this time we should have been in at the Bealy but for a provoking delay at the last change of horses, eighteen miles from there. The horses had been turned out to grass a few days previously, the proprietor having taken his coach, an opposition one to the regular mail, off the road till the end of the year, and it was a long time before a pair could be found to take us on, consequently it was past eight before we got to our destination. We found the household retired or retiring to bed, but we soon had them all out, or enough of them to raise up some good fires and get some food, as we were cold, wet, and hungry. Luckily we had had no lack of coats, waterproof and otherwise, but it was impossible to keep the rain quite out, especially as we had to turn out at several of the hills. Coming up the Otira Gorge it came down in torrents, and it was little we saw of its beauties. Fortunate we were to have seen it at its best before.

*October 16th.*—The "rosy-fingered dawn" was just showing the tips of his nails as we turned out of bed, to make the rest of our way to Springfield. We had to make this early start on account of our horses, our last change in of yesterday having to go right through with us, a distance of fifty miles, and one of the poor beasts seemed very loth to do a quarter of them. Appearances in this case were not deceitful, and at one time it seemed very doubtful if we would get over in time to catch the train at Springfield. Luckily the other horse was a good one, and by dint of saving *him* (for the jacked-up one had quite enough to do to keep on his legs, and had handed over all his work to his stouter fellow), and walking a good bit, we got in with plenty of time to spare, and reached Christchurch at 8 o'clock. Weather beautifully fine.

*October 17th.*—By rail to Dunedin (Exchange Hotel). Mr. Ed. Templar was down at the station at Christchurch to see us off this morning; he came up with us part of the way in the train yesterday, and so knew of our return.

*October 18th.*—Spent the day in Dunedin, seeing to different odds and ends, and poking about the town.



## JOURNAL LIV.

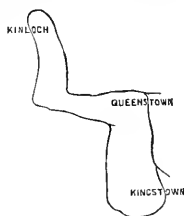
*Lake Wakatipu, Queenstown.*

*October 19th.*—By rail to Kingston. Express as far as Gore Junction, and on by Waimea Plains Railway. At Kingston, where we arrived at 7 P.M., took steamer to Queenstown, about thirty miles down the lake, getting in at 10 o'clock.

*October 20th.*—As there was no steamer going to the head of the lake, and the day was not inviting for going up anywhere for a view, we took a buggy with a very good pair of horses, and drove ourselves over to Arrowtown, a pretty drive of about fourteen miles. Country rather poor-looking, but growing wheat in parts, and carrying some few sheep. We had some lunch at the "New Orleans Hotel" in Arrowtown, and then strolled an hour or two up a barren-looking gorge, once very tolerable gold fields. The diggings are now further up in the mountains. We came back by another road to Queenstown, and returned just in time for dinner.

*October 21st.*—Embarked on board the "Mountaineer" steamer at 8 A.M. for "Kinloch," our present quarters at the head of the lake.

It is a funnily-shaped lake, this of Wakatipu, something in this way, but it is rather overrated in point of scenery—at all events until you turn round the corner after Queenstown and get a view of the northern end of the lake. It is walled in by high mountains, but they are all monotonously barren except for a covering of snow which still rests on the summits. However, on turning the last bend you catch sight of a really fine range of snow peaks, with Mount Earnslow the highest, nearly 10,000 feet, rising up grandly about forty miles off. The lake itself, by the way, is 1,069 feet above sea-level, about seventy miles long, and with a fabulous depth in some parts of some hundred feet below the level of the sea. The shores are very thinly peopled. Queenstown is the only place of any account. A few odd stations there are here and there, and occasionally an enterprising digger or two has established himself in a rude shanty; while here there seems little more in the way of habitations beyond our hotel, which consists of three little cottages, and a few woodmen's huts in places where they are cutting or sawing timber, so we are pretty well out of the way for a few days. I was forgetting "Glenarch" just on the opposite side of the lake, but I fancy it doesn't boast much more than Kinloch in the way of inhabitants, and we have the advantage of them in scenery. It is really a pretty spot, with a nice view of lake and mountain, and a steep bush rising straight behind us. Our host, one Bryant by name, is an original character, and no mistake. He is the most impossible man to extract information from I ever came across. It is very difficult to obtain anything but a very general idea of any place at all



out of the way from residents in this country, so we had to depend mostly on local information as to the neighbourhood, and this, as I say, was very hard to get at, both from the landlord and his good lady. He especially would go off at a tangent on to some subject quite foreign to the point we were driving at, and the "devil a bit" would he come back until he had said his say or run aground for want of a word, when we would nip in like a shot and perhaps get a stage further!! At first all we could gather was that there was a glacier about a mile from the house, but it had taken a party (here a long parenthesis on a discussion about names) from 4 A.M. till 8 P.M. to go there and back, and they were frightfully tired; but it was magnificent scenery, &c., &c. As this wasn't at all where we wanted to go it was scarcely very useful information to us. Then when we did get him to our route, we got on very slowly as he would digress into pantomimic and ground plan raptures and descriptions of the scenery, until he got hopelessly mixed as to whether it were Lord Diamond had gone to Lake Harris, or *vice versa*. The guide question was another very difficult one to collar. A certain Peter Wilson who lived somewhere would be quite certain and delighted to accompany us—if a good many things didn't happen; and he was an old man and very tall, but he didn't eat as much as many a man *so* high (showing about three feet), and he was a terrible grumbler, but a good honest guide, and he (Bryant) was a grumbler sometimes because he'd been to sea; and so on, and *da capo*. Finally we got him to despatch a messenger in search of the redoubtable Peter.

In the house we find a resident visitor, a young chubby round-about aspiring artist, with six curly hairs straggling wildly about his dumpy chin, and a pair of fat cheeks just allowing two little pig's eyes to show themselves from within the recesses of his head. I say *aspiring* artist advisedly, judging from the works of his art I have seen displayed about the sitting-room—notably a cadaverous-looking tree just ready to topple over on to a large snow mountain. I can't help thinking there is something wrong with the perspective!! We are shown our bedrooms—very nice, clean, and neat rooms—by our affable hostess, and her painfully unlovely daughters, and then go and discourse the master as I have mentioned. This brings us to 1 o'clock and dinner. Our artist friend hopes we won't mind his joining us in our expedition to Lake Harris, and our afternoon's walk if we are going anywhere. "Why certainly not!" Accordingly, having fed, we sally forth together. We try to get something out of Mr. Bryant as to our road, but as the old story of the glaciers and the party, and their fatigue, and their names, again bubbles out, supplemented by threats of an autobiography, we thank him awfully and agree to find our own way. We were tolerably successful, and after following the course of a river for a short distance, strike up into the bush, a pretty wood chiefly of mountain birch and "Totara," with a goodly carpet of ferns underneath. Some of it is fine timber, and among the birches are some grand straight sticks. After a little we made our way on

to a fairly open knoll, where the timber had been knocked down, evidently by a strong wind, and left us a nice peep of snowy range and a bit of a *glacier* above us, and a glimpse of the lake and mountains beyond on the other side. We were surrounded too by a perfect chorus of small birds, and it was very pretty to see them hopping and pecking all around us. Several darling little canaries came and sat quite close to us, and lots of lovely perroquets, though these kept at a more respectable distance. We sat basking in the sun for a quarter of an hour or so, and then scrambled down through the bush, reaching the "Glacier Hotel" in time to see a pretty sunset on the snow.

*October 22nd.*—Walked a mile or two down the lake to make arrangements for a guide, Mr. Peter Wilson being unable to place his services at our disposal. However, we have engaged a promising-looking substitute in the person of Michael Day. Bryant was to have provided us with a pack-horse, but when we came to inspect the noble Paddy we found him a mass of *angles*; in fact, though he had many points about him, there were so few of them in his favour, that we decided to look about for a more likely bit of horsellesh, and have succeeded better this time I think—at least, as far as looks go. It came on to rain heavily about 12 o'clock, but cleared up again after dinner, and we had a pretty walk along the edge of the lake in the afternoon.

### *Kinloch.*

*October 25th.*—Back again here once more after a very successful trip. We certainly have been favoured with the weather: three more perfect days than we have had since Monday it would be impossible to wish for. We left here that morning at a quarter to 9, under a cloudless sky, our party consisting of our three selves, the obese artist, Mickie Day the guide, Spot his dog (such a jolly animal of setter descent), and Dick, *alias* Stockings, the pack-horse, to carry our blankets and provisions. That intelligent landlord of ours has nothing in the shape of a pack-saddle better than a boy's small riding one, and never a string or strap in the place, so that we had to tie the things on as best we could with green native flax, which was all very good for a time, but very soon got slack and "gave." Luckily we got hold of a proper pack at the station about eight miles on. It is a charming walk thus far, along a fair track through the woods for six miles, and then across some flat grazing land, part of a large station. We reached the house about mid-day, and here re-packed the horse properly. Somehow or other though the things could not be got to sit well for a long time, and we were a good bit delayed in altering and arranging the load. After leaving the station we turn up along a valley thickly wooded on either side, and with a fine group of mountains, rocky, wooded, snowy, blocking up the head of it, and separated from each other by dark ravines. It is a glorious

walk!—now through copses of birch and fern, now across an open glade affording us grand views all round, and especially in front of us; across a stream, above our knees in icy cold water, and up one of the ravines through the mountains at the end of the valley, a grandly wild ravine with rocky crags towering over us on one side, and birch woods sloping down into the rushing stream below us. The road, which had up till now been pretty good, if a little soft and dirty, got very steep and rocky, and presently we were brought up by a narrow ledge of rock, and broken away towards the edge. We thought it tempting Providence too much to brave the passage with horse and load, so unshipped the pack and hauled it up by hand past the dangerous place. We were just beginning to load up again when one of the bundles, inspired with a sudden burst of energy, took a flying leap down the precipitous slope! Away it went down towards the stream, and it was an anxious moment as we watched it bounding down through the fern. Luckily the trees were pretty thick, and a friendly one came to the rescue of our precious bundle. We hauled it up again with some difficulty, and got it safely fixed on the saddle along with our other household gods. But we had not gone two hundred yards further when our steed slipped upon a flat slab of rock, and collapsed helplessly on to its side. We tried to coax him up again, but the only efforts he made gave alarming threats of his going neck and crop, bag and baggage, down the precipice, so there being no other way of solving the question, out with the knives and off with the pack again as quickly as we could. We carried it up another fifty yards, loaded again, and after this there was nothing to stop us, and we reached our destination about 5.30. This was an old disused shepherd's hut, situated at the end of the valley at the top of the ravine. There is a long stretch of grass running the whole length of the valley, thick bush on both sides, and rock or steep slopes and gullies of snow above that, all very wild and grand. There is a stream to cross just before getting in, as the hut is on the other side of the valley, so we get a refreshing foot bath as we reach our night's billet. It is a very fair sort of rough accommodation we find in the hut, with a good fireplace and three tolerable bunks, two about the size of a ship's berth, arranged one over the other, and another rather larger, which George and I subsequently share, sleeping very amicably "head and tail." We immediately set to work opening our stores, chopping wood for a fire, boiling potatoes, &c., and before long were sitting down to a good "square" meal, which we thought we had deserved. The night was lovely, clear almost as daylight, and the mountains looked grand in the moonlight. It was pretty fresh though, and towards morning decidedly cold, and we found we wanted all our blankets and rugs, especially as our lodging was not air-tight; there were sundry little cracks and holes which let in delightful little zephyrs to play about our heads.

We rose with the sun on Tuesday morning, and soon after 7 o'clock were on our way to Lake Harris. The track leads up from

immediately behind the hut, through a wood for two or three miles, towards an opening above the head of the valley. Here a sort of second valley opens out, sloping up to a rocky shoulder, which forms the summit of the pass over to the west coast. Just now the whole valley is deep in snow, and we were soon ploughing away up to our knees every step, occasionally floundering as far as our waists. The guide was extremely surprised to find so much snow. He had been expecting perhaps a foot quite at the top, and that hard. But it has been a very hard winter in these parts, and of course proportionally severe up in the mountains. There must have been quite 6 or 8 feet of snow still lying here, and I doubt much its being clear this summer, an almost unknown event, I believe, if it is the case. The lake itself is now quite frozen over, and we could only just trace the outline in the snow. It is, however, of no great size, but must be a pretty sheet of water when clear, lying cosily up among the rocks, and there is a fine mass of rock and snow all round, and a pretty view down towards the gorge we had come up the day before. We tried—George, Day, and I—to get up to the shoulder, but the snow beat us, not so much from the depth, but from a steep slope where the snow did not seem very reliable, so having a modest regard for our necks we turned tail and had a glorious “glissade” part of the way down. There was nothing to be gained by dawdling about here, so after another short halt we floundered back through the snow, and reached our hut about 1 o'clock.

The afternoon kept beautifully fine, and George and I had a jolly stroll through the woods and down the right bank of the river, a perfect gem of a mountain stream winding its way between the birch woods—here dashing down over the stones, here resting quietly in deep pools of clearest water among moss-grown boulders. We sat and basked on the rocks, or made our way along the water's edge or through the bush as the ground required, or fancy took us, till we came to the foot of a small waterfall starting from a rock about 2,000 feet above our heads, and blowing about in a thin spray as it fell from rock to rock. There are no tree ferns about here, but any quantity of smaller varieties. The *Todca superba* were especially plentiful, growing in magnificent clusters, the largest specimens I have seen. The night was again very cold, and it was still freezing sharp as we turned out this morning to light our fire and cook our breakfast preparatory to packing up our baggage, and setting off back. But the sun soon put some warmth into us, and we had another perfect day. The old horse we had turned out to browse in the valley, and while the others were getting our things together I went down the valley to get him in. He had been taking good care of himself, and had wandered down to the far end of the pasture, and seemed very loth to leave his snug refuge under the wood; poor old fellow! he moved woefully stiff too at first. We were ready for a start at a quarter to 9, with White Stockings, his load considerably lightened, beautifully packed for the journey. We made a bad start of it though,

for, going along the bank of the river-bed, between a tree and a small cutting, we suddenly saw horse and pack disappear bodily, flop on to his side in the cutting, and successfully wedged in it head and tail. The poor beast lay like a log, and I at first thought he was badly hurt, but we hewed away the bank with the axe, undid his load, and with a little encouragement he got on his legs again, none the worse, and only rather scared. This looked an unpromising beginning, but it was the last trouble we had. We got over the rough part of the road without delay, and with little difficulty, and eventually got back again to the "Glacier Hotel" at 4. The walk was as enjoyable as before, and easier travelling, as it was mostly down hill. These forests of birch are certainly very lovely, especially in the sunlight, and it is delightful walking through them. They are less crowded than most other bushes, consequently the timber is finer, and you can see through the trees better. We saw a good few small birds these few days, and a lot of Paradise duck, on the different streams and marshes. They are very tame, and let you come quite close to them without putting themselves out. This afternoon we saw a flock of thirty-four together in a field, but they generally go about in pairs. They are very handsome birds. There are a few Blue Mountain duck about too, but these are very scarce. They are pretty birds, but excessively stupid, and can scarcely fly at all. The guide's dog "Spot," who is a mighty hunter, got hold of one somewhere to-day, and carried it to us with its plumage quite unharmed. The "Maori hen," a sort of rail, are also plentiful. We saw a number of them—they are as tame as chickens—and killed one, which we tasted at tea to-night, but it was not very palatable. Our friends the robins are in great force, and more precocious than ever. They used to come into our hut and hop about the floor, and almost eat out of our plates. They are popularly supposed to be spiteful little birds, and to come and peck out your eyes if you are unfortunate enough to die in the bush, instead of covering up your corpse with leaves!! We found a pleasant surprise awaiting us on getting back, viz.: that Brown had turned up here. He had been obliged to alter his plans, and had come on here Monday evening. There are two ladies staying here also, who arrived since we left for Lake Harris, so that we were quite a large party at tea this evening.

### *Queenstown.*

*October 26th.*—Another most glorious day, and the lake looking lovely as we left about 1 o'clock. It was rather different from the day we came up. Then the wind was biting and the heavens gloomy. To-day there was not a cloud, and the sun was baking, so that it would have been difficult for any country not to look well. Still, I cannot find the Queenstown "reach" of the lake remarkably picturesque, and later on in the year, when the snow is quite off the mountains, they must look painfully bare and mean. The head of

the lake, however, when you suddenly come in sight of Mount Earnslow and other peaks, and more fertile and wooded slopes, is well worthy of a visit, and I have enjoyed our few days up there immensely. We parted with Brown here, he going on in the steamer to catch the Dunedin train, while we break our journey here.

*Albion Hotel, Invercargill.*

*October 27th.*—We arrived here this evening at 7.30, having left Queenstown at 9 A.M., kicked our heels for a couple of hours at Kingston, the most dismal, mean-looking place that can well be imagined, and been shaken and jolted for six hours along an infamous railway line, in one of those abominable mediums of locomotion, a combination goods and passenger train. We found all our *impedimenta* safely arrived from Dunedin and waiting for us in our bedrooms at this hotel, the most comfortable I think in New Zealand, and we found what was more welcome still—a home mail, which had tracked us hither from Melbourne.

*October 28th.*—We found Mr. Pearson, our old fellow-passenger on board the “Stella,” in his office when we called there this morning. He took us off to see Mr. Howarth, a young amateur artist, who has done a good many water colour sketches of the West Coast Sounds. Some of them are beautiful pictures, and so true to nature; yet the artist himself is entirely self-taught, and has never had a lesson. We relieved him of half-a-dozen of his smaller sketches, which are really excellent. He has also done some extremely good sea pieces; his rough sea and sailing vessels are, I should say, quite first rate. Mr. Pearson called round for us about 3 o'clock, and did the honours of his town, afterwards taking us round to his own house to present us to Mrs. P.

Invercargill is still rather a skeleton town, but with fine broad thoroughfares, and some good blocks of buildings and shops. It is, however, not to be compared with Dunedin, the prettiest, and I think, the most flourishing town in New Zealand. It was originally quite a Scotch settlement, though now a more mixed population has found its way in. Gold diggings made it what it is in the first instance, while Invercargill is surrounded by a large agricultural district, and boasts the finest wheat crops in the colony.

JOURNAL LV.

*Scott's Hotel, Melbourne.*

*November 6th.*—“And it's meself that's glad to be here at last!” after a horrid passage across. We were to have come on the “Rotomahana,” the best of the Union S.S. Co.'s Fleet, and a fine boat, but she ran aground on the rocks when making the entrance of the Bluff harbour last Sunday week morning (29th ult.), and on our

arriving from Invercargill, expecting to get on board and go "right away," we found she had been sitting on the rocks for the last four hours, and had only just come off with the tide and moored alongside the wharf. A wretched day we had of it at that dreariest of ports, the wind enough to take your head off, waiting in suspense to know what was going to happen to us passengers. It was not till late in the evening that the powers that were, ordained that we should put back to Port Chalmers and get on the "Rotorua." Mr. and Mrs. Pearson came down with us from Invercargill to see us off, and helped to get through the day; but it was not a cheerful one, the only excitement being when they pulled up the wretched diver, who had gone down below to inspect the extent of the damages, by the heels, and nearly killed him by pumping down too much air. Monday we spent at Port Chalmers, the port of Dunedin, transhipping our cargo, and eventually got away again in the "Rotorua" about 6 P.M. No, we did not have remarkably good times. Already very cross at the delay, we found our change of boats far from pleasant. From a fine ship of 2,000 tons to a wretched old tub of 500, does not sound encouraging. Then everything combined to keep up the irritation of our feelings, and of course being rather in a hurry, we had lots of head winds. It was frightfully rough—we were all awfully ill—and the passengers objectionable. Odours of anything but sanctity reigned triumphant throughout the ship; on deck it was a mixture of engine oil, cattle, and volatiles. Poor brutes! I pitied them, cooped up there in very close quarters, poorly fed, tossed about, and drenched—and all to be ignominiously butchered at the end of it to administer to our carnal appetites! Below, things were far from being extravagantly luxurious. Cabins close and stuffy, a general air of stuffy humanity (we were very crowded on board) pervaded the saloon, and a gentle breeze savouring of kitchen, pantry, &c., floated about, trying to find a way out into a purer atmosphere, but in vain. War to the death was declared against all ventilation, and if we did not grin, we groaned, and bore our discomforts with fortitude truly heroic! Of my own sufferings I discreetly draw the veil: they are not interesting, and "'tis wiser to forget." I will only say that the wild gyrations of the screw in mid air did not harmonise well with my poor sea sick feelings, which were painfully shocked, and I was glad only that my joints weathered the gale and stood firm in their sockets. Mr. Ross had engaged a couple of rooms for us here, so we were able to shake down at once and appreciated a good breakfast once more. The feeding on board was on a par with the other arrangements. It is most provoking to have been delayed as we have been, as it curtails our stay in Victoria to three days, and we have missed Thursday's and Saturday's races. The Cup Day, Tuesday, generally the great day, was not a success this year, owing to the wet weather, which played sad work among the toilettes of the fair sex, and the victory of a rank outsider in the big race, which disturbed the equanimity and the purses of many an honest backer.



But Saturday atoned for the former delinquencies of Jupiter Pluvius, and there was a very brilliant and crowded gathering.

*On Board P. and O. SS. "Ancona."*

*Saturday, November 18th.*—At last the vessel is tolerably quiet, and I can put down some account of the last fortnight. Our stay in Melbourne, though short, was very pleasant, and we had plenty to occupy ourselves the three days we spent there. It is certainly a fine town, the main (Collins) street teeming with fine shops and large buildings, especially the Banks, which seem to have been possessed with an honest rivalry to outbuild each other. Some of the public buildings too are handsome; among others the Public Library, where is a good museum of modern European art, and ancient native armour and curiosities. The collection of pictures, too, there, is a very good one. The clubs are on a larger scale than any I have seen out of London. The Melbourne, of which we were members during our stay, seemed extremely comfortable. We were fortunate enough to meet George Baillie there the afternoon we arrived, and after going to see some very good lawn tennis (Sydney *v.* Melbourne) he took us out to his father's place to dine, and afterwards to the theatre. He "knocked about" the town with us again next morning, and put us on our way to the Gardens in the afternoon—very prettily laid out and looked after. That evening we dined with Mr. Ross (Messrs. Ross and Spiers), whose acquaintance we made on arriving, he having procured us our rooms at Scott's Hotel. Wednesday evening we dined with a Mr. Gowen Evans, at the club, and met our old acquaintance of Brisbane, Mr. Weld Blundell, Mr. Blackwood, the head of Dalgety's, and a very nice fellow, and another man whose name escapes me. After dinner we adjourned to a ball given by Mrs. Rome, to which Mr. Blundell had got us invitations. It was a very grand affair, given in a large room in the "Athenæum," consecrated to similar entertainments, and I enjoyed the evening very much, getting a fair share of partners, and dancing up till 2 o'clock. Next morning we were off, at 11 A.M., from the railway station Melbourne, and 1 P.M. from the wharf Williamstown, a suburb and port of Melbourne, about eight miles out of the town. Since then we have been enjoying pretty good weather, and, as I hinted above, a good deal of motion, not so much from the wind, which has been generally fair and never very fierce, but the long ocean rollers have been very persistent, and I'm afraid the good ship "Ancona" is a confirmed roller herself. At any rate, she has been favouring us with a very undue amount of that practice all the time, and especially for the last two days, during which time we frequently rolled to 35 or 40 degrees. Meals under these circumstances, and at this angle, are taken at a disadvantage, and with no little clattering of glass and crockery, and upsetting of wine, pickles, soup, &c. But to-day we have got the monsoon astern of us, and are getting along better, though by no means so steadily

as we should ; otherwise we are comfortable enough on board. We have a splendid large cabin, the largest in the ship, between us three, some pleasant people among the passengers, who number about forty, and one or two good fellows among the officers, besides a good table. We reached Adelaide on Saturday morning (Nov. 11th), and were able to see the end of the cricket match between the English team and the South Australians. The former were not in good form, but as they had only landed the day before in the "Peshawur," it was hardly to be wondered at. Adelaide is a pretty town—the prettiest, I think, in the colonies, backed as it is with a low range of green hills. We sailed from Glenelg Sunday morning at 3 A.M., and reached Albany 9 P.M., Wednesday, 15th instant. We only stopped there a few hours to drop and pick up mails and passengers, and weighed anchor again the following morning at 4 A.M., bidding farewell to Australia for good, and to *terra firma* for some twelve days.

### *Oriental Hotel, Colombo.*

*November 29th.*—We dropped inside the breakwater last night at 8 P.M. Nothing particular to note for the last part of the voyage. We came along very slowly after getting out of the trades, and had several days wet and squally weather near the line, which we crossed Sunday afternoon about 5 o'clock. We came on shore last night to secure rooms, returning to the ship to sleep. Our means of transit was one of the native catamarans—such rum-looking canoes, made of a hollowed trunk of a tree, with a "bulwark" of boards about 9 inches deep fastened on to it. They are then about 2 feet or 30 inches above water, drawing scarcely anything, and so narrow in the beam that there is barely room to sit down. The balance is kept by a long beam or outrigger, resting on the water on one side only about 4 feet from the boat, and in heavy weather when sail is set, I am told, a man gets out and takes his position on this to keep things straight. We had a collision just as we put off, a large boat running hard into us ; it just caught the outrigger, but no harm on either side was done, and after an interchange of polite language we proceeded our respective ways, and on our part reached land without further adventure. We came off definitely after breakfast this morning, and now this must be mailed.

### JOURNAL LVI.

#### *Queen's Hotel, Kandy.*

*November 30th, 1882.*—Well, here we are again in the tropics, and among palm groves and paddy fields, and coloured humanity. It seemed quite like seeing old friends to be greeted by a whole crowd of lightly clothed, chattering, insinuating pedlars, on board the "Ancona" yesterday morning, and being badgered to buy every-

thing "very cheap," and to hear the old cry, "How much you give, master?" We left Colombo this morning at 7 A.M., and reached this place at 11.15. It is a lovely piece of country the railway runs through. For a couple of hours, flat, thickly wooded with cocoa-nut groves, interspersed with rice swamps, where our old friends the water bullocks were to be seen wallowing deeply in the marshy ground, and a few swarthy forms rustically employed here and there. Then we gradually come into more broken ground, curiously shaped hills rise up thickly wooded, or with bits of rock sticking up through the tropical foliage, and we begin a steep ascent which soon brings us into the heart of the mountains, and we go twisting and winding about, darting in and out of tunnels, and doubling back on the opposite side of a valley, or rounding a sharp rocky point high up above a precipitous slope. The scene is beautifully varied. Now it is a wide sweep of undulating foliage rolling in palms and the rest of the tropical forest growth, now the view is more confined, and we see castellated and pointed summits closing in around us in many a quaint form; or, again, we are overlooking a distant panorama of mountains with bright green terraces of paddy dotted about the lower ground. I don't know whether it is the fact of suddenly plunging into this luxuriant vegetation from the land of the monotonous eucalyptus, but I don't remember seeing such a variety of colouring anywhere before in our tropical rambles. Whether it is coming fresh into this sort of scenery or not, certain it is that I found this "ride," at the time, and now as I write, the most beautiful and in every way the most pleasing succession of views I have seen in my experience of the tropics. I should add the weather was in the best of humours, and the country has just been refreshed by the rains, so that Nature here had on her best bib and tucker. If I remember rightly, though, the land was not absolutely parched up in Java when we were there!! We reached Kandy in good time, and walked up to the hotel, preceded by four coolies with our baggage on their heads—fine fellows they look too, with backs straight as a board, heads erect, and jolly open faces. We are soon installed in clean and comfortable apartments, and lose no time in finding our way to the refectory hall, as 'twas but a modest mouthful we had before starting. Breakfast over, and a cup of coffee discussed in a delightfully cool verandah, I leave the others to finish their siesta, and sally forth to have a look around. The town is a charming little spot, situated among thickly wooded and coffee-planted hills, neat well-kept roads and houses, and a general air of tidiness, cleanliness, and respectability. I wander through the native quarter where there is nothing of special interest, except for those who care to see a long line of salt-fish-furnished shops, with the odours natural thereto, though I must own every dwelling gives one the idea of being fairly clean and orderly—exceptionally so, I might say. There is no lack of fish, and the street is moving with dusky natives. You see, too, the usual Oriental sights, such as little groups of two before the doors, one of whom seems to be particularly

interested in examining the development of his comrade's skull. I like the look of these people immensely. There is something so frank, jolly, good-tempered about them, with their merry sparkling eyes, and they all seem so happy. It is hard sometimes to tell the women from the men when there is no hair on the face. Their hair on the head is allowed to grow its natural length, and is carefully brushed back, black and glossy, and fastened in a little nob behind, while round the crown is fixed a tortoiseshell comb. Their dress varies in quantity, but with the exception of the labourer coolie, who has little but his tight-fitting suit of black, is not nearly so light as that of the Javanese in man, woman, or child. It is the exception to see even small boys in absolute nudity. The ordinary covering seems to be a white garment wound round their nether limbs after the manner of the "Sarong," and another round their shoulders and upper body, or else a little white jacket. These of course are subject to curtailments, abridgments, and modifications, after the whim of the wearer. Strolling on I come to Government Gardens, adjoining the private grounds and residence of the Governor,—pretty, but nothing remarkable, and along a good path up and round a hill, and after making the complete "tour," back into the gardens and the town. It was a lovely walk, mostly in the shade, and with charming peeps and views all round. The day was perfect: not too hot even in the sun to be unpleasant, not too windy to give you a chill or to raise a dust, and just cloudily enough to throw lovely lights and shades over the landscape. I had two black companions who insisted on sharing my fortunes and showing me the way, naturally solely from disinterested motives and an innate courtesy to the stranger!! One was a Malay by birth, and I tried to recall my limited knowledge of the language. To a listener our conversation might not have appeared interesting; I think it consisted chiefly in counting cardinally from one to twenty. By the time I got back to the hotel it was 4 o'clock. I joined the other two, and after fortifying ourselves with some 5 o'clock tea, we drove out to the Botanical Gardens, some four miles from the hotel. These same are extremely pretty, about 150 acres in extent, and very well laid out and cared for; not quite so elaborate or extensive perhaps as those at Buitenzorg, but a most enjoyable lounge, and with several trees and plants I do not remember seeing before. Among others, a fine mahogany, a gigantic "Talipot" palm, a particular sort of indiarubber tree, besides some native spicy fellows, nutmegs, cloves, &c., and the Malay "apple." The durcan tree grows here: we saw some large specimens; but fruit there is none, and after bursting out into flower it stops short at that point,—why I cannot say. We came across one of the gardeners, a chatty obliging fellow, who walked us round, pointing out several choice plants, and helping us out with names when in difficulties. He had a fair show of monthly roses, of which he was very proud; but here the old countries hold their own, and the roses themselves are absolutely without smell. We meandered about until some glowing

bits of colour through the trees and on the hills proclaimed the daylight nigh run out, and before we reached our hotel the stars were shining brightly. By the way, this is a region of glorious sunsets. The one we had on Tuesday evening, our last on the "Ancona," was among the most gorgeous I have seen, and again yesterday at Colombo, though not quite so richly coloured, was no mean sight. The only pity is they are over all too soon.

### *Kandy.*

*December 1st.*—I was dressed soon after 7 o'clock this morning, and peregrinated over the other side of the lake (have I said there is a lake beginning just opposite our hotel, and extending about three-quarters of a mile under the hills?) winding up a long hill above it, and coming down again at the further end of the lake. The view of the town nestling below, with line upon line of mountains in the distance, and solitary peaks and spurs nearer around, was very pretty. This is certainly an enchanting spot: the more I see of it the prettier it seems; one could spend several days very pleasantly, and be a long time before tiring of the scenery. The main road went on some way further than I wanted to go, so I turned off through some coffee plantations and found my way down to the lake again, and so home shortly after 9 o'clock. This was about the time when the Temple was open, the famous Temple where the tooth of Buddha peacefully abides; so, postponing our breakfast, we adjourned thither to see what was to be seen. This was not very much, and I enjoyed seeing and studying the natives as much as anything. It was the time of matins, and crowds of people, chiefly women, were flocking to the different shrines to pay their devotions. There is a perfect din of "tom-toms," and a sort of reed pipe, making a noise something like a badly played cracked bagpipes, hard at work in the courtyards. Here, too, were large quantities of cut flowers, in trays and baskets, smelling deliciously, and intended, as we soon discovered, as the offerings of the worshippers. The altars were one mass of blossoms just thrown on anyhow, and the smell was exquisite. The usual Oriental prostrations were gone through very devoutly several times, apparently without any words accompanying, and it was really a very characteristic sight,—the women, some of them really pretty, and all looking very neat in their graceful drapery of white flowing muslin. They wear generally a great deal of jewellery on their persons, enormous ornaments in their ears, rings sometimes in their nose, besides several bracelets and necklaces. The Temple itself is not particularly curious or beautiful. There are some rather quaint and gaudy frescoes, representing marvellous horrors descriptive of purgatory, a few old carved stone figures, and some well-preserved pillars finely carved in wood, among the most striking features outside; while within the thing most worth seeing is a kind of large bell, with some enormous rubies and masses of other precious stones, covering the celebrated

tooth, which they carefully do *not* let you see. I really don't think there is much else of interest. We spent a lazy morning, though the heat was by no means oppressive, examining the wares of certain itinerant dealers. I tried to get some of the native ear ornaments (rings they are not: they are stuck through the lobe of the ear, through a hole big enough to insert a large finger into), but could not get any, and in other merchandise we failed to come to terms.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson turned up in the middle of the day, and very glad we were to see them again. Later in the day we went out to stretch our legs on my hill of yesterday's acquaintance, only taking the walk in the reverse way. It would take a long time to tire of the beauties of this delightful summit, and its lovely range of views; but I will refrain from ecstasies: they could never do justice to the scene. The guests of the hotel are not a taking or sociable lot, so we were very glad to have the Dicksons, who are extremely nice, and we passed a pleasant evening under the verandah. The evenings are as delicious as the days, cool and bright. This should be a healthy place, I think, judging from my own feelings and the bright fresh air. And now as I shall not have another opportunity of scribbling before the French mail leaves, I'll make my bow and retire for the night.

## JOURNAL LVII.

### *Walaha, Lindoola.*

*December 2nd.*—We had a nice walk before breakfast with Mr. Dickson, upon the hill above Government House. This makes the third time in the course of three days that I have been there, and I have seen it now in morning, afternoon, and evening lights. It is quite the prettiest spot about, and one of those good things of which you can scarcely have too much. We left Kandy at 10.48, and took the train to the end of the line, a place rejoicing in the concise name of Nawalapitiya. Here we tiffined while waiting for the coach, which made its appearance before the hotel at 1 o'clock, and soon afterwards we were *en route* with a couple of pretty good little beasts, occasionally supplemented by a third, which was tacked on in front going up the hills. This one went quite independently, the driver not venturing to hold the reins, and his movements were solely directed by one of the runners who accompanied us. The other runner guarded our rear, and blew a beastly brass trumpet at intervals to clear the road. The "coach" itself was a small waggonette, with a wonderful capacity for stowing away parcels. They turned up most unexpectedly and at odd moments all along the road. Tin boxes, wooden boxes, parcels, and pine-apples were fished out from some magic recess. We were well loaded up with passengers, too—five inside and one on the box seat, a native and two Europeans making up our complement. Of the latter, one was silent, the other more sociable, and interesting in what he told me of the different

cultivations of the district. Coffee is and has been *down* for some years, with no prospect of improving, and tea and cinchona are being planted in its stead. The latter is becoming a great industry, and at the present prices a very paying one. I had no idea they could bark the trees so often—twice a year the “harvesting” (as it is called) takes place. But this cultivation is quite new, and only the last year or two has it been largely thought of. Now, however, as the coffee seems, for the present at all events, fated, it is increasing rapidly. Nobody seems able to have found a remedy for the disease on the coffee plants, a sort of fungus which attacks the leaves, and though it does not absolutely destroy the plants, the yield is diminished about 90 per cent. in the course of a year. It is a pretty drive of twenty-eight miles to Lindoola from Nawalapitiya, a steady rise uphill for the first two hours; but the roads are excellent, and we are able to keep up a steady jog all the time. Then a sharp descent and up and down again, through coffee and cinchona plantations, above a mountain stream, and past several fine waterfalls, till we reach Lindoola at 6 o'clock. We had written to Mr. Talbot from Colombo, but not getting an answer as we had expected from Kandy, had come on, with the intention of putting up at Lindoola at the hotel there, and then guiding our footsteps according to circumstances. However, the hostelry, if indeed it could be called such, was so miserably uninviting that we determined to make bold and come on to Mr. Talbot’s “right away.” Our fellow-passenger, and his friend who had come to meet him, a Mr. Inglis, put us on the right road, which was the same as theirs for two miles, and then, under the direction of a coolie, we turned off along a footpath, and in another one-and-a-half miles reached this house. We found our host and hostess at home, but only just returned from a visit, which accounted for our not hearing from them, their letter having crossed us on the way down, proposing our coming on on Monday. However, here we were, and explanations mutually over, we were very kindly received, and soon fed and housed in this very snug little bungalow.

*Sunday, December 3rd.*—We spent a very pleasant quiet day with our new friends, a good part of the time lounging in the verandah, a charming one, overlooking a pretty little garden crammed full of roses, and beyond through the trees a view of some of the higher hills. Mrs. Talbot’s brother, Gervais Elwes, came over to breakfast about 11.30, also Mr. Carew, from Tassifern, his station about seven miles off. Later in the afternoon we all went over to Mr. Anstruther’s, a half-hour’s walk, and a very pretty little bachelor’s retreat, where were several neighbouring planters congregated, and a fellow called Wilson whom I had met once at Oxford. Mr. Anstruther is one of the oldest planters in these parts, though for some years, until these late bad times, he had been “flinging it” in England. We were alone with our host and hostess for dinner, and passed a very pleasant evening.

Monday morning we went out with Mr. Talbot soon after 6

o'clock and looked over the property, first down to the store and pulping houses, where, however, there was but little coffee as yet, as the season is late, and they are only just beginning to pick. Here we saw some cinchona bark ready for shipment, and waited while Mr. Talbot superintended the weighing of some of it. This promises to be a very good substitute for the coffee cultivation (if, as is feared from the bad seasons and leaf disease of late years, coffee is doomed), and in some plantations gives as much as £100 per acre returns for first harvesting, and nearly double as much for renewed bark. But the industry is really quite in its infancy, and the planters have to teach themselves by experience the ins and outs of the treatment to be observed. We went on after the weighing was over, and walked all about the estate, about 300 acres, for a couple of hours or so. Most of this is attacked more or less with the leaf disease, but in some parts the plants are looking very healthy and well, and "Walaha" has been more favoured than most estates about. The coolies were all about the plantations, picking or pruning away the dead wood, and altogether it was a very picturesque sight. The country, though perhaps with no very striking feature, is certainly very pretty for visitors, though I can understand the planters getting rather tired of the perpetual coffee slopes. We were much amused in watching a native, or rather a Tamil, turning some specimens of earthenware, and we stood looking on for some time as he moulded variously shaped pots and jars on a very rude principle, but very skilfully and quickly. We returned from our walk about 10 o'clock, breakfast at 11, and then a quiet chat and lounge till 3 o'clock, when we went off for some tennis and had some capital games on the "club" ground, a very good gravel court, made and kept up by sixteen of the surrounding planters. Messrs. Anstruther and Wilson were also there. The latter plays well, as also do Talbot and his wife, and I had some very exciting matches. Tea and refreshments were brought down to the ground, and we had quite a "too-ri-roo-ral" afternoon and picnic, playing hard till almost dark.

*Bell Wood, Neuwara Eliya.*

*December 5th.*—We left Walaha soon after 7 this morning, and had a very jolly walk, about twelve miles, to this place. Talbot accompanied us for the first few miles, and we made use of his horse, a sturdy-looking Australian mare, to cross a ford of the river, thus saving several miles of hard high road, and taking us a much pleasanter walk, through rolling coffee lands for a couple of hours, and then by the main road up through a darkly wooded gorge. Four coolies came with us, carrying our baggage on their heads, and making very light of their load. We paid them ninepence apiece for their work. We arrived here at 11.30, or thereabouts, and found this hotel, which had been recommended us by the Talbots, a very snug little place. It is kept by two ladies, Mrs. Mackenzie and her



daughter, ladies who, reduced in circumstances, have settled down here to entertain the stranger in this sanatorium of Ceylon. It is a pretty spot up among the mountains, about 6,000 feet above the sea. After breakfast, an excellent repast which we discussed with pleasure, we sat and watched the rain from the drawing-room windows. It continued most persistently and provokingly, the clouds lifting for a moment and then coming down thicker than ever, so that it was hopeless to try and go anywhere, and I only stirred out to go down into the village about a mile further down, and consult Mr. White, the horse proprietor of the village, and the proud and portly father of sixteen picaninnies. He is an old Somersetshire man, having left his home in '45, and of course I was soon in possession of the whole of his history and family secrets! We were invited to take afternoon tea with Mrs. Mackenzie, a very nice old lady. Her husband was in the 90th, and subsequently, when on half pay, Colonial Secretary in Melbourne, where she lived for some time. It is only a few years ago that she lost all her money quite suddenly. I rather think the Glasgow Bank failure had something to say to it, and about two years ago she came out here with her daughter and started this little establishment, where certainly everything is delightfully neat and comfortable, and scarcely like an hotel. Miss Mac. dined with us, the mother being just now an invalid, but we were invited into her sanctum after dinner, and passed the evening very agreeably with the two ladies.

*December 7th.*—The clouds were still grumpy to-day, and not very inviting to go a-mountaineering. However, on the principle of seeing all we can, we made a start at 7 o'clock for Monte Pearo, about 2,000 feet above this. We were not rewarded, as we saw next to nothing from the top, and the walk up is not in itself particularly interesting, through an untidy-looking jungle. There were, however, some fine rhododendrons in several places, and a few of them in bloom. We were down again for breakfast at 11.30, when Mrs. M. found herself well enough to put in an appearance, and we afterwards took a carriage out to Hahgalla Gardens. But again we were not fortunate, as we got into the bad weather among the thick woods, though the drive should be pretty on a fine day. We were, in consequence, not tempted to dawdle about the gardens in a thick fog, so returned at once, in time to join Miss Mac. in some 5 o'clock tea in the little summer-house in the garden. Up here the weather was clearer—indeed, towards sunset, clearer than we have yet had it, and we were able to see more of the view from the hotel, which is very pretty. We had quite a dinner party in the evening, three invites from the town, a Mrs. Walker, Messrs. Harvey and Oswald, besides the ladies Mackenzie, a Mr. Dick, who arrived just before dinner, and our three selves, and did not get to bed till the rakish hour of 11.30.

Since writing the above I find I did not give his full title to our mountain this morning. I discovered it is called Pidurutalagala! Also it is the highest point in Ceylon.

*December 7th.*—We wept affectionately on Miss Mackenzie's neck on leaving Neuwara Eliya this morning at 6.45, and mounted Mr. White's trap, a sort of four-wheeled dogcart, with a couple of weedy ancient greys to draw us. Luckily for them the road was mostly downhill after the first two or three miles. From this point the descent is very rapid, winding away down through a pretty country, wooded in most places, and along a very well-engineered road. The roads in Ceylon are perfect. I know no country where they are so universally good. True, they've paid and do pay for them; £4,000 a mile in the first instance, *à ce qu'on dit*, and £200 per annum per mile to keep them up, so they ought to be good. The Government pay half, and the planters of the district the rest, and the Government are bound to make the road provided two-thirds of the residents ask for it. We reach Rambodde at 9 o'clock, in good time for the coach, which leaves at 9.30, a vehicle rather smaller than that we had to Lindoola, but well horsed. The country now opens out more; still pretty, with scarce a yard of level ground to be seen, and more cultivated, with rice, tea, and cinchona, as we get lower down. After leaving Rambodde, though, we do not descend much at first. It is a level or up and down road high up over the valley till we reach (one-and-a-half hours) Pusellawa. This is a great coffee centre. We pull up half-an-hour for breakfast, and then descend more sharply again. I never saw such a curling, twisting road as this is the whole way. It gets warmer, too, as we get down, but it has been a glorious morning. If only we had had a day like this yesterday! But, after all, we are in good luck with our weather, as there is generally a lot of rain about this time. Gambola, our destination in the coach, is reached at 1.15, and half-an-hour later the train arrives, and we are on our last stage back to Colombo. We met Schmidt in the train (one of our "Ancona" passengers), and at Perideniya Junction, where we changed, we see Mr. Dickson's head out of a carriage window, and all swarm into his carriage and compare notes of our doings since we had parted, as we go down. This railway route loses none of its charms by being seen a second time. We pass through it only too quickly. It is one of the most beautiful bits of country one can imagine, or wish for, I think. Reached Colombo without event, and put up at the Grand Oriental as before.

### *Madura.*

*December 10th.*—On going to the "British India" Office to book our passages to Tuticorin, we discovered the boat was before her time, and would leave at 5 P.M. instead of Saturday. This left us none too much time, and we had our work cut out to get our things together, buy photos, &c., but we managed to get on board with all our effects by 5 o'clock, and soon after 6 we had left the spicy Isle. There were only three passengers besides ourselves, excepting some two hundred coolies, Tamils going back to their homes, gene-

rally on the east coast south of Madras. There are large numbers of them in Ceylon—indeed, nearly all the coolie labour in the plantations, &c., is carried on by these, the Singhalese (otherwise Sinhalese, or Cingalese), the natives of the island, being very bad workers, or frightfully lazy. They are much more attractive though than the Tamils, who are mostly an ill-looking badly-made lot.

We anchored four miles off Tuticorin yesterday about 9.30 A.M., and came off in a steam launch an hour later. We had just time to get breakfast at Jack's Hotel (Jack himself is a most obsequious landlord), and take the 12.50 train for Madura, which we reached at 7.15. We were the only Europeans in the train, and it seemed quite funny to have all the policemen and other officials greeting us with a smart military salute. We saw a good bit of native life at the stations, and some amusing scenes occasionally. They are a quite black race, and look very well with their white turbans, and white muslin loin cloths. A few we saw really powerfully built men, and now and then quite a paunchy one, though how on earth they manage to raise a stomach on their meagre fare of rice and "nastinesses," I don't know. The country is dead flat all the way, but as a rule thickly cultivated. We had telegraphed on to Madura to prepare us food and lodging at the station, the only place where accommodation is to be had, and found very good rooms, and a capital dinner in the refreshment room. The journey from Tuticorin was very comfortable, and we did not suffer at all from the heat, an agreeable surprise to me.

To-day we had a delightful morning among the antiquities of the place. We went off after early tea—(Oh ! I must not forget to mention the enormous basins we have in our bedrooms, the size of a fair bath, and the bath in proportion, about the size of a young lake),—well, we started off about 7 o'clock, with an English speaking cicerone, and went first to the old Hindu Temple, the finest of its kind, I believe, to be seen anywhere. It certainly is beautiful, with its lofty galleries supported on carved stone pillars, and its quaint cloisters and paintings. Many of the pillars are huge figures of every description of funny beasts and grotesquely impossible animals, all carved out of single stones, and beautifully carved, too, despite their queer-looking limbs and forms. The carvings of the human figures, too, are well done, and despite a rather curious attitude now and then, they have a great deal of natural grace and ease, and are altogether quite works of art. In places there are painted stone figures, especially in some fine old cloisters which surround a certain sacred pond, and on some of the pillars are some very ridiculous subjects, in little carved reliefs. There is a perfect maze of colonnades, and in many of them the effect is very fine as you look down the whole length of the gallery, while the stone carved figures and pillars will bear a very close criticism. We were shown also the place where marriages take place, in the month of June only, and two wonderful maps of the eastern and western hemispheres—at least, so we were told ; but they

might have said anything else, and I would have thought it as likely. I should have said we were followed about by a large crowd of natives, who subsequently all wanted to be paid for that condescension. In one place they crowned us each with a wreath of flowers, to show their respect for us. (*Anglicè*, they would like to drink our health!) We were fortunate in coming in for a procession of four elephants on their way to or from some sacred ceremony at the river. One was a magnificent animal, and wonderfully trained. They performed for our benefit when they saw us; the big one especially twisting about at an imperceptible word of command, and trumpeting horribly and salaaming to us on his bended knee, and picking up two-anna pieces off the ground with his trunk. He had a magnificent pair of tusks, though the ends were sawn off for some reason, with two large bands of gold fastened round them. But perhaps the most striking sight in the Temple are the large gateways, ten in number, one in the middle of each of the four outer walls, four round the sanctum sanctorum, a large gilded shrine where the deity is supposed to come and take up his abode at different times, and two others near the cloisters. The four outer ones are the largest and finest. They are immense structures over 200 feet in height, and one mass of coloured stone images and figures of every conceivable and inconceivable character. The work, especially with rude tools, must have been something tremendous. Seen from a distance they tower "miles" over every other building, and a nearer inspection shows you the quaint limbs and features of these extraordinary bits of sculpture—only on the lower tiers though; the upper ones are too high to distinguish much. We mounted up to the top of one of the largest by a very cranky staircase inside, but once up we were repaid by a fine view of the Temple grounds, which enclose a large area, as well as the town and environs. Opposite the Temple is another old colonnaded hall, where a sort of bazaar of general rubbish is held. From here we drive on to the old palace: not a pleasing exterior this, with high ugly red brick walls; but once inside the gates you find yourself in a spacious courtyard, all surrounded by magnificent columns and archways, and the remains of what have been fine old friezes and stone reliefs. These are now fast crumbling away, but the whole building is being very extensively and, I think, judiciously repaired, the old designs being very well copied and reproduced. At the end of the courtyard and opposite the gates used to be the Prince's throne, now only a slightly raised dais remains, surrounded by more massive pillars some 20 feet round and handsome colonnades and arches, while above is a large gallery running round the hall, and above again the roof rises in a lofty cupola. Everywhere you have an idea of solidity and massive proportions, but the proportions everywhere beautifully regulated, and the different carvings, or what you can see of them, admirably worked. In one large room (or hall rather) which perhaps may have been the banqueting hall, these carvings have been completely renewed, and, save for an appearance of newness,

reproduce the old very well, I should fancy. They have all the grotesque forms and character about them of the ancient ones. This too is surrounded by a wide gallery, or verandah, as it is quite open to the air, and from here you can look down into the hall below, through little niches and arches. It must be a delightfully cool place in hot weather, with its massive wall all round. There are a good many places in other parts of the palace where the masonry is cracking, and looks very shaky, but, as I say, it is all being put in thorough repair; altogether it must have been a glorious palace. It is still wonderfully handsome, and the vista of those enormous columns and cool grand corridors is something to see.

We returned to our quarters well pleased with our morning's work, but not sufficiently removed above the conventionalities of modern civilisation to enjoy a capital breakfast which the "butler" had ready for us, and since, we have been sitting, talking, and writing under "punkabs." The heat, however, is by no means overpowering.

## JOURNAL LVIII.

### *Erode Junction.*

*December 11th.*—We took the mail train at Madura last evening at 8.50, and had a comfortable run to Trichinopoly, which we reached at the rather uncomfortable hour of 2.30 A.M. this morning. However, our rooms at the station bungalow having been engaged by telegram beforehand, we soon tumbled into bed again (we had the carriage to ourselves in the train, and had been able to lie down full length, and sleep pretty well), and had another three hours' sleep. At 7 o'clock we were driving off, under the care of a native, to see something of the town, which lies two miles beyond the junction station. It is a large place, and for an Oriental town clean-looking. The chief "lion" is the fort, placed on the top of a huge solid rock which starts up alone out of the plain, and constitutes a very strong position for a few troops. There are buildings fixed on to it, and a staircase within, by which you ascend the first part, and near the top are steps cut in the solid rock, with a little shrine placed on the extreme summit. There is a grand view from here over miles and miles of this immense plain, only broken here and there by large rocks, similar to the one we are on, jutting up solitary and bare. They are quite a feature here, and look very odd. I noticed several yesterday from the top of the Madura gateway, but none so large as the Trichinopoly one. It is a long narrow slab of smooth, bare rock, with sides almost, if not quite, perpendicular, and running up into a point at the top, and it is worth a little "grind" to go and see. It is rather hard work labouring up the 500 feet, as the morning is already warm. From the fort we wedge ourselves into the somewhat condensed cab, and go on three miles further the other side of the town to "Seringam," a large island between two branches of the river, where is a large

Temple (Hindu). Of course it is not nearly so fine as the one at Madura, but it is worth a visit. There are something like twenty-one pagodas of sorts within the Temple precincts—the same style as those enormous structures we saw yesterday, but nowhere so large or so well kept up. They are quaint enough though, and interesting, and there is a huge hall supported by upwards of a thousand columns: so at least we are told, and I quite believe there are fully that number. They boast no great beauty or design or workmanship individually, but taken together the effect is very good, especially looking down the length of the centre gallery, perhaps 150 yards long. The “snow-ball” soon begins, and as we go along we pick up a small crowd of natives, some officials, all anxious to do the honours of the Temple, and all equally anxious for a “present” when all the fun is over. The rest of our train consists chiefly of young urchins who are also not above dunning the stranger for a copper, and who take great delight in airing their small knowledge of English and telling us “This is a temple,” “That is a bullock.” We saw the sacred elephants again here, but they were not nearly such fine beasts as at Madura, and their only accomplishment is to receive our donation in their trunks and hand it up to the priest seated on their neck. We got back to the bungalow about half-past 10, in time to put ourselves in charge of the barber (a first-rate one, though a trifle high-bodied), and get breakfast comfortably before our train started at 12.30. It is no small work getting away from these worthy natives; there are such a quantity who are anxious to “oblige” you, and they look for a present for every little attention; and they have the bad taste besides of not being satisfied with your present. I believe, though, that it's part of their creed to get all they can out of the stranger, though I must own they bear the refusal of their demands with a very smiling grace, and would probably think you only a greater fool for acceding. Anyhow, we generally part very good friends. They are first-rate servants, and very attentive, as we have found all the officials and railway people with whom we have had anything to do, and we are saluted all along the line, and as we drive through the town, in true military fashion by all the uniform swells. We had the first-class carriage to ourselves again to-day, and we wanted all the air and room we could have, as it was rather warm and dusty. We arrived here at 5.30, and are, as before, at the railway station rooms, and take our meals at the refreshment room below. This accommodation is certainly most convenient and admirably arranged—first-rate airy bedrooms, with the regulation basins of mammoth proportions, and a little bath-room adjoining—very acceptable luxuries after a dusty railway journey, and we are not slow to avail ourselves of them. The town itself is of no importance, with only eight or nine hundred inhabitants, but it is the junction of the Madras and Southern Indian Railways. The country is still a wide cultivated plain, and we went through miles of “paddy” to-day coming from Trichinopoly. Still for a flat

country it is not at all monotonous ; everything is of such a bright fresh green, and little patches of wild country and palm groves break the view in places, and some of these singular solitary beds of rock take off from the flatness of the scenery.

*Calicut, "Malabar Club."*

*December 12th.*—Along day in the "cars," starting at 6.32—at least we ought to have, if the train had not been more than half-an-hour late—and arriving at Beypoor at 5 P.M. up to time. It was the warmest day we have had, but we had a good-sized saloon carriage all to ourselves, and so kept fairly cool, if not clean. At Beypoor we were met by a coolie sent by Mr. Ferguson to conduct us on here. The Beypoor River has to be crossed, and then a drive of seven miles in a bullock cart brings us safely here to the club, about 7 o'clock. We had some delay ferrying across a canal, about a mile from the town, and then our little bullocks were not fast. These beasts are the common beast of draught everywhere. The carriages, or "bandies" as they are technically called, are little two-wheeled shandridans, covered, with two seats inside, on which you sit face to face after entering at the back of the vehicle, *over* the back seat. They were rather an erratic yoke as well as slow, and went tacking about the road from side to side.

*December 13th.*—After a delightful swim in a jolly large bath belonging to the club, we went round to see Mr. Ferguson in his office and talked over plans, routes, &c. He was extremely good-natured, and has spared himself no trouble in making all arrangements for our journey through to Ootakamund—*re* bullock, relays, accommodation, meals, and letters of introduction *en route*. This afternoon we have been for a boating excursion down one of the rivers, a very pleasant way of passing our time, as there was nothing particular to do. A gentleman we met at the club, Mr. Hockin, also came with us. Our boat was a long "teak wood" canoe, about 60 feet in length, with an awning amidships, under which we sat at the bottom of the boat. We started by the canal, which brought us after a little into the river. It was very pretty floating down between thick palm groves, now and then as we got lower down getting a more distant view away to the Wynaad hills and the Nilgiris. Our crew consisted of seven men, five rowers forward (on the principle of luck in odd numbers, I suppose), who pulled really pretty well together with the rude propellers (I can't call them oars) of bamboo sticks and a little round piece of wood tied on to the end. Once or twice they got up a spurt, and we nipped through the water at a great pace, notwithstanding that No. 2's head nearly tumbled overboard, and his oar only got through about half as many strokes as the rest. Then there were two men in the stern, who guided the boat's course and led the choruses. For, of course, they could not go on without singing(?) 'Twas really

painful after a bit when the voices began to crack, and their breath to go; but still they stuck to it to the bitter end. They wear a very sensible hat here on the coast, a sort of muffin cap about six inches high, made of plantain or palm leaves, dried; and fixed on this is a huge tray about a yard in diameter, of the same material. They look very quaint to a stranger, especially a lot of them together, and are eminently *practique*, when you know how to wear them, for sun or wind. Some of the natives carry a very good kind of umbrella, very neatly put together with dried leaves and a long stick. I'm afraid they are a little too cumbersome to carry home, or I never would trouble Mr. Briggs again. We saw several crocodiles on the banks, 8- or 10-foot fellows only, basking in the sun with their mouths wide open, and lying like logs of wood, until on our near approach they fled precipitately under water. "Biddy" birds we saw in swarms, and several other vari-coloured specimens of the feathered tribe. We dined with Mr. Ferguson, in his house about three miles from the town.

*Pookote Club, Pookote, South Wynaad.*

*December 15th.*—We had our first experience of bullock transit yesterday from Calicut here, and a very jolly though a rather long day's march. We were to have left Calicut at 5 A.M., but the wretched bandies never turned up until 6.30. Mr. Ferguson had had relays of bullocks arranged all along the road, and we changed every eight or nine miles. It is not fast travelling, and up and down hill we could not do much more than four miles an hour; but we were very comfortable in our bandies—open conveyances these, with a sort of awning overhead, and the road was very pretty and pleasantly shaded. We had two carriages, two of us riding in one, one in the other, with our traps. The bullocks, as I say, are not gallopers. They need a deal of encouragement, and the way this is administered was a source of no small amusement to us. The coachman sits on a little board behind his beasts—occasionally too on the pole—with the reins in one hand, and a short whip or stick in the other, which he holds threateningly in the air, when he is not carrying his threats into execution over their ribs. But a much more favourite and effectual way is to scratch their backbones, poke them with their stick, tickle their stomachs with their toes, or pull their tails; sometimes they will bite these caudal appendages, and when they get very warm from all their exertions—which I was forgetting to say are accompanied now and then with hideous yells—they have a good mop with the end of the same tail! The bullocks take it all very philosophically, as a rule, though I managed to get a kick out of one, when suggesting politely that he should "hurry up." It was our last stage before tiffin, after the eighteenth mile, when our inner men were getting frantically clamorous, and we had an extra slow pair of beasties, and a donkey of a man who would only keep patting



their spines feebly with his fingers. At last I jumped out, armed myself with a long stick, and gently insinuating the point somewhere about the fifth rib, kept up a running commentary on his flank, to the astonishment no less of bullock than the Jehu, and the decided improvement in our pace. Notwithstanding, it was 2 o'clock ere we reached Poodoo Parady, our tiffin ground, where we stayed an hour and then began our attack of the "Ghaut," or pass, up into the Wynaad. These hills rise straight in front of you to a height of near 3,000 feet,\* and seem a tremendous undertaking seen from the bottom, with their precipitous-looking wooded front rising straight up out of the comparative plain between them and the coast, all this being little more than undulating. It is a good long climb up, especially with our slowly moving cattle. The ascent begins about a mile from Parady, and we go winding up backwards and forwards round and round through the jungle, while the top seems to rise with us, and, especially when it gets dark, the higher we rise the further seems the summit. We had a jolly walk up from the bottom, though we had to keep our men and bullocks going, as the former were inclined to go to sleep, the beasts ditto, and an hour before we got to the top the sun had dipped into the sea, which just appeared in the distance beyond the low country. We ought to have seen this from the top had our rascally bandy men been up to time in the morning; however, the view we did get was very lovely. We got to the top of the ghaut about 7.30. From there it is a couple of miles into Pookote. We are here at the beginning of the plateau of the Wynaad district, which extends up to the borders of Mysore and the Nilgiris. Mr. Ferguson had advised the club of our arrival, and we are most comfortably housed and found here. It is a very snug little establishment indeed, kept up by some fifty or sixty planters and others. There is a pretty little garden round the house, with European and tropical plants and flowers, besides a little "home farm" of poultry, pigeons, tame rabbits, &c. Mr. Brown, one of the members, who happens to be staying here for a few days—a very pleasant fellow indeed—has just been doing the honours and trotting us all round. As we had not seen much of the country last night for the last hour or two—it is dark as soon as the sun goes down after the manner of the tropics—we walked up after early tea to the top of the ghaut, and a little way down to have a look at the view. It was beautifully clear, only a trifle hazy on the horizon; but we could just see the sea, while the whole panorama of the plains lay before us, stretching away between it and us in varied patches of cultivation; the bright green of the paddy mingling with the more sombre hues of the trees, and with little sparkling rivulets trickling down through these here and there, and two broken ranges of mountains stretching out in two wooded arms on either side.

\* 2,400 feet

“Panorah.

*Evening.*—While we were at tiffin a Mr. Anderson, a civil engineer, and the inspector of roads, &c., for a large tract of country, including this, turned up at the club. From our short acquaintance he seemed a particularly interesting man, very well up in all Indian matters, and with him and Mr. Brown we whiled away a very sociable hour or two until about half-past 1, when we packed up our traps and took our bandies up to this lovely seat of Mr. Mitchell's, eight miles, or rather better than three hours from Pookote. It is on a perfect situation, about 1,200 feet higher than Pookote, *i.e.*, 3,600 feet, on the slope of the hill, with a magnificent panorama of lovely rich country, hill and dale, mountain and plain, stretching away for miles and miles in every direction. It is an exquisitely chosen site, and I can quite imagine one never tiring of the view. The bungalow itself is quite a gem of a bachelor's quarters, the drawing-rooms especially being very prettily and tastily furnished, and from it you step out on to the verandah with all this beautiful scenery at your feet. Just now the place is rather “in a mess,” as it is in the hands of the Philistines—in other words builders, who seem to be as delightfully dilatory and provoking as their European companions in trade. We found Mr. Mitchell in the midst of setting up an electric bell, with Mr. Brown, brother to him of that name whom we had met at Pookote, and the oldest European inhabitant of the district, in charge of the battery.

*December 16th, 12 noon.*—We have been strolling about different parts of the estate, first with Mr. Gooding and afterwards with Mr. Mitchell, and were taken to one or two lovely “coigns of vantage” whence to admire the country, which same we did muchly. Coffee all about here, as in Ceylon, is *down*, though Panorah is better off than a great many plantations, and in effect there seems to be a very fair show of leaf and berries, though we saw some where the fatal fungus had begun his ravages. Picking is in full force just now. It is most perfect weather up here: nights and early morning fresh, almost cold, and lovely bright days with the sun not too scorching for walking about in the middle of the day. Wynaad used to be considered a very feverish district. It is less maligned now, probably because men take more care of themselves than they used to, and up here they are above all fever at all. Down lower there is a very heavy damp mist, which comes on at nights, but here you are above that, and in the early morning look down on it, looking like a regular sea, with the mountains beyond rising clear of it in the distance.

7 P.M.—After tiffin we had a delightful *loaf* and admired the view from the verandah until about 4 o'clock, when, Mr. Mitchell having some things to see to, G., H., and I went off to the upper bungalow, about a mile or a mile and a half from this one, and 1,000

feet above it. The view from here is even more extended, and you can see away to the coast westward, and a good bit more country eastward; but as a view I prefer the lower one. This higher bungalow is used during the hot weather. Just now it is in rather a dilapidated state, one of the walls having been blown completely down during the last monsoon, and the roof and general establishment showing signs of having battled with the elements. We went on some way higher, as far as a young cinchona plantation, where the road terminates, and as it was getting late we made tracks down again.

To-morrow we go as far as a Mr. Pinching's, about twenty-three miles from this, where we are to put up for a night *en route* for Ootakamund.

## JOURNAL LIX.

### *Sylk's Hotel, Ootakamund.*

*December 19th.*—We have had a most thoroughly enjoyable trip through the Wynaad, and I am perfectly delighted with all I have seen of the country and the people we have come across. The former is lovely wherever you go, and quite different to anything I have ever seen; the planters hospitable and pleasant, and altogether the life and travelling a novelty. It has been most interesting, too, hearing all about Indian life, natives, &c., from the different men we have met, both as to the country generally, and this district in particular. Of course we have been told a good bit about the last Indian famine, and many particulars as to its ghastly horrors. It is awful to hear of the suffering there was from famine, and the subsequent cholera—men, women, and children, dead and dying along the roadside, among the plantations, or in the huts, singly and in herds. The planters naturally did all they could for their relief, and Mr. Mitchell told us he used to have a huge bowl of rice going the whole day long for those who cared to come and partake. But not unfrequently they would refuse to be fed, and from pride or some wretched *caste* scruples refuse to eat rice not cooked by their own people, and persist in dying in spite of everything. The “earth-eaters” increased considerably all through this time. It seems this is a sort of disease very prevalent among them. It is a particular kind of red clay that they eat, and they usually begin the habit quite young, and then it grows upon them to such an extent that they will take no other form of nourishment. They soon become dropsical, and in a few weeks or months, sometimes a year, they die in a horrible bloated state. One could understand the craving for this earth (I forget the proper name) when starvation stares them in the face, but it seems an extraordinary and unaccountable taste when there is plenty of good food to be had. No cure has been found for one attacked with the mania, I believe, and once it has

begun (it is more prevalent among the women) there is no possibility of stopping or checking it. In some parts I believe the famine has had such an effect on the coolies that they have noticeably degenerated in physical strength, and the planters have found that they cannot get the same amount of work out of them as formerly. It is computed  $1\frac{1}{2}$  millions of natives died of the famine and cholera that year. But I must return to events, and *17th December*, the morning when we left Panorah. We sent our bandies on ahead of us at 7 o'clock, to meet us at a point on the road about four miles on, where we were to join them by a short cut. But before they left we discovered that that rascal "Tiger," the owner of our transits, had cheated us out of a pair of bullocks, and that there were no more relays on the road. This was cheering news to be told at the last moment, and when it was too late for Mr. Mitchell to send us any on, with the prospect also of twenty-five miles of bad road before us, a long journey for bullocks. Everything had been so exactly *in its place* thus far that we had omitted to assure ourselves of our cattle being ready for us on the road. However, I don't think Mr. Tiger will score much, as Mr. Ferguson has the paying of him, and I fancy will let him have a little piece of his mind and a little less of his money when he hears. We started on foot about twenty minutes after the bandies, in company with Mr. Gooding, who went with us to show us the way by a path through the estate, and by Mr. Imray's bungalow, where we stopped a short time, and joined our carts half a mile further on. We did not ride very far, however, as after a mile or so we came to the beginning of the bad road. Yes, I rather think it was a bad road. We had been led to expect something not exactly like a billiard table, but this "exceeded my most sanguine expectations." A large part of the way was just about on a par with the clay rides in "Prince's Coverts," or in other delightful little "Surrey Union" woods. It was simply a mass of deep clay mud right across the road, and even where there were some harder and drier patches there were deep dykes and ditches, and ruts, some quite a foot deep, which made it difficult work to get along. What this road must be like after the monsoon I don't like to think, but it is hardly a creditable state of things, or roads. About 11 o'clock, and eight or nine miles from Panorah, we reached Mr. Trollope's bungalow. Mr. Mitchell had given us a note of introduction for this gentleman, and we came down upon him for breakfast, which he very readily gave us. The Dr. of the district turned up soon after us, riding a very nice Australian horse of Mr. Mitchell's, and had breakfast with us—an Irishman he is, and a very nice fellow. Going down to the bottom of the hill where we had left our carts, our bandy men were not to be found. They had gone off to get some grass for their beasts, and had naturally taken as long as they could about it, and it was half-past 1 by the time we were again *en route*. For some distance the road was worse than ever. I really thought the bullocks would have stuck altogether. They were not fat or

strong kine, and had already done ten miles or more, and though they had nothing much to draw, they are animals who do not care about long distances. However, we got through this bit all right, and did the next mile in twenty minutes. The road showed decided signs of improvement, and though full of holes and ruts extraordinary, there were no more very bad bits. O yes, there were!—one awful place, where they had tried to improve matters by branches of trees. Perhaps these prevented our quite settling there for life, but it was difficult work getting through, and I really thought one cart was done for. One wheel was half-way down the bank and caught against the stump of a tree, the other deeply imbedded in the mud, the oxen wallowing up to their knees. But our good angel stuck by us, and we extricated ourselves from this uncanny position, and afterwards the sailing was plainer, excepting one time when we had to pass a long string of twenty or thirty country carts, on a rough, narrow, and somewhat precipitous part of the road. They were all unspanned, and, of course, had been drawn up carefully so that another vehicle could scarcely pass. Bullocks are not handy creatures where nice driving is required, and ours were certainly not model Jehus, so that it was not a little credit to all that our bandies passed in safety, after sundry bumps and bangs against wheels and stones, and nearly carrying away one of the tops of our carriage. We eventually walked the whole way, for, slow as our progress was, I think we should not have arrived till midnight had our weights been in the carts besides. It would, as it turned out, have been better had we made up our minds before starting to walk through, and have given the bandies the sack at Panorah, taking coolies for our luggage. We should certainly have been in sooner. But we did not realise how bad the roads were, and one does not look forward with pleasure to a five-and-twenty mile stump in this country, though, as it was, the walk was most delightful, and I was very glad to have a good stretch; for the day was not at all hot, grey clouds being about all day, and shading us from the sun. Then it was a lovely walk through forests of bamboo, the branches meeting gracefully over our heads, tangled bits of jungle, coffee and cinchona plantations, or open bits of country with beautiful peeps and views, the clouds not being low or dark enough to do more than keep the sun off, although in the morning we had been rather afraid of rain. There has been a tremendous quantity of this same all through the last monsoon, which only came to an end about three weeks ago. The rainfall has been something tremendous everywhere, and on the ghauts about Pookote as much as 400 inches fell in between four and five months, the heaviest fall being 25 inches in rather more than twenty-four hours, nearly an inch an hour!! We reached the village of Charumbady at 5.30, and Glenrock, Mr. Pinching's bungalow above Pandalar, at 8 o'clock, the last two hours being a steep climb. Luckily there was a good moon—in fact, it was a most perfect tropical night, and but that we were beginning to think

of dinner rather affectionately, it would have been very pleasant. Mr. Pinching is the manager of the Glenrock and South Indian Gold Mining Company, and is a very nice fellow, as also Mr. Sparkes, who lives with him. He has a charming site for his bungalow, with a lovely view all round—not so extended as that from Panorah, but scarcely inferior. We none of us wanted rocking to sleep that evening.

*December 18th.*—We spent the morning visiting the mining works under the charge of Mr. Pinching's assistant—his name is beyond me—and saw various workings, shafts, reefs, &c., everything except the precious metal itself. We rode down on a lot of quartz and dirt in one of the trucks which convey it from the reefs to the mill, about two miles of rail; the trucks run down the steep incline of their own weight, and are pulled up again by mules. The mill was the most interesting sight, where they crush the quartz and collect the gold on copper plates covered with mercury. In the amalgam thus produced it is then very easily separated, though as far as I can make out there is precious little to separate. Even on the spot they seem indifferently sanguine as to the future returns of the Company, and I should not care to be very largely interested in the concern. The mill itself is worked entirely by water, and there is a fine strong and constant supply, but they want that to work the twenty crushers of 1,040 lbs. each. These, I believe, have crushing power of 450 lbs. per square inch. Horses were sent down to meet us at the mill and take us up the fifteen hundred feet or so we had come down in the trucks. We went up along a very pretty path, through a thick jungle, where we saw a lot of monkeys swinging about and taking sensational leaps from one tree to another, chattering and jabbering away fifteen to the dozen, and got back to the bungalow and tiffin about 2 o'clock.

Mr. Pinching had arranged for ponies to take us through to Ooty, and at 4.30 we mounted three fairly decent, though curious-looking animals, and set out for Devala, our billet for the night. We looked in at the "assistant's" bungalow to say good-bye to him, and to be introduced to his wife, and about four miles further on called on Colonel Henderson, to whom Mr. Pinching had given us a letter, with that intent. We found him and Mrs. Henderson extremely nice people, and as they asked us to take "pot luck" with them we were nothing loth, and ended by passing a delightful evening. They are both Irish, and knew several Irish friends, including Christopher, Crosbie, and Alma Barton; indeed, Mrs. Henderson's family is in some way connected with Mrs. Augustin, and among other mutual friends knew Henry Exshaw, whom they had seen when he was out here, and Wilfred Tolson. We broke up unwillingly at 10 o'clock, and had a most glorious moonlight ride of three miles in to Devala, where we put up at the hotel.

*December 19th* saw us away from Devala at 6.30 A.M. mounted on our fiery steeds, who brought us through to Neddiwattum very

well, though I had a painfully uncomfortable pig (?) skin. It was a most lovely ride, and in the fresh morning air most enjoyable, so that our farewell of the Wynaad was under favourable circumstances, and our delight in this district was intense up to the last. In fact, I think the last was almost the finest part, as we crossed the frontier and commenced the ascent of the Nilgiris. It is a steep climb of ten miles from a little before a village called Goodaloor up the face of this wonderful plateau, and as you ascend higher and higher, the peaks below change their form, fresh ones start in view in the distance, and the whole sweep of lovely country stretches away below you as far as the eye can reach, and some bold cliffs on the heights above come into more prominent view. Our ponies have a good avenue canter left in them, and we trot up to the rest house at Neddiwattum about 11 o'clock, three- or four-and-twenty miles from Devala. We had come very steadily, but as we had passed our baggage coolies on the road (the rascals had been sent on from Glenrock the day before on purpose for them to be well ahead, but had not gone further than Devala), there was no good hurrying, more especially as the road was lovely, and my saddle did not tempt me to go *au grand gallop*. The coolies turned up about an hour after we had finished breakfast, and soon after 2 o'clock we got into the "tonga," which had been sent to meet us here, to get over the remaining one-and-twenty miles to Ooty. I should perhaps describe this new sort of carriage. Well, the "tonga" is a two-wheeled conveyance, seated *à la* dogcart, a covering over our heads for sun or rain, and a pair of horses harnessed, curricie fashion, to a pole. It is a very good sort of trap for the passengers, but the horses must draw anything but comfortably, being a long way from their work, and harnessed very clumsily. They draw from a breastplate, which is connected with the end of the pole, which rests on their backs, and as far as I could see this tends to draw the breastplate very high, and press in an unpleasant way on their windpipe. We had another passenger with us from Neddiwattum, a gentleman we met at the hotel, who had been disappointed in meeting with a horse and had asked us to give him a lift. We did not bless him, as with our "gepäck" we had none too much room, but of course could not but take him up and pretend to be delighted to have him. We rattled along pretty well, considering the hilly road and the fact that there was a tremendous lot of heavy metal just being put on a great part of the way, and with three changes got in to Ooty in two hours fifty minutes. The country changes completely once up at N. We traverse a land of bare, round-topped, grass-grown hills, with only patches of jungle in the hollows and the barrier range of rocky mountains on the horizon. Our friend in the tonga had recommended another hotel than this, but fortunately they had only two rooms. The whole place seemed a beastly pigstye, and here we are very clean and comfortable, with good rooms, a most attentive "boy" each, good feeding, &c.

*December 20th.*—This morning after breakfast, and a loaf about the hotel grounds, I strolled up on to the hills behind for a couple of hours, and got a good idea of the country round, which does not "go down" in point of scenery after what we have had for the last week. But for the gum trees the place would have a very bare look, as with the exception of the few patches of jungle there is nothing to cover the nakedness of the sea of bleak grass domes. Still the formation of the large plateau itself is curious. It seems as if the whole mass of land had been shoved up bodily from below, so abruptly does it rise up. We had even a better idea of this in the afternoon, when we went up to the top of one of the highest hills about, on the other side of the town, which lies in a sort of basin, and from there we saw beyond both sides of the plateau at once, and the plain country beyond. This place has more interest for the Indian proper than the stranger, and must be a grand change for him after stewing or roasting away in the lowlands, as we are up 8,000 feet above sea-level here, and the air is very keen and fine. Just now, in fact, the nights are very cold. Last night it cannot have been very far above freezing, although the sun is hot in the middle of the day. I saw a jackal this morning, quite close. He was sunning himself out on the slope of a hill, and was by no means put out by my approach at first, but stood looking at me and made a very dignified retreat when he did go off. There are a good number about. I forgot to mention yesterday seeing several large vultures near the road. We passed the half-demolished carcass of a cow soon afterwards, which no doubt proved the attraction.

#### *Glencview Hotel, Coonoor.*

*December 21st.*—Came on here by tonga this morning from Ootakamund, leaving the latter place at 8.45. It is only twelve miles distant, but we had three changes. One pair of big horses brought us to the top of the hill, about four miles, and the other two pair of little rats of ponies rattled us down in style at a round twelve mile an hour. We breakfasted at a small refreshment room down below, thinking at first that it was the hotel; but while breakfast was preparing we discovered this place, a first-rate hotel situated at the top of a hill, with a nice view, I should fancy, but the clouds have been driving up the valleys all day, and it's little we've seen. However, we found a capital lawn tennis court on the estate, and G. and I have been having some single encounters this afternoon.

*December 22nd.*—We got away from Coonoor at 10 A.M. in a drizzling rain and driving mist, not cheerful. However, as we got lower down we got below the clouds and in some grand scenery, a wild and narrow gorge, with precipitous crags, and steeply wooded sides. Below us, and winding away down the gorge, we see our road appearing through the trees, and through the opening in the distance, several thousand feet below the level on which we are,



stretches the plain in all its rich luxuriance of cultivation, and just now a perfect study of lights and shadows, as the heavy clouds are rolling about and only letting in the sun by fits and starts over patches of paddy fields and palm trees. Altogether it is quite a romantic bit, but, alas! the days of its romance are well-nigh numbered, for ere long, instead of going up the ghaut leisurely in tonga or afoot, the iron horse will be pulling you up snorting and puffing according to the latest approved fashion of nineteenth century engineering. We have rather poor specimens of horseflesh, but the little beasts manage to shuffle over the ground at a fair pace, and we cover the twenty-two miles in about two-and-a-half hours. We tiffin at Mettapollium, take the train at 2 o'clock, and travel comfortably to Madras, which we reach, nearly an hour late, at 8.30 A.M. on

*December 23rd.*—A boy from Arbuthnot's was awaiting us at the station with letters, and conducted us to the Royal Hotel, and an hour or so afterwards, just as we were dressed, Mr. James Arbuthnot called, asked us to dinner for to-morrow, and informed us we had the run of the club as honorary members. Such a nice club as it is too, situated in quite a spacious park, fine rooms, and tennis and racquet courts, swimming bath, &c. We spent most of the time between breakfast and tiffin freeing our luggage from the customs; our things—*i.e.*, which had come from Colombo by themselves; but Christmas is a bad time to come to any Anglo-Indian town. Everything—banks, mercantile and public offices—is shut from to-day till the 4th January inclusive, and every one goes off to enjoy himself; so it was with no little difficulty that we braved rows of officialdom, and at last came away triumphant with our precious and innocent packages. We did find a shop open in the afternoon, Oakes & Co., a sort of general gathering of warehousing and wearing apparel, and there re-hatted and fitted ourselves out with a few necessities of life. Before embarking on this excursion, however, we had had a *séance* of native jugglers at the hotel. Hanbury turned up just before tiffin, and stayed with us for that meal (he is at the Imperial), and it was while we were digesting in the verandah that three of these juggler fellows came up and gave us some of their wonderful tricks. Wonderful they certainly are, and an European conjuror would look very small beside them. There they sit within a yard of you, bared to the waist, so there is no deception about sleeves, &c., and before your eyes they make their eggs and balls disappear in the most astounding manner, and with so little fuss or bobbery. The famous mango trick I was not so much struck by as I expected to be, after what I had heard, but I believe it was not well done. The snake "charming" though was, and the way they manipulated the brutes was wonderful. There was a great fight too between one of the cobras and a mongoose, a sort of little weasel, and the only animal, I believe, that will attack a snake. We went to the club later on, and watched some tennis, but it was too late in the afternoon to make it worth my while to begin playing.

*December 24th.*—George Hanbury and I started soon after 6 o'clock this morning, and took a good stump for about two hours round by the sea-shore, and saw the "Southern Monarch" lying stranded not fifty yards from the beach. She is a good-sized bark, and has been in her present position for nearly a week. Opinions differ as to how she found her way there, but at present she seems to have a good chance of remaining there for good. We finished up our walk at the club, and had a most glorious swim in the bath there. We had sent our respective "boys" with our best bibs and tuckers to meet us here, so made our toilettes and let the said boys bring back our flannels. It is a very demoralising life, having these boys at one's elbow always, and to do or get you any mortal thing you want. I feel quite strange at having a valet to dress and tend me; but they are very attentive and useful fellows, and do their work well. I own I was rather staggered at having my drawers and trousers held for me to put on, and I hardly knew how to set to work to get into them that way. After tiffin the inevitable jugglers came round—not the same as yesterday—and performed more wonderful mysteries for our edification and their own benefit. Later I went and called on Sir Charles Turner, who lives three or four miles off, and has a very pretty place on the Adyar. In the evening we dined with Hanbury at James Arbuthnot's, and were presented to his wife—quite a quiet dinner, only two other men there besides ourselves. It is delightful weather here just now, scarcely too warm to go about in the middle of the day; of course it is midwinter!

*Christmas Day.*—My first Christmas present this morning was from my "boy," who, when I was dressing, brought me in a "button-hole," which he declared I must wear to go to church. But presently our own particular boy, whom Arbuthnot had told off for us during our stay, and who turns out to be a Christian, came in with a regular Christmas present, to my great astonishment, two small lemons, and wished me "A Merry Christmas" in orthodox fashion. He chiefly "valets" H., my private attendant being one of the hotel boys. He has a great idea of turning me out smart, and I'm afraid I have rather fallen in his estimation by refusing to wear or even carry gloves: yesterday just as we had started for church he sent a coolie flying after me with a pair of white gloves, and in the evening, when dressing for dinner, he was much distressed because he could not find a clean and whole pair among a dirty collection of old ones in my portmanteau. I suggested I should not want any, but, "Oh master must have—just carry one in the hand," so I humoured him and put one into my coat tail pocket. Then this morning he suggested a change in my attire, and brought me out another pair of trousers. I'm afraid I shan't be able to humour him in this respect very long, as the bottom of my wardrobe is not very deep. My watch is another source of anxiety, because I will wear it inside and not display a full length of gaudy gold.

## JOURNAL LX.

*Madras Harbour. On Board SS. "Thibet."*

*December 31st.*—I was unable to finish off my diary up to date for last mail, so now, before the old year quite slides away, I must jot down the events of the last few days. Briefly they are as follows :—Got up 6 o'clock and played tennis at the club grounds till 8 or 9, took a dip in the swimming bath, breakfasted, drove down to the P. and O. office (about three miles from the club), were told the "Thibet" would be in the following day, played tennis or walked down the promenade till dark, came back, dined, went to bed. Christmas night we all dined together at the club with Hanbury, and had a very nice little Christmas dinner. The following evening I dined with Sir Charles Turner, the Chief Justice of Madras, and made the acquaintance of a Mr. Harrison, of Allahabad, and Miss Lee, daughter of General Lee, the American General. This lady is a great traveller. She has already been once round the world by way of Australia and New Zealand, and is now making the tour *viâ* India, China, and Japan. She travels quite alone, except for any chance acquaintances she may pick up on the road, and just now without even a servant of any kind.

The Madras hotels are not likely to rival the "Palaces" or the "Windsors" of the American continent. I had always heard a bad character of them, and I certainly am not prepared to go into ecstasies over the "Royal." The feeding alone was not nice, and one morning when Hanbury came to breakfast, it took us half the morning to get nothing at all, and that bad. However, we had a first-rate club to resort to : there things were excellent, and we finished by living mostly there. We eventually came on board yesterday at noon. The "Thibet" came in in the morning at daylight, but only just anchored in harbour as we put off from shore. I don't know why, but I do know that we are still here, and with the prospect—nay, certainty—of looking at the town of Madras till the afternoon. This is what they call getting away in twelve hours. I heard some talk yesterday of the captain having mistaken the Pondicherry lights for those of Madras! I have not heard this confirmed,\* but it seems the crush in the canal ever since the war is excessive, which in part accounts for the delay. Having our things down at the wharf yesterday we decided to come on board at once, and throw in our fortunes with those of the ship. We had a small voyage to get to her. Madras is not a convenient place to land at or embark from. The harbour, so-called, is only within an inferior sort of breakwater—at least the remains of one that a late gale had left standing—and you have to take small boats from the beach, where

\* Partly true, the ship having been carried eighty miles out of her course by currents.

the surf runs very high sometimes. There were some good breakers as we came off, and we got the contents of two well over us. They are curious boats, these native craft, very deep and light, and ingeniously *sewn* together. They are first rate for the surf work, and as a rule well managed by the dozen or more native oars. We had rather a duffer crew, and thanks to them, the crowds of boats swarming round, and the fact of the gangway not being let down, we were an age getting on board—nearly an hour, in fact. I was beginning to have about enough of it!! It was an original sight though, and one might almost have imagined it was a repetition of the battle of Salamis, or at least a small warm corner in the same: with the crowd of boats banging against each other, and rising and falling with the heavy swell—a moving mass of half-naked, swarthy forms, all talking, gesticulating, and occasionally fighting—talking, too, as only the Oriental can, *i.e.*, jabbering, screeching, yelling, each at the top of his voice, and *looking* a great deal higher!! Well, at last we got alongside, make a dash at the gangway as we rise on the wave, and find our way on deck. The boat seems very crowded. We are all three separated in different cabins, but not too badly off, I think. I am in a forward deck cabin, fairly roomy, with two other men named Anderson and O'Donoghue. The chief objection seems to be the nearness of the farmyard, the sheep and poultry being just opposite us. An old rooster began rousing the morning echoes at a very early hour this morning.

*January 1st, 1883.*—It was 5 o'clock yesterday ere we were steaming away from Madras; but now we are fairly away, and enjoying good weather and getting along as fast as the old "Thibet" can steam—*i.e.*, about eleven knots. We killed a good part of yesterday watching the jugglers who were on board all day, and finished by learning and trying to do some of their tricks—with rather questionable success!! Their quickness of hand is really astonishing. It deceives the eyes, and no mistake, even when you know the trick, and they do their tricks right in front of you.

### *Calcutta.*

*January 4th.*—We reached the mouth of the river, 120 miles down, yesterday morning; but the tide did not serve, and we had to anchor, and only got alongside the wharf at noon to-day. It is a busy scene coming up the last few miles; natives scudding about in their funny, high-sterned craft, tugs cutting about, and a sea of tall sticks along the jetties, the masts and spars of some hundred large ships. It meant business, and no mistake. Lower down, the banks are flat and ugly, covered with dense, marshy, and unapproachable jungle, the home of many a tiger, I fancy. Calcutta is very full, though the great mass of Christmas visitors are leaving again. George and I have found very comfortable and hospitable quarters with Mr. Meuburn (Messrs. Gillanders, Arbuthnot

& Co.). Henri is at the Great Eastern, where after some difficulty he has got a good room. After tiffin we went to pay our respects to Government House, and I saw Lord William Beresford. Coming back at 5 o'clock we drove out with our host and hostess (Mr. M.'s daughter) to Eden Gardens, the fashionable evening lounge. Along the road by the river there are crowds of carriages of every shape, size, and description, driving up and down, and one or two teams. Lord William is there in his yellow coach and a spanking team of bays, and a Maharajah of something with a rather indifferent lot. One of the wheelers is looking intently on the ground, evidently thinking. Some of the native swells have very well appointed "turn-outs," fine horses and everything very correct, and with their coachmen and grooms in gaudy colours, both very smart. As soon as it gets dark people adjourn to the gardens, and there, under the influence of electric lamps, walk about and listen to the band, which plays from 6 to 7 o'clock. After dinner we go off to Government House for an hour or two to the ball there. It is a very gay sight. The rooms are extremely handsome, and, it being only a small affair, are just comfortably filled. The military of course are there in force, and help to make it look bright with their scarlet mess jackets.

*Friday, 5th.*—The morning we "knocked about" the town doing odds and ends, and went through the Bazaar, or native shop quarter. The latter had nothing particularly peculiar or interesting, unless it be odours. The market was the most attractive place, though of course it was too late in the day to see it at its best; however, we examined various fruits, especially some delicious dates from the Punjab. We were to have had some lawn tennis in the afternoon, but at the last moment it fell through, so after going down to some stables to see about nags to ride out to the paper chase to-morrow, we found our way down to the gardens, and footed it home again afterwards.

*Saturday, 6th.*—We had a very jolly ride this morning. We left (G. and I) at 6.30, and trotted out alongside Mr. Meuburn's carriage to the *meet*, some six miles out. We soon fell in with other horses, carriages, and pedestrians, bound on a similar errand as ourselves, and the plot had got very thick as we reached the trysting ground, there being upwards of two hundred horsemen and women, and fifty or sixty carriages, including two "teams." There were some very good horses too, both saddle and harness. I had a rare jolly little beast, quite the nicest I have ridden since leaving home. I fancy he could jump like a cat if I had been following, but as he was only lent me to hack, I stuck by the road contingent. There were not more than thirty following the paper-scented hares, who were both well mounted, and started ten minutes ahead of the "hounds." We of the road brigade drew up in line to see the first three or four fences, which were not alarming, and having seen all safely over, galloped back to the finish in time to see the scattered remains of the riding division take the last two obstacles. The leaders rode well, and the

first three or four finished close together. Then came intervals filled up by stragglers, some who went on to the end, and some who didn't. Among the former were two loose horses, who got rid of their riders early in the fray, and enjoyed a good gallop on their own account nearly the whole way round. Altogether it was very good fun. Nearly everybody was well mounted and turned out, and we had a good excuse for a morning's ride. After breakfast we visited the Museum, a good one, and with some interesting remains of old Indian stone sculptures, and I went to see Mr. Argles, a friend of "Jackie" Wordsworth, and belonging to the "Oxford Mission." I went through all the slums of Calcutta, I think, to get there, and my cabbie got it into his head that I wanted to go to a school, as he took me to three, one after another, before I could persuade him to go where I wanted. We went to see some polo in the afternoon, and saw some very good play, and some first-rate little ponies. They don't go much above twelve hands, but are strong, as well as fast, and get extremely clever at the game. In the evening we went to the theatre with two of the Gladstones, but only saw a very long and stupid piece for our pains.

*Sunday, 7th.*—Went to church at St. John's at 10.30. After tiffin took a trap out to the Botanical Gardens, about six miles out of the town, passing through some very smelly native suburbs on our way. The gardens are very large and nicely kept. The great feature in them is the famous Banyan tree (*ficus Indica*). It is an enormous specimen. It is one of those trees which drop down roots from its branches, which roots, as soon as they touch earth, take firm hold of the soil and develop into regular trunks. In this way the branches extend out fifty yards on either side from the parent stem. It used to be very perfect in shape, but the last typhoon knocked it about a good bit and spoilt its regularity. It was never trained at all, only they just protect the young roots on their downward course by a case of bamboo which they leave round until the young shoot is strong enough to look after itself. Mr. and Mrs. White came in to dinner in the evening, also a young fellow called Myers.

*Monday, 8th.*—Just off to Darjeeling for a few days; mail day to-morrow.

## JOURNAL LXI.

### *Doyle's Hotel, Darjeeling.*

*January 9th.*—We left Calcutta yesterday 8 p.m., and reached Damuhdea at 7.15. Here we got on a steam ferry and had dinner on board while we crossed the Ganges. At Sara Ghat on the opposite side we took the Northern Bengal Railway as far as Siliguri, where we arrived at 7 o'clock this morning. It is not a model line: the carriages are cramped and we were frightfully shaken all the way. At Siliguri we had "chota haziri," and at 7.45 got into the train of the

Darjeeling Himalayan Railway. This is such a funny little line—a 2-foot gauge and Lilliputian engine and carriages. The engine is a strong little fellow, though, as he has to pull us up 7,000 feet into the mountains. The railway is almost more like a better sort of tramway, as we follow the old carriage road all the time, except now and then where the gradient is too steep or the corners rather sharp, when we take a short *détour*, describing a little circle and coming back over our track higher up, or zigzag backwards and forwards and run round an extra sharp corner on a wider embankment. But the turns we take are wonderful, and we go twisting and curving about from one side to another in the most curious fashion, the narrowness of the gauge enabling us to take liberties with the corners. The scenery is fine as we get higher up, but chiefly so for the wonderfully deep valleys round and above which we wind. The study of nature life all along the road is very curious and interesting, and one is easily induced to believe that “according to the census of ’72, there is no country in the world which contains such a variety of tribes and races as Bengal.” My informant goes on to say that there are as many as a thousand different tribes and castes, to say nothing of the innumerable subdivisions and clans among these. Certain it is I never saw such a heterogeneous medley of forms and faces, and the contrast between the Indo-Chinese, Thibetan, and Mongolian, &c., with the Hindu type is very striking. Among the latter you see some extremely handsome men, with beautifully clear cut features, and that clear, open-looking eye. They are all working together or travelling down in strings with wares or provisions: flat or round faces, with flat squashed noses, classical oval faces with fine regular profile, little pig-eyes, eyes half shut, eyes wide open, sometimes scarcely any eyes at all. Black skins, brown skins, copper skins, white skins; long straight hair, long curly waving hair. Heads close cropped, heads completely shaved. Turbans and varieties of little caps; oh, and a few pig-tails. These, I believe, are the Lepchas from the neighbouring state of Sikkim. The men wear one, and the women generally two long tails, but keeping all the hair on the head besides. They are broad-shouldered, broad-chested, broad-faced, and of average, perhaps short, stature; but they are not handsome—at least, I haven’t seen any with any pretensions that way. But this does not nearly give an idea of all the different castes of countenance one comes across, and it is impossible in a short time to distinguish even the principal races. One is continually coming across a face that strikes you as a fresh one. The Mongolian and Chinese element though is strongly evident in many. About 2 o’clock, after leaving “Nurseong,” it becomes very cloudy, and we are soon enveloped in mist, which only breaks away in drifts, now and then enabling us to see a little way down the valley. It begins to get cold too as we near Darjeeling, for we have been coming up pretty sharply from about seven miles from Siliguri, and rise altogether 7,300 feet, or over 1,000 feet an hour, exclusive of stoppages. The distance is

only forty-eight miles, but our pace is not alarming. We take eight hours and a quarter coming up from Siliguri, including about two hours or more stoppages. This line was completed as far as Nurseong in 1879, but only opened up here about a twelvemonth back. We arrived pretty punctually at 4 o'clock, and found Brown at the station to meet us, he having been up here more than a week. We strolled about until dark, and just managed to get a peep at the snow through a rift in the clouds, just enough to swear by, and the evening closed in murky.

*January 10th.*—Mist and clouds greeted our waking thoughts this morning, and opposed the early walks we had promised ourselves. However, we strolled about under Brown's guidance for an hour or so before breakfast, and learnt the lay of the country a bit. It is a rare place for exercise this : you can't walk without going up or down hill, generally frantically steep, and I really don't believe there are twenty yards naturally level in the place. As yet I cannot expatiate on its loveliness, owing to the sulkiness of the clouds aforesaid, but the extraordinary depth of the valleys is very singular. The different ridges are like a knife, and descend in precipitous slopes to a tremendous depth—indeed, you cannot see the bottom of many ; the last you see is a sort of narrow ravine, and far below that again there is a furious torrent rushing along out of sight 6,000 feet below. We were invaded by Lepcha dealers after breakfast, who, however, had nothing very tempting, and everything at a ridiculous price. We bought some curious native knives, though, later on, when, having seen Brown off back to Calcutta, we were strolling about the Bazaar. But there is nothing there of much interest. Sunday, I believe, is the great day for the Bazaar. It is a sort of market day, and people swarm in from all parts. Some of the men and women wear some rather quaint jewellery in the ears and noses, and hung round their necks. Much of it of course is tawdry and worthless, but there is not a little which is really good. The native puts all his capital into jewellery, and usually gets genuine stones and gold, and the gold up here, I am told, is very pure. It is rather amusing, and rather astonishes an old lady, to go and catch hold of her earring and examine it. I saw some very pretty ones to-day, especially some pear-shaped plain gold ones. I saw a really handsome sort of brooch hung round the neck of one old girl among a heap of beads and other trinkets. Though wanting in finish, it had some very good fine work on it. Probably she romanced a little for my benefit when she said it was worth 100 rupees, but if, as I think, it was good gold, I daresay it was not very far from the mark. I know many natives lay out all the money they can scrape together on jewellery, and give long prices sometimes. We paraded the surroundings till 1 o'clock, tiffined at 2, and afterwards went out to stretch our legs. The atmosphere was still sultry and grim, and we had little to study or admire save the depth and steepness of the valleys and the mutations of the clouds. We kept up along the only ridge of any length, above



the "tram-train" road, and after one-and-a-half hours' walk turned round on to the other side of the ridge, making the most of the few pretty glimpses we could see, and the pretty lights which now and then shone out through the clouds. Our road took us through Jellapahar, the military sanatorium about two miles from Darjeeling (or rather from our hotel, as the two places almost join), and a few hundred feet higher. Here as we turned a corner, and when we had given up all hopes of the distant snows, suddenly there burst upon us three mighty peaks—two with dark black walls just fringed with snow; the other showing whiter, or rather, just now, a glowing mass of golden reds, as it caught the dying rays of the sun. I never saw such a sight: they seemed to belong to another world. Naturally, of a tremendous height—probably nearly 20,000 feet above us—they seemed to be rather part of the heavens than the earth. We could only just see the summits. Below was a mass of seething clouds, purple, black, and white, and a few higher ones just tipped with gold. In the background and all round the peaks were more banks and pillars of clouds, rolling away in the distance, and just in a gap of all this the mountains stood out as in a frame, clear, distinct, and beautiful, except when at times a transparent film of cloud was blown across the picture, giving it an almost fairy-like view. A few minutes, and it was all over. A thick bank of dull grey clouds drifted over the scene, and we saw no more. But it was most enchanting while it lasted. It burst on us so suddenly, and it lasted so short a time, that it seemed almost like a dream. It seemed quite funny to turn to the dull view around us. And yet it was not without a certain amount of solemn grandeur. It was getting dark, the valleys seemed deeper than ever, and the angry, stormy look of the clouds as they came drifting up in banks of grey or purple, or singly in lighter straggly patches, with a peep of blue sky above fringed with tints of red and gold—it all had rather an unnatural weirdness about it which was very striking. We got back to our quarters about 6 o'clock, having after all enjoyed our afternoon, and had a good three hours' walk. We have the hotel, a very comfortable one, almost to ourselves, there being only a couple of young German travellers, who seem very nice, though not very fluent with their English, and another Englishman who arrived this evening. "Billy," our boy, seems to be all we want, and an excellent servant in every way. He speaks the language (at least a language which is understood by the natives) perfectly, and is, we find, a great hand at bargaining, and so very useful to us when we are in the hands of the Philistines. It is true he gets his little commission on anything we buy, so perhaps it is not altogether pure disinterestedness; but it answers our purpose just the same. Poor fellow, though, he doesn't like the cold, and he shuddered visibly this morning when he heard we might possibly go as far as Peshawur—not that it is very cold here. I had been led to expect we should be frozen, but though the nights are certainly "nippy," the daytime, judging at least from to-day, when I am sure there was not much sun to warm us, is not

at all cold, especially considering the height we are up, and the time of year.

*January 11th.*—The punctual Billy roused me from my slumbers sweet at 6 A.M. "What's the morning look like, Billy?" "Very fine, sir." That sounded well, so I jumped out of bed, and into my tub—oh! so cold a tub—and soon joined the others over a smoking dish of eggs and bacon. The morning was indeed perfect, and we kept jumping up every minute, with mouths overflowing with the said bacon and eggs, to look at the glorious mass of snow all ablaze with the glow of rising Phœbus. Our limit of march was to be "Tiger Hill," to get a view of Mount Everest; but before starting we just ran up to the "Observation Hill," ten minutes from the hill—we made it five—to have a look at the panorama from here. What a contrast to yesterday! There was not a cloud visible: the whole horizon round, excepting the cotton woolly fellows lying down snugly in the valleys below, and the whole chain of the Himalayas lay before us, a sea of snow-capped peaks, and slopes broken by black walls of precipitous rock, where the snow cannot find foothold. We cannot see Mount Everest from here, but Cinchinjunga, the next highest peak, is a grand object, with its rocky head rising bare above the snow, and its mighty precipices just powdered with snow. What these precipices must be it makes one dizzy to think; even from here, sixty miles away, they look an awful height. There are many other peaks along the range, which, if not so strikingly grand, are very imposing, and varying greatly in shape and form. Altogether it is a splendid sight, the amphitheatre of snowy giants with lower ranges of comparative hills more in the foreground, and the network of deep valleys and sharp ridges below us. The high level of perpetual snow line strikes one very much in the Himalayas, and one wonders, as one considers their height, that the snow does not lie lower down. It is true there are 11,000 feet of perpetual snow on Cinchinjunga, but that leaves the perpetual snow line at 17,000 or 18,000 feet. In the same way here, at Darjeeling, the snow hardly ever lies for many days together, as the sun is very powerful all day, even by 9 o'clock A.M. Well, we came back to the hotel, picked up our coolie who was to show us the way to Tiger Hill, and started off about 7.15. We went through Jellapahar and along the road by which we had returned yesterday, and then turned up a hill to our left, along a first-rate road. But when we were within half-an-hour of the top, and got up to a wide open space whence we could see the mountains again, we found the day had changed and clouds were coming up fast. Most of the nearest range was still clear, and we could see something of some further off, which had not been in view before; but there was a large impenetrable cloud in front of us, with others coming up in heavy marching order. On this open plateau are the remains of some old Buddhist monastery, which must have been a very extensive concern at one time, though now there is little more than the foundations and about a hundred columns, apparently the

chimneys of the different cells and halls. We went on up to the top through a fine thick jungle, rich in many varieties of ferns and monster rhododendrons, and magnolias, among the most striking trees, but of course not now in flower. Arrived at the summit, it's little we see except mist and clouds, so we have to fall back upon some light refreshments which our coolie has been carrying, and hope for a break. This was a long time coming. However, I waited patiently on till near 12 o'clock, and though at times enveloped in a dense driving mist I was rewarded on the whole, and saw all the "Cinchin" range very clear, and for a short time the more distant peaks showing up well above a thick rolling mass of clouds, in themselves quite a study, as they took all sorts of fanciful shapes. Whether we saw Mount Everest or not is a moot point. On consulting a panoramic map on our return we are inclined to think we did. At all events we have agreed to believe and *say* that we did!—which is perhaps the most satisfactory solution, as after all it is 120 miles distant, as the crow flies, so that it is more the idea than anything else: for at that distance it cannot seem very imposing, nor is it ever so fine a fellow to look at as its long-named younger brother. I picked a few ferns on my way down; but it is difficult at this time of year to get any good fronds, though there are endless varieties about. We saw even more in the afternoon when we took a very pretty walk after tiffin, valleywards. The jungle was a perfect mass of tangled foliage in places. We saw, too, some splendid tree ferns in some more open slopes, the largest I have ever seen. A few fine old bits of timber and some wonderful climbers of great size swinging from tree to tree. I think we have made the most of our day, and with the exception of tiffin time have taken our fill of fresh air from daylight till dark. Certainly the air is remarkably fine and bracing here, and keeps one going wonderfully, and the look of the people about bears witness to the healthiness of the place. I haven't seen a weak or sickly person, man, woman, or child, and their best friend cannot say they lead a healthy life in the way of cleanliness. They simply smell of accumulated dirt of ages, and I should think they rarely took off their clothes except when they fell to pieces. The style of dress is varied, and as far as I can see varies very much according to the taste of the wearer, who seems to pile on anything that first comes to hand, and the result is, to say the least, peculiar in many instances. There are some who wear a distinctive sort of dress, a thick loose kind of sacking garment gathered in at the waist, with a curious round turned-up hat. Many of the better class of Lepchas, too, affect a dark blue suiting. Then there is a funny kind of long felt boot coming up to the knee, the leg generally being made of variegated coloured patches. I should think they were beautifully warm and comfortable. But, as I say, all the people seem a wonderfully strong and hardy lot, and you see them going about with enormous weights on their backs. These they carry in rather a curious way—not fastened to their shoulders or on top of their

heads, but by a plaited strap which comes across their forehead, and is fastened on to their pack behind. I suppose it's nothing when you're used to it, but I shouldn't care to try. They begin at it when quite young, and you see quite small boys, and even little girls, carrying horrible weights in this way.

*Great Eastern Hotel, Calcutta.*

*January 13th.*—We were up yesterday morning to see the sun rise on the snows, from the top of "Observation Hill." It was not nearly so clear as the morning before—in fact, only Kinchinjunga (I believe this is the more correct way of spelling) and his immediate comrades were clear of clouds; but the lights on this group alone were very pretty. We strolled about with Lord Harris—who I forgot to say came up on Wednesday evening with Lady H. and Mr. Vincent—until it was time to return and complete our toilettes and go to breakfast, soon after which we packed up our baggage and made for the railway station, and at 11 o'clock started on our way down in company with the Harris's and Mr. Vincent. The former, funnily enough, we have been following ever since Japan to Java, and have been over exactly the same ground, except that when we went to the Antipodes they went home to spend the summer. But the first names we saw on landing at Tuticorin were theirs, and at last our paths have crossed at Darjeeling. By the way, that name being interpreted means "up in the clouds"—for a wonder a not inappropriate one. We descended as far as Nurseong in thick, raw, damp mist, which was not lively. The line looks very "boggy" in many places going down, passing as it does right at the edge of very respectable precipices. We were unpleasantly near an accident too, when on one of these. Some enlightened coolies were dragging a great trunk of a tree down the rails—I suppose as an easier means of transit than any other, and the train was quite a secondary consideration. The curves and corners are pretty sharp, and you can never see very far in front of you; but luckily the driver was on the look out, having noticed the mark of something on the line for some little way, and on asking a coolie on the road what there was in front was informed of the log on its way down, and was just able to stop the train at a sharp bend, not twenty yards from what would have been a slight obstruction to the altogether even tenour of our way. Beyond Nurseong is decidedly the finest part of the line, both for scenery and for the interest of the railway itself, which here makes the steepest part of the ascent, and you can see it twisting and doubling straight underneath you for a long way. The views, too, are very varied as you round the different bends and look over the wooded ridges gradually lowering to the plain below. Siliguri we reach about 6.30, have dinner here and get into the Northern Bengal train for Sara Ghat, where we arrive at daybreak this morning, to cross the Ganges to Domookdea just as the sun is rising. The

river is not striking here except for the flatness of its banks. There is not much water in it now, but the wide stretches of mud deposit show to what an extent it spreads during the rains. We got to Calcutta half-an-hour late, about 11.30, and spent the day in doing nothing particular. In the evening I went to the Eton dinner given at "Belvedere," the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor (Mr. Rivers Wilson). We numbered about thirty, of all ages, down from Sir Richard Garth, the Chief Justice here, and though there was perhaps a little want of "go" we had a very pleasant evening. Before going into dinner Sir Richard "called absence," and there being no one "staying out" we adjourned to the festive board. A few appropriate speeches from our host and Sir Richard, and three or four good songs wound up the evening, and we broke up at 11.30. The house, from what I saw of it, is a very fine one, the dining and drawing rooms being extremely handsome apartments.

*January 14th.*—Went to church at the cathedral in the morning, and to the Zoo in the afternoon. The latter is about an hour's drive from the hotel, and has a very good collection of wild and other beasts—three of the finest tigers I have ever seen, some very delicious monkeys, and several rare and curious birds. The gardens too are nicely laid out and kept, and make a very nice Sunday afternoon lounge. Dined at the club in the evening.

*Monday, 15th.*—After O.J.'s and P.P.C.'s, we left Calcutta by the overland mail train at 9 P.M., and travelled most comfortably as far as Benares, which we reached at 3.30 this afternoon (Tuesday, 16th January). We travelled up with Mr. Vincent, whom we had met at Darjeeling, and had a good roomy compartment for us four. They give you a liberal amount of room on this line in the first-class carriages, besides sleeping accommodation, there being two berths to let down at night—something on the principle of the Pullman cars, though no bedding is provided. This every traveller provides himself with, and we have each of us a couple of small pillows and a sort of eiderdown (?) quilt, very light and warm, into one of which I rolled myself last night and slept seraphically—as snug as the celebrated bug in his equally famous rug. The train runs beautifully smoothly—rather a contrast to our last nights on the Northern Bengal Railway, on both which occasions I was well-nigh being literally shaken inside out on my scanty upper bunk. At Moghul Serai, twenty miles from the Benares terminus, we changed carriages, this being only a branch off the main line which goes as far as the banks of the Ganges. There is a railway bridge in course of construction, but as yet you have to cross in a carriage by a bridge of boats. The cantonment is some way out of the town proper of Benares, and we have a drive of four or five miles before reaching our hotel (Clark's). We just had time for a stroll around before dark, but came across nothing very peculiar except some rather extraordinary native hackney carriages. These are rude in the extreme: a couple of extremely rough wheels and a pair of shafts are the chief

component parts. Above the wheels is the coachbox and body of the carriage, which is apparently licensed to carry two besides the driver, though where the passengers, or the driver for that matter, bestow their legs is a puzzle to European eyes, the width not being greater than an ordinary sized arm-chair. Then it is harnessed at a tremendous incline backwards, as if the horse was playing a practical joke and trying to land the passengers on the road behind. The end of the shafts are fastened on to the "pad," which has an enormous peak in front, and a sort of breastplate passing round in front of the poor beast just so as to catch his throat. How the wretched animals (miserable rats of ponies) are not all throttled surprises me. They have a splendid breed of bullocks up here. I never saw a finer lot. All are above average size, some really magnificent animals. We are here among several former friends and acquaintances—Brown, Schmidt (one of the "Ancona" passengers), and Lord and Lady Harris. I expect we shall continue to knock up against each other for the next fortnight.

## JOURNAL LXII.

*January 17th.*—We went off this morning at 7 o'clock to visit the Ghâts—*i.e.*, the different buildings, palaces, temples, &c., along the bank of the river. We had to drive about three miles down to our point of embarkation, where we got into a boat and were rowed first up stream to the end of the town, passing close to the edge of the bank and watching the masses of natives performing their morning ablutions and devotions in the waters of the sacred stream. This of itself is a very characteristic sight, hundreds and hundreds of men and women all along, in and out of the water, scrubbing themselves and their clothes, jabbering of course to any extent, when not engaged in murmuring their prayers half aloud, and performing certain gesticulations with their arms and bodies. From the water's edge there are lofty flights of steps, more or less in repair, leading up to the several residences or temples, and up and down these you see the people swarming like bees, some in very gaudy colours, and carrying on their heads an earthenware jar or brass vase of water. The effect is very striking and picturesque. At each of the Ghâts sit one or two priests under a large umbrella, ready to give their blessing to the newly washed clothes and owners, and receive from the latter their offering for the favour conferred, after which they are free to go and eat and drink for the rest of the day; before the performance they may not look at food. Benares is one of the great places of pilgrimage in India, and many come to die within its walls. Hence most of the palaces and temples. The latter were mostly built by maharajahs from all over the place, who had also their special palaces here against the times they came on their pilgrimages. Formerly, I believe, the common pilgrims used to come at a particular time in the year in enormous batches; but since the railway has

been open, and they can travel more safely and easily, there is a constant string of these all the year round. They are not allowed to bathe in the Ganges at once, but have to go through a preliminary course in a tank kept specially for them, and, my word!—but I should think it had not been cleaned out since it was first made. At any rate, now it smells highly; it is a perfectly stagnant drain, and small wonder if it has had the accumulated first washing of hundreds of human beings for I don't know how long. Close here, too, is the "Burning Ghât," or cremation ground. Every pious Hindu after death is here laid out, and his body committed to the care of a funeral pyre. What remains of the bones are then thrown into the river and wafted down the sacred waters to the next stage of existence. There is nothing at all revolting in the performance of the rite itself, and though the men in charge, the relations of the dead, go about their business in a very matter-of-course way, everything is done in a very quiet, orderly manner. It is going on all day long, and sometimes there is a great crowd of bodies, the place allotted not being very large. There were only three there this morning. They are first laid out on a sort of trestle wrapped in a thin white cloth, and sometimes with wreaths of flowers over the body. It is then taken up by four men, dipped three or four times in the water, and placed on the pyre. Wood is then placed all over and around the corpse, the fire is lighted and kept burning for three hours, after which the ashes are committed to the waters. I am anticipating, however, the order of events, as we did not see this till just the last thing. We rowed up to the end of the line of buildings and had a good view of the whole reach—perhaps the most satisfactory sight of the buildings. From here it is certainly very quaint and picturesque, and the mingled style of architecture, spiral columns, turrets, and minarets appearing above, the flights of steps coming down to the water, the long reach of river,—muddy and dirty though the water is, by the way,—all have a very striking and pretty effect. A nearer view is not quite so favourable. There are pretty little bits here and there in the walls, but they are mostly heavy and bare of ornament, and in several cases in various stages of tumbling down—not so much in every case from old age as from the effects of heavy floods, and, I fancy, a want of substantial foundation. There was nothing which it was worth our while to get out and see, until, after turning back again and passing our landing-place, we reached an old temple with two immensely high minarets. Up these we climb and were rewarded for our pains by a splendid view all round and the town under our feet. It seems a curious pile from here, all the houses crowded and built on the top of one another almost, in the most extraordinary manner; one wonders where the streets are. This is one of the Hindu-Mussulman temples. I mean one of those which, originally Hindu, were destroyed at the time of the Mogul invasion, and rebuilt as a mosque. Our guide was not very explicit as to how much was which. It, however, still belongs to the

Mussulman. Some of them, I believe, have re-changed hands and are Hindu once more—the Mussulman population in the town being very small. We saw, besides, another temple a little higher up, a modern one—at least at the end of last century—where there was some nice stonework and a sacred cow, who appeared to be having a good time of it. The scene below, on the steps, was a busy one. Natives in all stages of toilette, and buzzing about like bees. Some, having had their bath and blessing, were undergoing shaving operations on the head or chin; mothers were scrubbing their small brats, or looking into the state of their heads, or “shampooing” their own heads, only using river mud instead of Mr. Truefitt’s handiwork. It is here we saw the process of cremation going on, and that delightful (?) tank, where I forgot to say we were offered flowers which had just been freshened up in its waters. We didn’t think it very refreshing odour, however, though we gave the inevitable “backsheesh” to the inevitable Brahmin superintending the cleansing of the pilgrims. Getting into our boat again, we went up to where we had left our carriage, and drove back to the hotel for breakfast about 10.20. Afterwards we went to the Bank of Bengal to recruit our funds, and to call on Mr. Daniell, the Commissioner, for whom Mr. Primrose at Calcutta had given us a letter of introduction. He was away from home with the Lieutenant-Governor somewhere; but his daughter was there to do the honours, and promised to get us leave, through Mr. Ross, the Collector, to visit the Maharajah of Benares’ palace. After tiffin we went down to the native town and passed some time in the brass bazaar, bargaining and watching some of the work being done, and afterwards about other parts of the town, wandering among a perfect maze of little narrow alleys, and occasionally coming across a temple or sacred well. These seem all built in among the ordinary houses, piled together in a queer conglomeration. The temples’ name is Legion in Benares, but none are of particular note or beauty. The stonework outside on the pillars and friezes is sometimes good, and there is one, the Golden Temple, conspicuous with two blazing domes, the gift of some pious and wealthy rajah. The “Cow Temple” is rather curious. There are some twenty or more cows, bulls, and bullocks, stalled and petted, and generally leading a very happy life in the cloisters round the temple. There appeared to be as many priests as cattle, and together with the laymen, who also swarm, are clamorous in their demands for backsheesh. In one of the temples we looked in at we were told we might go no further than a certain point. Of course we pulled up, but an old Brahmin came out and offered us an entrance for a rupee. We didn’t think it looked good enough, and were confirmed in our opinion when the old rascal gradually came down to four annas. However, he was just a “leetle” too clever. Had he let us in at first he would have had his “backsheesh” for his pains; as it was, he got nothing. It was getting dark by this time, and we saw a very pretty effect on one of the spires,



which had little spikes and nobs of brass all over it. In the moonlight these lit up splendidly, and gave the appearance of the whole column being illuminated. There were several old pokey stalls in these curious bits of streets, and we succeeded in making a few purchases. But our guide, I think, was a bit of a rogue, and rather spoilt our bargains, as these fellows all extort an exorbitant commission on the seller. This particular man was the same we had in the morning. He rather fancies himself, and is given to going to great lengths in philosophical harangues. He tells us he is very good caste, but he is "too jolly clever by half" for my liking.

*January 18th.*—We had a very jolly visit to the Maharajah this morning. Mr. Ross sent us word last night that Ramnagar (the palace) would be open for our inspection as soon after 7 o'clock as we liked to go, and that H.H. would send a carriage for us, and have a boat ready at his "Ghât" to cross the river. Accordingly, at 7 A.M., we went off in a large luxurious barouche, with a couple of attendants on the rumble, and our faithful Billy. Three-quarters of an hour's drive brought us to the river, where we found a small man with a large silver mace, in command of a boat's crew to take us across. This swell hardly carried the dignity of his silver rod into his dress and appearance; but still, on the whole, he gave us a very respectable air as he put himself into a picturesque attitude, leaning on his official bâton in the boat. The palace looks extremely well from the river, and has quite the look of an old feudal castle, rising up right above the river, a massive cluster of ancient and modern architecture. We marched into the palace yard behind our M.C., past the native sentries, and at the door of the palace itself were handed over to an English-speaking swell, a nice-looking, civil old fellow—I fancy one of His Highness's confidential advisers or secretaries. He ushered us through two or three rooms which were of no great account, and what ornaments and furniture there were, were very ordinary tawdry European stuff—e.g., dingy chandeliers, such as you would see in a London lodging-house, and four wonderful musical boxes with grotesque performing figures anticking by machinery—most childish, but they were all set going on our entry. The verandah on the terrace outside is more in keeping with Oriental notions, and has a fine marble floor and stone pillars. It looks immediately over the river, and there is a fine view of the whole extent of its windings up and down, a wide stretch of country, and the town of Benares in the distance. A few minutes, and a black-haired, copper-coloured swell makes his appearance, arrayed in a loose and very handsome jacket, with trousers and waistcoat of different patterns, all brocade work. We felt very commonplace in our shooting jackets. This was the Maharajah's nephew, his adopted son and heir. He is a very shy young gentleman of four- or five-and-twenty, speaking English brokenly and with difficulty. Conversation did not fly apace, but we managed to protract it for ten minutes or so, and were shown some rich "kinkobs" and embroidered mats of Benares work. We were

then told H.H. was coming to see us, so went into an ante-room, bowed and shook hands, made a few naturally pretty speeches through the interpreter, and adjourned to the reception room, where we all sat down to listen to some music. The Maharajah is an old man, hard upon seventy, I think, and has a very fine old face of his own, even when seen under the disadvantage of a handkerchief over his right eye. The poor old fellow has been suffering from his eyes for some time. He appeared only in a *déshabille*, a loose yellow robe and trousers, and a pair of very common patent leather shoes as his foot coverings. The heir apparent is by no means so handsome as his old uncle, nor the grandson either, a little fellow of ten or twelve, who came in during the reception, and having shaken hands very uncomfortably all round, sat down very uncomfortably on a chair in front of his grandsire. He had "got 'em *all* on"—a gorgeous yellow brocade jacket, blue and gold waistcoat, yellow trousers, and embroidered shoes, with a finely embroidered little cap. We sat listening to the music for more than half-an-hour, the old Maharajah smoking away at his morning hookah disagreeably close to my nose, as I was sitting next to him. It had a horribly sickly smell. He cannot talk much English, H.H., his only two words being "grandson" when he introduced that personage, and "good-bye" when we parted. He conversed a little with us through the interpreter, who himself was very affable, and took great interest in our travels. The Rajah, too, got bolder as we got more intimate, and expressed himself very interested at hearing of H.H. of Jahore. All this time sweet music was going on, which was really very pretty. The instrument was a kind of guitar, with the handle much longer, and the lower part made of half a pomegranate. The man who played was quite an artist, and played uncommonly well, and with great expression. He is said to practise six hours a day to keep his fingers in trim. There was another instrument brought in which is more of the shape of an ordinary guitar, only larger, and which is still more difficult to play—in fact, we were told there are only a few men in India who can play it at all. I cannot tell what it sounds like, as we were not treated to it. The *séance* terminated by a man bringing in a tray with some sort of brocade necklaces, which His Highness put round the necks of each of us with his own august hands, and having passed round his scent bottle, H.H. shook hands all round, we made our bow, and retired. We found an elephant waiting for us in the courtyard, and on his kneeling down we swarmed upon the howdah and started off, but we were only conveyed thus outside the palace precincts, and here found a carriage waiting to take us on to the gardens and temple of the Maharajah. Before going off we had a look at a fine old tiger, lately caught on H.H.'s preserves. He was still in the trap in which he had been taken, and was very fierce and angry still. It made one rather jump to see his great mouth open and his sharp fangs, and to hear his roar a few inches from our own face as we looked in through the bars, strong enough though they were. The

gardens we found prettily bedded out, and the temple had some fine stone carvings, the walls being all panels of grotesque figures and designs in relief. The doorways, too, were very good work. There was also a splendid tank in the temple precincts, the largest I have seen in India, with handsome flights of stone steps coming down on every side. As we got into the carriage again we received a bouquet of roses each, beautifully made up from the head garden, which, with our necklaces, made us look quite smart. Arrived back at the palace we crossed the river as before, and found our other conveyance waiting for us. We stopped at the "Monkey Temple" on our way back, and saw hundreds of these nimble creatures of every sort and size, sitting about their temple walls and roof, and swinging about in the branches of the trees overhead. They are all kept sacred here for some reason or other, and their lives considered inviolate. Consequently their numbers are enormous. We soon had a lot round us taking nuts, &c., out of our hands. Others remained at a more discreet distance and contented themselves with the pickings when we were gone. I need hardly say they do not confine their attentions to the temple alone, but may be seen swarming all through the village—on the roofs, walls, and window-sills, and loafing about on the road or near the tanks; but I believe there is a limit placed beyond which it is lawful to destroy them, so their numbers are kept a little in check. As it is they are a frightful pest and nuisance in the place, but to a visitor look very delicious. They are the great attraction to the temple, which of itself is of no great account. It was past 12 before we got in again to the hotel, and we had had no breakfast, only "chota haziri," before starting. We had been offered some "refreshments" at the palace, but as the bashful prince did not seem very keen on it, and we did not think we should have been so long away, we had modestly declined. A biscuit or so kept us going, however, till 2 o'clock tiffin, after which we went into the town again and spent the afternoon poking about the streets and shops, where we came in for a marriage procession. The bride was not of the party, but the unhappy-looking bridegroom was being marched through the town under a gorgeously embroidered umbrella. The procession itself was a quaint mixture. There was a long line of horses—some miserable brutes, others well-bred-looking Arabs, in gaudy trappings and silver-studded cruppers fastened to an English saddle. Then there were crowds of followers and interlopers, mostly of the rag-tag and bob-tail order, except round the immediate person of the "victim." These were men in ordinary native costumes with large silver maces in their hands. There was plenty of music, too, along the line, but not of an edifying order. In one part drums and a sort of fife, in others these were helped off by a broken-winded bugle short of one or two keys, but it made a grand noise, which was no doubt a great object. We had a moonlight drive home in two native carts. Somebody suggested we should put our boys in the gharry and try the consequences of the place. The idea was carried

out instanter, and we laid violent hands on a couple and bade them drive at best speed back to the hotel. George and Brown got a first-rate nag, and flew along at a great pace. Our steed was more demure, and wanted considerable encouragement. They are not half bad traps to ride in after all. It is true there is no room to spare, and the driver sits almost touching his horse's tail, with a leg on either side of the beast, whom he attacks in the flanks with vigour by means of his toes. The vehicle itself is a crude, very crude, and smaller edition of an Irish car—at least the principle is something the same, the passengers sitting back to back with their legs over the wheels, from which they are protected by a piece of bamboo.

*January 19th.*—This morning before breakfast we went to visit Sarnath, an old Buddhist temple, or rather the ruins thereof, about five miles' drive from this. It is generally considered the oldest Buddhist remains in India, some great Chinese traveller having alluded to a visit here in the fourth century. However, it has more interest for an antiquarian; for casual amateurs like ourselves it is almost too much of a ruin, there being little left standing except a curious old "top" or tower, about the history of which I believe the learned gentlemen of antiquarian research are not of one mind, though as far as I can make out it is a sort of memorial to Buddha, to commemorate his stay here after his seclusion at Gaze, only unfortunately the Mussulman came and interrupted operations; and the top part is not faced at all, being left in rough brick. The lower part is faced with stone slabs carved in relief in places where it has not fallen in. It is a solid piece of brick and stone masonry over 100 feet in height, and about 90 feet through at the base, the second tier (the unfinished part) being considerably less. A small tunnel has been excavated through in course of the researches, and through this we crawled, led by a boy with a native blazing torch. The temple, or monastery, or whatever it was, must have occupied a large area of ground. We walked about half-a-mile to the remains of an octagonal tower on the top of a hill, or rather, I think, an artificial mound built up of mud and bricks, and then resumed our carriage, and drove back to the hotel and breakfast. We then went down for a farewell visit to the bazaar and native town. We split up in different detachments and went our several ways in the end. I found my way through several quaint old streets and past a few temples. I also came in for the second edition of yesterday's marriage—the friends and relations of the bride taking her her wedding present, though it seemed rather a poor sort of thing to make such a fuss about. I don't like to think what must be the atmosphere in these regions during the hot weather. Just now, considering the narrowness of the streets and the compact way in which the houses are all huddled together, there is really not much to complain of in the way of noxious odours; but during the great heat it must be awful. In many of the streets there is simply not room for a small cart to pass along, and in some of the bye-alleys a fair-sized wheelbarrow would

be rather an awkward customer to pass. We left Benares at 9 P.M., and reached Cawnpore 9.35 A.M. on

*January 20th.*—Having deposited our bulky baggage at the “cloak room,” we went over to Lee’s Hotel, had breakfast, and, under the guidance of Mr. Lee in person, proceeded to “do” Cawnpore and visit the scenes of all the horrors and massacres which took place in ’57. Lee himself was Sergeant in the 53rd at that time, and is able to give his own experiences. He was with Sir Henry Havelock on his march to the relief of Lucknow, and consequently was present when that General arrived before Cawnpore too late to stop the massacres by Nana Sahib. His descriptions of the burying the dead at the well, and other frightful scenes of horror, were brought very vividly back to one, as, though perhaps a trifle theatrical and prosy, he told his tale and fought his battles over again very graphically, and I think without exaggeration. He was subsequently at the relief and fall of Lucknow, and in fact through the whole of the rest of the war, and has been in India ever since. He drove us four (Brown being with us) and a Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan all round the different spots of interest, from Wheeler’s entrenchment to the scene of the massacre in the boats, and the memorial over the fatal well, and at each spot he gave us the whole story and many a thrilling anecdote. He was a little fond of mentioning No. 1, but I can quite fancy him to have been a fine specimen of the British soldier, and there is no doubt it wanted a strong man to go through all those hardships and privations and live to tell the tale of all. Wheeler’s entrenchment is still marked out with small stone posts just jutting out of the ground, and at the extremity is the Memorial Church. The architect has not been happy in his design, I think, and the exterior is anything but handsome. Inside it is somewhat better, and the different tablets all round speak for themselves. At the river bank where the mutineers fired into all the boats, nothing has been done, and the spot is just as it was; but the memorial gardens consecrated all round the well are nicely kept. The memorial angel and enclosure round the well is more satisfactory than the church, but not altogether as appropriate a monument as might have been. We were all the morning going round until past 2 o’clock, and it was all “horribly” interesting—the more so from having an old soldier and eye-witness to be with us. There is nothing else to be seen in Cawnpore. The native town has no very peculiar attractions. We went down there for an hour or so to pass the afternoon, and about 5.30 returned to the hotel, had a cup of tea, laid hold of a small portmanteau each, and at 6.30 were *en route* for Lucknow. We had been vacillating a good bit about coming on here, owing to rumours of cholera and small-pox. The accounts were so conflicting that it was difficult to make anything of it; but we had almost decided to give it up, until meeting Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, who had just come from there; they told us there was really no need for any fear, the cantonments being

well out of the native town ; and, as a matter of fact, there was little more small-pox than is usual at this time of year, and cholera was a myth altogether. So here we are since 8.30 at Hill's Hotel, a large building originally built for one of the old King of Oudh's officials.

*January 21st.*—Before breakfast went to see the old Residency, from its associations the most interesting sight in Lucknow. The shot marks alone speak volumes. I never saw a place so marked as the gateway at the entrance to the Residency buildings close to the "Baillie Guard," and within it is the same thing, all the buildings having nothing but bare walls left standing, and these riddled with round shot and musketry balls. It is not so sad a place to visit as Cawnpore. Of course the hardships of the besieged were very great, and were protracted for a greater length of time than those of their fellow-sufferers at Cawnpore, but the women and children had good shelter in the underground rooms of the different buildings, and, thanks to the forethought of Sir H. Lawrence, had a good store of provisions laid up during the siege. One wonders, though, how the mutineers were kept at bay all that time with their enormous superiority in numbers. We had for a guide a fairly decent man, a native, who, seven years old at that time, had belonged to the household of Sir H. Lawrence, his parents, so he said, having been among the faithful ones. The ruins are now enclosed in a very prettily kept garden, and are *quâ* ruins among the prettiest I remember to have seen anywhere, with beautiful creepers clustering thickly all about the walls. All seems so peaceful now ; it seems hard to realise the place filled with, I think, upwards of 2,000 persons, the daily scene of death, disease, and bloodshed, and with incessant showers of shot pouring in all day long. Unfortunately the cemetery is the least well kept spot in the grounds, and many of the tombs showed signs of neglect. It struck me as a pity, too, that there was almost *too much* put on them in the way of inscriptions. That of Sir H. Lawrence is a striking exception. "Who tried to do his duty" is the only commentary, and its simplicity is all the more impressive. There is, however, a very ugly cross monument lately put up in another part to his memory, but to my mind not nearly so appropriate. After breakfast we started off in a gharry, and had a well-occupied morning sight-seeing. I was agreeably surprised by the palaces of Lucknow, as I had been hearing them rather run down of late. The "Inambara" is particularly fine. It is included within the walls of the fort, which itself is very interesting in the way of architecture, with very fine archways and carved stucco-work. The magazine where arms and ammunition were stored at the time of the Mutiny, and which was blown up by the English just before their retirement into the Residency, is close by, and forms now one of the buildings of the fort. The "Inambara" itself was built towards the end of the last century as a famine relief work, and cost a fabulous sum of money. The façade is very curious, with its bold archway and terraced roof, and inside are several spacious halls leading from

one to another with very handsome proportions and beautiful stucco-work. "Stucco-work" perhaps gives rather a feeble idea, because this is something of quite superior order, and even now, with cobwebs and dust of many years running rampant all over it, you can see what a pure whiteness it must all have been once, and what exquisite detail and clearness of outline there is. It is now used as artillery barracks, and big guns fill the rooms. I believe originally it was used for some special Mohammedan service. A splendid mosque adjoins and fills up one side of the quadrangle at right angles to the Inambara (Patriarch's palace). Part of this is now used as garrison church. We struggled up to the top of one of the lofty minarets, and got a grand view of all the domes, spires, and minarets of Lucknow, as well as a good general idea of the lay of the country, and a bird's-eye view of the fort. I cannot, if I wished it, do "guide book" to the different "objects of interest" here in detail, though I was much pleased with all I saw. The brickwork all through is very good and substantial—little red bricks, much the same as the old Roman brick. The Inambara itself is built entirely of brick, with no iron or wood in the whole building. This good brickwork, by the way, is noticeable through all the Residency buildings, and well for the poor beleaguered that it was so strong. The whole place has a very Moorish look with the different mosques. The fishes, too, which are disporting themselves over the arches and doors throughout the fort are very quaint and well done. They are the old emblems of the Oudh kings. The "Hasenabad," or lesser Inambara, "next claims our attention," but I didn't care about this so much. So much of it is in horrid taste, gaudy and tawdry, especially in the interior of one of the halls, where cheap-jack chandeliers, twopenny ha'penny mirrors, and common glass balls are great features, and thought a great deal of. The general plan and proportions of the architecture, seen from the outside, are good, but spoiled by the horrible colour of the walls, &c. The "Jama Musjid," or Cathedral Mosque—the *boss* mosque, in fact—is a grand building, with enormous domes and towering minarets and a handsome polished marble floor. We then came round to the silver bazaar, where the native silver-work is made and sold; but we did not find the people very amenable. However, just before dinner a man with whom I had been in treaty for some things came up to the hotel with them again, and eventually came down to my figure. We did not stay long or penetrate into the native town, for prudential reasons, and, after a look at one or two silver stores, returned to the hotel for tiffin. As we were only devoting one day to Lucknow, we started off again soon afterwards to see the rest of what was to be seen, and drove in turn to the "Kaiser Bagh," where the kings of Oudh of later years, including his present ex-Majesty, who lives at Calcutta, kept their half-century of wives; the "Dil Kusha," a sort of villa residence or hunting box for their majesties, now a picturesque ruin (it was used to receive some of the refugees from the Residency after the relief, and was afterwards dismantled and pillaged by the

enraged mutineers); and the "*Martinière*." This last is a scholastic institution founded by a Frenchman, Martine, in the last century. This gentleman originally served under Lally in the disturbances of the French and English, and after the battle of Plassy became friends with his late foes, and made himself, subsequently, generally obliging, useful, and agreeable under the King of Oudh. His bones lie in an honoured grave beneath his own institution, though they were disturbed during the Mutiny wars by the rebels who got hold of the place and hoped to find treasures within the tomb, but were sold! We went over all the place, and up into the lofty edifice in the centre, which is a curious mixture of Greek, Italian, and Indian art, but presents a very imposing appearance from down below, and commands a grand extent of country all round. The boys were having holidays, so we only saw their dormitories. Wingfield Park is a very pretty garden, which we visit on our way back, with a fine show of roses, though they are not in full beauty just now, and after seeing this we have come to the end of our sights, after a busy though very enjoyable day. We left in the evening at 8.30, reached Cawnpore, an hour late, at midnight, and an hour afterwards had taken the E.B.R. mail for Agra, where we arrived this morning.

*January 22nd*, at 8.30, and are now comfortably "located" in Lawrie & Statten's Great Northern Hotel. We took it easy all the morning. I found a budget of letters at the Bank of Bengal, and they helped to pass the time until tiffin, part of which time we had an old Hindu minstrel performing on a sort of harp outside our rooms, his *répertoire* including "We won't go home till morning," which he not only played, but sang!! We reserve the palaces and monuments of Agra for to-morrow, and content ourselves with perambulating the bazaars and other parts of the town in the afternoon. Some of the native houses have some nice stone-work about them, carvings and open-work balustrades, and the streets are fairly wide, but the bazaars themselves afford nothing very novel or curious. We were to have gone and seen the Taj after dinner this evening, to have a view of it by moonlight; but the clouds ruled otherwise, and completely took the shine out of the moon when we should have been going off, so we wisely stayed at home. I say wisely advisedly, as it is now raining hard, and I am not sorry to see a little moisture, if only to lay the dust, which is horrible.

*January 23rd*.—To-day we have spent seeing the fort, where all the chief architectural beauties, the Taj excepted, are to be found. We went there for a couple of hours before breakfast, and again from tiffin until sunset we have been poking about old ruins and inspecting beautiful marble-work. The fort is about a mile from the hotel, within easy walking distance, and in this respect a great improvement on Benares, where the hotels are terribly out of the way of everything. It is a large and very fine-looking fortress, with walls 70 or 80 feet high, and a deep double moat all round. Within is a strange mixed collection of buildings, conspicuous among the rest being the white



marble domes of the "Pearl Mosque," which appear just over the top of the walls when seen from outside, and show up very well in contrast with the red sandstone around. The "elephant gate" by which we entered is a magnificent portal of that stone, faced in places with white marble. Agra used to be the Imperial seat in the early days of the Moguls, and the palace is within the walls of the fortress. White marble is the predominant building material used, whether plain, carved, or inlaid, and there are several most lovely halls and private apartments of their Majesties and their wives. The first hall we came to was the audience and reception chamber, an open-air hall supported on beautiful white pillars, and a recess in the centre where the emperor sat in former days to see the show or administer justice. It is all of white marble, most beautifully ornamented and inlaid. The throne is there too. On either side are little rooms with trellised windows, whence the wives could see the fun when they were not allowed to put in an appearance. Above these is a little gem of a mosque of white marble, but rather shut in between the walls. From here we went to a series of more private drawing-rooms, on the east wall of the castle, overlooking the Jumna and the Taj, and here we saw some lovely marble-work, sculptures and inlaid work and pillars. The trelliswork balustrades especially are very good, and from a distance look like so much fine lacework. Each panel is different, and the work extremely fine and delicate. A good deal in the way of repairs is being done now, and it was very pretty work to watch. There is a great deal to be done one way and another, a good deal having never been finished, and other parts having got tarnished and worn from weather and other causes. The ladies' bath-room is a curious place, with mirrors let in in the most intricate way into walls of elaborate stucco-work. There is a different style again to all this in another corner of the fort, though this is more of a ruin. Enough, however, remains to show some very good and curious stonework. The carvings are extremely good. There is plenty of it, and it will bear the closest looking into. This is, I believe, the original palace of Mr. Akbar, and the only part of it left standing. Most of the marble-work was done about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is wonderful the amount of money these old despots must have lavished on their tombs and palaces alone. The Taj itself is estimated at between two and four millions of pounds sterling—though that, I believe, has never been all paid for. But they certainly had a building mania, all of them. It was very jolly, rambling about at our own sweet will and pleasure, and not having to endure that objectionable personage, a guide. We just roamed about where and how we liked, and when we wanted any information, referred to certain little 12mos in our pockets. It is a rambling sort of place though, with a perfect maze of wonderful little staircases, leading to the flat roofs of the buildings, or communicating with funny little passages and rooms. I think a stranger must have found it a difficult matter to get to his own room the first evening or

two!! Perhaps the most striking building in the fort is the Pearl Mosque, of whose domes I spoke just now. It is quite unique of its kind, I believe—at all events I never saw the like, and some knowing ones say “quite perfect of its kind.” However, as another gentleman goes on to deny this, and pick big holes in it, I suppose it is not absolutely faultless. It is raised on a high sandstone mound so as to tower above everything else, and after going up a flight of steps you find yourself at a handsome sandstone gateway, and next minute you are in a complete atmosphere of marble, a large quadrangle about as large as the school-yard at Eton, completely surrounded by cloisters of white marble. Unlike most of the rest of the palace, it is almost entirely plain and devoid of any ornamentation or sculpture. The courtyard itself is paved with white marble, and the whole thing, as we sit on the sides of the small tank, gives one the feeling of such absolute peace and rest, the only contrast of colour being the vault of blue sky above us. It sounds, perhaps, as if it ought to be glaring or monotonous, but I found it neither. There is a soft tone about the marble which takes off from that effect. In the middle of the cloisters, on three sides, are three noble archways, and opposite the one we have come in at is the mosque itself, the domes surmounting a long low hall or corridor, open to the court, divided into three aisles by shapely arches, making a vista of lovely pillars as you look through them. The only attempt at decoration is in four very handsome marble screens of flowery open trelliswork, perhaps rather out of keeping with the plainness all around, but exquisitely graceful and beautiful in themselves, and looking like a delicate fringe of lacework. From the top of the mosque we got a fine view of the whole fort, the Taj, and the whole country as far as we could see, which, as the land is as flat as a table-cloth, was a considerable extent. This evening was beautifully clear, with a glorious moon, almost full, and we went off after dinner to see the Taj. Notwithstanding all the rhapsodies I had heard of this wonderful edifice, I was more than delighted. Seen for the first time, and under such favourable circumstances, the sight is perfectly entrancing, and I shall never forget it. The entrance is by a noble archway of red sandstone, faced and pointed with white marble inlaid, and down a long avenue of trees we see the mausoleum itself shining in the soft light of the moon. We are soon on the handsome broad platform on which it is built, and from whichever side we look at it the effect is almost heavenly. It is an enormous pile, all of pure white marble, except for the precious stones with which it is inlaid, which seem in the moonlight to shine and glitter like burnished metal. There is a long Arabic inscription inlaid the whole way round the massive archway of scrolls of delicate inlaid flower-work all over the face. In shape the building is octagonal, with a grand deep arch at four of the sides, flanked by four large windows deep in the recesses of the wall, and on each of the remaining four sides are two more deep windows of the same kind. On each side of the archways rise pillars of pure white and

of exquisite workmanship, and above, on the roof, a large dome with four smaller ones at the corners. The delicate tints and shades on all this, and reflected in the moonlight (and such a moon!), seem scarcely to belong to the earth, and when you contemplate the enormous labour of the whole it scarcely seems the "art of man's device." At each corner of the raised platform on which the mausoleum is built are four towers of marble, the stones picked out in black, and from the turrets of these you get a lovely view of the whole, and better still even from the terrace of another building a little way off. There is nothing to break the harmony or charm of the scene, or interfere or clash with the lovely object on which we gaze. On one side is the river, immediately over which the Taj is built; on the other the deep shade of the trees and shrubs of the grounds enclosing it, the effect being heightened by the contrast of the green, and the fairy-like illusion of the whole being enhanced by the glinting of the silvery rays through the trees. Time forbids more rhapsodies for the present. We stayed till 10.30, delighted and enchanted with what we had seen, and drove back to bed.

## JOURNAL LXIII.

### *Agra.*

*January 24th.*—Another very interesting day among the Mogul monuments. In the morning, after breakfast, Brown and H. went to the fort, G. and I to the Taj, where we spent our time nearly entirely within the mausoleum. I don't think I mentioned the interior much in my account of last night. We could not see it well at night, except for a few minutes by some magnesian lights, which allowed us to see the general effect, beautiful certainly in itself, but allowing no detailed inspection. For this you must go by daylight. Then the intricate work is seen to perfection, but the whole view of the outside is much more pleasing under the influence of the moon than of the sun, when the glare is very trying—indeed, in bright morning sunlight it is impossible to look up at the dazzling white walls. Well, we confined ourselves to a closer look at the work, and truly it is wonderful. The huge slabs of marble in the entrance of the archways, some 8 feet long, are extremely fine, with natural flowers most beautifully carved, and many of them with perfect natural grace in the bending of the stalks and leaves. These slabs are set in a frame of inlaid work of precious stones, let into the white marble in lovely floral scrolls. Within the mausoleum is a gallery running the whole way round the outer walls, divided into little chambers, the alternate ones of which are ornamented with these same sort of carved slabs and inlaid work around, the intermediate ones being quite plain. Within this gallery is a lofty chamber of regular octagonal shape (the outer walls, though actually numbering eight sides, are really in the form of a square with the corners cut off),

with sixteen open arches in two stories, which let in the light through marble trellis windows. A lovely soft light it is, admitted thus partially, the brightness of the white marble within naturally not requiring much lighting up. In the lower arches are more huge marble slabs, carvings, and inlay. It is in the centre of this building where the tombs of Shah Jehan and his wife are (or more properly the cenotaphs; the actual tombs are in the vaults underneath), surrounded by a most perfect white marble open-work screen, octagonal in shape like the room. The different panels are each of different patterns and each surrounded by a floral scroll, different in each panel, of precious stones inlaid. I never saw such marvellous work. Though the flowers are often repeated, each single one is a study—indeed, each little leaf, and the delicate curves of each little detail are exactly true to nature. In one leaf and petal alone, I counted as many as fifteen different stones, though you have to look very close to see that they are all separate. It is the most beautiful inlaid work I can imagine. There are degrees of excellence apparent, and there are stones which are much finer in colour than others, but this only makes it more interesting to look into. But the most perfect of all is within the screen, on one of the cenotaphs. Exquisite as I had found the rest, this was even more so: it seemed as if you had only to squeeze the leaves for them to crumble in your hand, and there was one tree on the top as near nature as could be, and looking as if it only wanted a small breath for you to see the leaves begin to wave. We remained inside the building for a long time. There is an infinite variety to look at, which you can only appreciate by remaining some time and taking it easy. Before leaving, however, we went up to the top of one of the minarets which guard the four corners of the platform on which the Taj stands. We were too much above the Taj itself, but had a capital view of the city and fort, about a couple of miles higher up the river. We also went up the gateway, from which coign of vantage you get the best view to be had of the general idea of the Taj, seen about two hundred yards off, at the end of the garden. The main building is seen at the bottom of the long alley of well-kept trees and plants, with an artificial stream running down the centre, while the minarets and domes of the sandstone wings on either side the boundary wall of the garden just appear above the trees. The afternoon we spent visiting the tomb of the great Akbar, at Sikandra, five or six miles distant. The road we take is the old north-west road to Delhi and Lahore, and almost the whole way along are remains, more or less ruinous, of tombs of ancient swells. Sikandra itself is in a large park, with a high wall running all the way round. In the centre of each four sides is a large gateway, two of which are now in different stages of ruin. The third is undergoing extensive restoration, and the fourth, the main entrance, is in very good repair, except for the four white minarets on the top, the upper parts of which have been broken off. This is the way we come in. It is a grand archway of red sandstone

faced and picked out and inlaid with white, black, and yellow marble arranged in places in different panels of very quaint pattern. A white marble frieze, in Persian characters, runs round the gate, and makes a very artistic finish. The characters I find extremely quaint and ornamental, and serve the purpose of history and ornament at the same time. The mausoleum stands in the middle of the garden, and rises in pyramid fashion in five terraces, each terrace with arched cloisters running all round, and rows of cupolas in front resting on arched pillars. The top platform is of white marble open to the sky, and has a lovely trelliswork screen of white marble all round, worked in various artistic designs, and within this court is the tomb of the great man, of white marble ornamented with sculptured devices and long Arabic inscriptions. The tomb proper is on the ground floor, and is quite plain. We walked to the gateway, which is being repaired. It is not so large as the main arch, but in the same style, red sandstone with different coloured marbles let in. Underneath the archway itself are the remnants of some elaborate paintings, now very much faded, and in two corners a very curious collection of little niches all huddled together. I expect all this will be awfully stupid to read, but it is almost impossible to give a just idea of these different piles on paper—at least I find it so. We had hoped for another bright night for the Taj, but the clouds have come up, and it is trying to rain a little, “which it were very disappointing,” as the moon is at her best now.

*Dák Bungalow, Futtipoor Sikri.*

*January 25th.*—Well, it has succeeded in raining to-day. After a showery morning, it began to pour about 1 o'clock, and has continued to pour steadily and pertinaciously ever since, so that we had a wettish drive over here. But I'd better jot down our morning notes first. After breakfast we took a gharry and drove over the pontoon bridge to the tomb of Itmud-daulah, a Persian swell, father of Nur Jehan, the empress wife of Jahangir, the fourth of the Mogul despots. It is in a small, nicely kept garden, a square, single-storied mausoleum of white marble, very thickly inlaid with coloured, and from a little way off the effect is very striking. It is different in form, and with a greater mass of inlaid stones than any of the others we had seen here. On a closer inspection, however, the work is much rougher, and there is nothing like the finish which most other buildings show. In the different rooms round the basemènt there must have been some very good paintings and plaster-work, which have now fallen into decay. The cenotaph is above, within a wonderfully handsome screen of pierced marble fretwork, the slabs being splendid blocks of 6 feet square, and cut out in very rich designs. There are four little kiosques at each of the four corners, also with coloured marble patterns let into the white; but here again, though the designs are some of them very good, the actual work is not. I

am glad to say that the place is being well kept up, and judicious repairs are going on, filling in the places where stones are wanting. "China-ka-Rozah" is an old ruined brick tomb about half-a-mile lower down the river. It has some curious remains of enamel-work on bits of the walls, which were, no doubt, as also the dome, all covered in the same way. The effect must have been very brilliant. Even now the colours are wonderfully bright and vivid, though there are only patches of it here and there, the whole building being in a very ruined state. This work seems to have been made of a kind of sandstone, with enamel of different colours, and laid on so as to completely face the original wall. It was nearly tiffin time when we got back to the hotel, and we had just time to roll up our beds, and, tiffin over, start off in a very comfortable sort of victoria carriage for this place. It is time that I explained our whereabouts. We have taken up our abode for the night in a deserted city. Futtipoor Sikri was for about fifteen years the capital city of Akbar, who I believe built the whole place, about three years after the fort of Agra was begun. However, for various reasons Agra was found more suitable, so the Court and everybody else turned out bag and baggage, and "never came back no more." It is a drive of twenty-two miles, a very flat and uninteresting drive, especially in the pouring rain. We were fairly proof against the elements with the head of the vehicle up, and enveloped Billy, who was on the box seat, in various mackintoshes, within which he completely disappeared, turban and all, and I trust has taken no harm. We took a look round the immediate surroundings on arrival, but I forbear descriptions for the present, as we only got a rather misty view of a curious rambling collection of buildings, in which cloistered passages and pillared ways seem to play an active (or passive?) part. We have taken up our quarters in a very snug bungalow—a large lofty stone hall, with deep mullioned windows and deep recesses, forming our dining and sleeping apartments. The chief objection seems to be the open-work windows at the top, through which an unpleasantly fresh zephyr is playing. We have brought our own bedding and food, and now to see what the latter is good for.

### *Agra.*

*January 26th.*—We began our inspection of Futtipoor Sikri soon after 7 o'clock this morning, and spent our time before breakfast in the "Durgah," a large quadrangle over a hundred yards square, where the best preserved buildings are. The most imposing of these is the gateway on the south side—a magnificent piece of masonry of red sandstone. It is at the same time a sort of triumphal arch as well as gateway, towering an immense height over the surrounding buildings. The outer face is the finest thing I have ever seen of the sort. Its massive proportions are grand, without any coloured ornamentation—just the solid stone with light carvings

round the arched balconies on its face, and a long Persian scroll round the main arch. The wings, instead of being straight out on either side, slope back at half right angle, and help to give the fine appearance it has as you approach. Nearly the whole length of the west side of the court is taken up by a large mosque. The centre hall is a splendid lofty vaulted place of assembly, the most striking, I think, I have seen here; and the wings also, supported on carved pillars of red sandstone, are very fine. In the quadrangle, in a line with the entrance gateway, is the tomb of the saint Sheik Selim Christi, the holy man who was the legendary cause of Akbar's choosing this site for his city. The mausoleum is of pierced marble-work. Two of the sides are the most beautiful of this sort I have seen. From a little distance they look like two huge pieces of the most intricate lacework. Inside there is a large inlaid mother-of-pearl sort of bedstead, and some tawdry paintings on the wall. Though beautiful work in itself, this tomb rather clashes from the outside with the more severe style and colour of the other buildings, which are everywhere of solid stonework. In fact, all through this old palace the most striking characteristics are the solid masonry of all the buildings and the exquisite carvings in the stone. Of the latter we saw some beautiful specimens after breakfast in the Turkish Queen's house in the Pachisi, a large square so called from its resemblance to the pattern of the Pachisi board, an old game that used to be played with kind of dice, and in the house of a certain Beerbal, a favourite courtier in the reign of Akbar. The first of these is partly in ruins, but the lovely monolith carved pillars remain, and also the interior of the apartment, with beautiful specimens of carved panels on the walls. It is a little gem of a building, and the workmanship perfectly finished. The other house is even more perfect, both in repair and finish. It is fitted up now as a Dâk bungalow for the use of visitors, in the same way as the old Record Office where we were, and must be a charming billet. The whole building is entirely of stonework, not a piece of wood being used throughout, the ceilings being supported by carved cornices and arches, the whole face of the walls, too, being a maze of carved tracery. The old stables are near here, fine spacious ones too, with stalls and mangers of stone, and stone rings for fastening the cattle. Of the other buildings the "Panch Mahal" and Dewan-i-Khas are the most curious; the latter, the Hall of Audience, a small room with a most quaintly carved single pillar in the centre, and going about half-way up the hall, from which point radiate four immense slabs of stone to the four corners. It is not exactly known for what object this was, but it is supposed that the king used to sit in the middle and discourse to his audience seated on the four balustrades. The "Panch Mahal" is a terraced edifice, five stories high, each platform being supported on carved stone pillars, and growing gradually smaller as they go up until the top one is a little kiosque supported on four columns. In their quadrangle, too, is a

very pretty little pavilion, with very curious carved stone supports in the shape of wriggling and sometimes conventional dragons, starting from the columns at the corners, so as to form the apex of a triangle in centre. Here again the chiselling is beautifully done. The Hothai Pol Danoaza, or north-west gateway, must have been rather a fine entrance once, with two stone life-sized elephants on the face on each side the gate, with trunks meeting and interlaced in the middle. Now only the carcasses remain. Beyond this, and just within the city walls (which, by the way, were seven miles in circumference), is the Deer Minaret, or tower where the emperor used to go and sit to pot deer and other game that were driven towards him. It is supposed to be built over the grave of His Majesty's pet elephant, and so has its walls all covered with protuberances meant to represent elephants' trunks; but it is hardly a success, and the effect is not very handsome or artistic. All about this part of the town, and indeed all round the lower ground, the buildings are in complete ruins—in some places not much better than heaps of brick and rubbish, and close to the walls they have disappeared altogether, and the natives now plant their crops there. The site of the city is very well chosen, on the top of a hill, one of the very few about, and commanding a sweeping view all round. The palace and all principal buildings were, of course, at the top of the dependencies, &c., lower down the hill, as far as the outer wall, which is on the plain itself. This is still intact in most places, and where missing you can perfectly make out the line of foundations. Altogether it is a most interesting place to visit. The buildings themselves are some of them very fine, and in some instances unique or perfect specimens of their particular style of architecture; while the old legends connected with different places are some of them very amusing. There is one of the infant son of the holy Sheik Selim, a very forward boy for his years, or months rather,—he was only six months old,—who, on hearing that the emperor, who had lost all his children, could only have a son to succeed him by the sacrifice of another child, gallantly replied that he would be most happy to make himself obliging, and promptly expired, with most successful results to the emperor. There is a large well outside the large gateway, and here just before tiffin we were treated to a gymnastic *séance* by some little boys, who, for our edification and a few annas, precipitated themselves feet foremost into the dirty-looking water some 20 feet below, while two men jumped off the top of the wall about 50 or 60 feet above. They seemed to double their legs up under them as they fell, and came down like a great lump into the water. I suppose they enjoyed it, but I had rather they do it than I. The weather was very kind to-day, and though clouds were rolling about still, the day was very pleasant. On the way home, however,—we got back about 6.30,—we came in for half-an-hour's ducking, and narrowly escaped an awful storm which burst about five minutes after our return. The rain came down in sheets, and the thunder and lightning were pretty lively too. It cleared up again after



dinner, and as the moon emerged from the clouds, resplendent, about 9.30, we hailed a gharry and drove off to the Taj, where we spent an hour admiring this marvellous monument.

*January 27th.*—This morning after breakfast, and after sending off some telegrams to Gwalior, we repaired to the Taj and amused ourselves again within the interior, examining the beautiful work. It was very interesting going back there again, and finding out new beauties in the artistic designs on the tombs and round the walls. In the afternoon G. and I renewed acquaintance with the fort, going back to some of the pet places, which lost nothing by a second, or rather third visit. The colonnades of the Pearl Mosque are certainly lovely. There is something almost solemn in their stately grandeur. The little Gem Mosque, too, is quite a gem, and all that beautiful work on the east wall of the fort overlooking the river we loafed about with great pleasure, looking into the work and comparing it with what we had seen.

#### JOURNAL LXIV.

##### *Dâk Bungalow, Morar (Gwalior).*

*January 29th.*—We left Agra this morning at 9 o'clock, and arrived at Morar Road Station at 2 o'clock, the cantonment station for Gwalior, and about a mile from the European quarter. We were like to have had an accident this morning coming from the hotel at Agra to the station—in fact, we did have an accident, but no damage done. We suddenly remembered that we had forgotten our sandwiches, which we had ordered for our lunch in the train, so gave the word right about turn to the driver. He evidently misunderstood the word of command. At any rate, not only did he turn about, but he whipped round so sharp that he turned us completely *over*, and the next moment we might have been seen, the trap and horse lying on its side, the coachman and our two boys sprawling in the midst of our luggage on the road, and our four selves standing up, our heads appearing through the window of the prostrate vehicle. Luckily there was no glass about the carriage, and we went over so quietly that no one was at all hurt, and our first idea was a fit of laughter at the ludicrous appearance we showed. Sam, Brown's boy, came most to grief, receiving Brown's gun case in the small of his back, but he is not very bad. Fortunately we had allowed ourselves plenty of time, and while we sent back for another trap we got our crippled conveyance on its legs, and freed the wretched horse, who had got rather mixed up in the shafts, but was not otherwise hurt, and we got down to the station safely and in good time. The chief interest of Gwalior is the fort, situated about three miles from here on a splendid piece of rock, about a mile in length, rising, in places precipitously, from the plain a considerable height, and seeming all the higher from the extreme flatness of the country around. South-

ward, it is true, there is a small range of low barren hills, and near the city on one side it is more wooded than ordinarily up in these parts; but on the whole it is bleak flat country all round. The fort, too, is on the whole disappointing when you get up to the top, though in a military point of view it is a splendid position, and one of the strongest fortresses in Northern India. There are two or three interesting old remains of Hindu temples, one of a style new to me. It is rather fallen to pieces, and the features and limbs of the grotesque stone figures have suffered from age; but there is still some curious and good stonework remaining, and some extremely fine monolith carved pillars inside. On our way back we stopped at the tomb of a certain saintly gentleman—I forget his name—but were not, I'm afraid, greatly struck by the beauty of the building, nor the sweetness and cleanliness of its surroundings, and returned, in a rather craving state, to dinner at our modest billet.

*January 30th.*—Soon after 7 we went off to see the rock sculptures in the fort. These are very curious old Buddhist figures, cut out in the solid rock on the face of the fort, and are some of them of colossal proportions, the largest being as much as 37 feet high, with feet 9 feet long. The limbs are all on the same scale of hugeness, but the figures are not well-proportioned, the waists being absurdly short in proportion to their grotesquely enormous legs. The faces are nearly all more or less mutilated, and the bodies in some cases hacked about—the work, this, of the fanatical Babar, when he took the fort. A few have been supplied with plaster or stucco faces, but the result is not happy. They date, I believe, from the end of the fifteenth century. By the time we had inspected these dear creatures it was time to return for breakfast. We tried to go to the native town of Lashkar, but owing to the stupidity of our coachman we spent all our time driving there, and had to turn back to the bungalow, so as to catch our train. However, I don't think we missed much. The old original town of Gwalior is just under the north and east sides of the fort; but, though it shows signs of great age, it didn't seem to have any other redeeming point, and the most decent part is now the newer city of Lashkar, at the southern extremity of the fort. Well, we had our breakfast comfortably, and took the train at 12.20 for Agra, which we reached at 5.30. Had dinner at the hotel, picked up our heavy baggage, and left for Delhi at 10.40, changed trains at Toondla, at midnight, and reached this at 6.30 A.M. on

#### *Great Eastern Hotel, Delhi.*

*January 31st.*—We seem to be in a very snug little hotel, situated on the walls of the city, our proprietor a curly-pated obsequious African, and at present we cannot complain of being oppressed by fellow-tourists, there being only two other men here besides ourselves. After breakfast, and having got and read our

letters, we found our way to "Chandey Choke," the "Regent Street" of Delhi, where all the native traders hang out. It is a fine wide street, with a fine row of trees down the centre, and altogether the largest and most amusing bazaar I have yet seen. We spent an hour or two there, poking into the shops, and discoursing the shopkeepers on the subject of their wares, and after tiffin did a little sight-seeing in the fort, where used to be the gorgeous buildings of the Moguls. Now there are extensive barracks within the walls. The "Dewan-i-Am" (Public Audience Hall) is not so fine as that at Agra, though the throne perhaps is on a more imposing scale. It is otherwise about the same size and style—a large colonnaded hall, open on three sides to the air, the throne being in the centre of the wall on the fourth side. The columns here are of red sandstone, and there are faint traces of paintings on them and on the arches. The Private Reception Chamber (*Dewan-i-Khas*), with the adjoining "Zenana," is extremely handsome, the former much larger than that of Agra, supported on grand square marble columns, beautifully ornamented with elaborate painting and gilding, except the several bases, which are, or were, richly inlaid with precious stones. The arches and ceilings are also richly decorated in the same way as the pillars, and the whole effect is striking and handsome in the extreme. This work is all restoration, but it has been very carefully and tastefully done. The ladies' apartments, too, are a marvel of decoration—extremely artistic, with delicate latticed open-work marble screens, and the whole thing might well give rise to the extravagant and ecstatic encomiums lavished on it by the ancient courtiers, to the effect that "angels looked down from Paradise upon it with envy and admiration," and other versifications in the same strain. On the other side of the Dewan-i-Khas were the spacious bath-rooms, with all sorts of elaborate accommodation for a luxurious bathe. It must have been a delightfully cool retreat on a broiling hot day, with its walls, floor, and baths all of white marble inlaid. Most of the precious stones have been pillaged from here; but it has been neatly done up, and the flowery patterns once traced by the stones are now filled with coloured cements, so that the general appearance of the whole is kept up, if not on quite so costly a scale. Here, too, hard by is the "Moti Musjid," or Pearl Mosque, a baby edition of the one at Agra and the "emperor's private chapel." Though the colonnades are of course not so fine as in the beautiful mosque at Agra, nor the whole effect perhaps so imposing, it is in many ways more pleasing, and the sculptures, which here again are more plentiful, are very good, the cornices of the pillars being about the finest, I think, I have ever seen, and of most perfect workmanship. Before leaving the fort we climbed up on to the top of the gateway, as is our usual wont, to get a general idea of the lay of the town and its surroundings, which same we did most satisfactorily, and having watched the sunset, took a smart stump down Chandey Choke and through Queen's Gardens, very nicely laid out grounds, and came

in again at 6.30. There is a great difference in the temperature up here, and we find it pretty cold early and late in the day. This morning the ground was quite white with frost, and though by the middle of the day the sun was powerful, there was always a "nippy" feel in the air, and this evening we find it very agreeable to draw round a blazing wood fire.

*February 1st.*—I had a glorious walk before breakfast, from 7.30 to 9.30, all round the walls of the city—the new city of Delhi, or, as it is also called, Shahjehanabad. It was a splendid morning for a brisk stump, with bright keen air, and white frost just covering the ground, and I walked round partly on the walls and partly outside, as far as the Delhi Gate, at the south-east end, where there are bungalows built all along, chiefly officers' quarters. They are splendid fortifications, these walls, about five-and-a-half miles round, and I was able to improve my geography of the town and get at the positions of the ten gates, beginning at the Cashmere Gate, where the storming party of the British first forced an entrance in '57. In places in the wall you can see the marks of the shells, and you can get a very good idea of the position of the forces, though I fancy the trees must have grown up a good bit since that time. About this side of the town it is very fairly wooded, and just now that everything is pretty green it looks quite park-like. Further on there is an open ruined space between the walls and an older part of the city. I believe there are a series of cities dating from different epochs, and in one direction for ten miles or more there are ruins and traces of ancient cities from the earliest times; the modern quarter dates from the arrival of the Great Mogul, when he transferred his Court here from Agra. The morning we had various small "dealing" transactions at the hotel, and in the bazaar, and poked about Chandey Choke, spending some time at the establishment of Mr. Mannich Chund, shawl and embroidery merchant. He had some most dazzling things. The afternoon, following our yesterday's programme, we devoted to seeing some sights, and honoured the Jama Musjid with a visit. This is the Cathedral Mosque of <sup>the</sup> Delhi, a handsome edifice, approached by three noble flights of stone steps leading up to as many red sandstone gateways. Within them is a large quadrangle more than 100 yards square, with an arched gallery running round. The mosque itself is a very handsome and striking pile, of red stone chiefly, pointed with white marble in places, and with three of the most graceful domes I have seen. Within, though the masonry is very good, the decoration needs being looked after. We had a capital bird's-eye view from one of the minarets which flank the mosque, but the wind was blowing so keen up there we did not care to stay long. Having descended to our proper level again we tried to find a certain Jain temple, where we had heard there were some fine carvings to be seen. We thought we had "marked it down" from our airy outlook, but when we came to get among the narrow streets of the native city we got horribly mixed, and soon found

ourselves wandering about in a perfect maze, the streets going off from one another in all sorts of funny directions. However, some of them were very quaint, and we came across some very picturesque old houses with excellent stone carvings over the arches, and presently came across a very civil English-speaking lad, who came to our rescue and guided us to the temple. We found that after all we had been within a few yards of it at least twice. It was worth seeing, with a handsome little stone portico, and a richly decorated sort of shrine, where there was a "high altar" centre-piece of inlaid marble. We found our way pretty easily out of the maze, down Chandey Choke, and eventually back to the hotel at dark. We have the whole place to ourselves this evening, and at dinner-time were entertained by our host, Mr. Robinson (*alias* St. Luke), a native of St. Domingo, as he informed us; but we are inclined to take his stories with a small modicum of salt;—I am quite sure he has not been to half the places he says he has, and the adventures in which, of course, he has taken a prominent and thrilling part are a *leetle* too strong. I am also half inclined to doubt the extent of his correspondence with H.R.H. of Edinburgh!! However, I have nothing to complain of in his hotel, where we are very comfortable. I forgot, when speaking of the Moti Musjid, to mention the old relics and MSS. we were shown. The latter are some very old copies of the Koran, and, I believe, valuable. Among the relics are: an old pair of the Prophet's slippers, a footprint of the same gentleman's venerable toes (a proper beetle-crusher he must have had by the same token), and last, if not least, a prophetic hair from his moustache, preserved in unadorned glory in a glass case.

#### *Lumley's Hotel, Umballa.*

*February 2nd.*—Took a walk before breakfast about the town, and just before coming in saw the 15th Sikhs at drill. They are a splendid lot of men to look at, but I was disappointed in their drill, which was by no means first rate. We left Delhi at 12 o'clock, and arrived here soon after 10 o'clock, more than three-quarters of an hour late. We travelled up part of the way with Major Bruce, of the 19th Bengal Lancers, who seemed a very nice fellow, and had served all through the last Afghan wars.

#### *Victoria Hotel, Lahore.*

*February 4th.*—We arrived here this morning at 9 o'clock from Umballa. Yesterday spent most of the day with Colonel Dalrymple. I went round to his bungalow to breakfast at 10 o'clock, and when he had to go off to his work came back to the hotel to pack up my things and hold a reception of "dealers." I then returned to the Colonel for afternoon tea, after which he went to play polo, Mrs. D. and I to look on; first taking a little drive around the cantonments, &c., in a little pony-cart. There is nothing to "see" in Umballa, its chief

importance being in the large military station. The lines extend for upwards of two miles facing the direction of Peshawur, and adjoining the polo ground. If it had been clear we should have seen the mountains from here. As it was, we only got one glimpse of them through the clouds. The country immediately around is as flat as it is everywhere else—*i.e.*, as flat as a table. We walked back with the Colonel after his game was over, being not sorry to get our blood into circulation a bit, as the wind was very cold directly the sun got low. I dined with them at the bungalow, and at 9.45 we were *en route* for this place, which we reached safely, as I have said, in company with a fellow-passenger of massive proportions and strong radical tendencies, the benefit of which he gave us this morning before getting in. Lahore is not an inviting-looking place. We drove down to church after breakfast, about two miles off, and walked back through some native smells after service. The town proper is enclosed in rather unassuming walls; the streets are not wide nor sweet. The Bazaar is rather better than most of the town, and has plenty of animation about it, but has no great pretension to cleanliness. In the afternoon we entered by another of the thirteen gates, and went to see the fort and palace. There is not much left of the latter, but the fort is a strong one, now occupied by British and native regiments. There is a mosque just inside the walls, of red sandstone, and the usual large quadrangle in front. The interior was all restored on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit, but the surroundings are very tumble-down, the Sikhs having played "old Harry" with many of the mosques about, and desecrated them by killing and eating swine within the sacred precincts. There is an extensive view from the top of one of the minarets; but they are rough stairs leading up there, and in places all broken away. Ranjeet Singh's tomb is also within the fort (father of Julip Singh), and looks well from a little way off; but on a closer view it turns out to be only in white stucco; and with nothing very striking about it. The most interesting thing we saw was a very good collection of native arms in the palace: old Afghan and Sikh swords of wonderful shapes, besides a lot of blunderbusses of the most primitive make—carbines, brown-besses, &c., and native shields and helmets. The time slipped away so while we were here that we did not notice the sun going down, and it was dark before we got clear of the city. Naturally we didn't go the shortest road, and were at fault for a time. However we hit off the right one after a bit, and arrived in time for dinner at 7.30. The mornings and evenings are very cold up here.

*February 5th.*—We spent the day almost entirely among the native merchants, at home or in the hotel; they began coming before breakfast, and the last man packed up his bundle as we went to dinner. They are awful fellows to haggle, and it takes an age to make anything of a bargain, as they do not move until the last moment, when they come down with a run. Then we were cutting about the different stalls and shops in the town. They have a curious reluctance

to bring out all their best goods at once, and you have to bully and ferret about a long time before getting a sight of many of their good things at all.

There are some very quaint and picturesque old streets and houses in many parts of the city. You see a whole row sometimes of quite independent style of architecture, jutting out into the street, or sticking out their roofs at all sorts of levels as if the owner had tried to build himself above his neighbour's smells. At any rate, they have a very picturesque effect now, which is enhanced with all the pieces of cotton and muslin, newly dyed in different bright colours, hanging out to dry on strings stretched over the street; it looks very gay.

I was forgetting to mention the only bit of sight-seeing we did—a mosque, with the walls and minarets and gateway all faced with brilliant enamel-work, which must have been very gaudy once, but it is very much to pieces now.

## JOURNAL LXV.

### *Umritsur Hotel, Umritsur.*

*February 6th.*—We finished the sights of Lahore this morning, but in this respect Lahore has not much to boast of; Jahangir's Tomb is about the best—a large sandstone building with four minarets at the corners. The tomb proper is on the ground floor, of marble inlaid, but it has been freely despoiled of many of its stones. On the flat roof above is a fine large paved terrace, and in other parts are remains of good enamel-work, and I think that's about all. After what we have seen it is scarcely worth three rupees for the drive of five miles, and another two to cross the bridge of boats. We then went out to Shalimar, or "House of Joy," the luxurious gardens of Shah Jehan. They are enclosed by a high wall about a mile round, and must have been a nice retreat in their day, with tiers of white marble terraces, a large tank in the middle with something like a hundred fountains, the rest of the garden prettily planted and divided into long broad alleys, with marble tanks running the whole length; and a row of fountains right down the centre of each. With all these playing it must have been a pretty sight on a hot day, and lounging in one of the marble summer-houses in the gardens. We left Lahore at 6.20 P.M., and arrived here at 8 o'clock, and found Brown waiting for us. I believe I forgot to say that we left him behind near Gwalior to try and do a little shooting, but he doesn't seem to have been very successful.

*February 7th.*—This is rather a barn of an hotel, and looks inclined to tumble down. I believe the beams are all eaten out by white ants, and are likely to come down with a run some day; I hope not for a day or two. It has been the home of innumerable small birds for I don't know how long, the hotel people only having moved in two days ago, after being kicked out of the last establishment for some reason or other. Consequently the sparrows, &c., look upon us

as intruders, and express their feelings in the most deafening chattering, and flying about the rooms, in angry conclave as to why we are here. The hotel is about a mile from the town, and we have spent most of our day there in the Bazaars looking about and bargaining freely. We had a few amusing scenes, especially one, when we were in treaty with a little snip of a boy for some delightful warm socks, which we had spotted on the toes of a native merchant. Though not more than ten or twelve years old the little chap was a thorough man of business; it was as good as a play to watch his serious and obstinate face, as we pressed and he rejected our terms. I say "we," but the first person plural must be taken in rather a comprehensive meaning, as there were about half-a-dozen native brokers expostulating in our behalf (to say nothing of their own), besides a young crowd of onlookers who pressed round, fairly blocking up the narrow street. We were only haggling for a few annas, but both refused to acknowledge defeat, and mutually retired—a drawn battle. There is no end of life in this city, and the streets all look very busy. There is a mixed population rather, with a large sprinkling of Afghans—fine big men some of them, with long black hair and curly beards, but, as a rule, awfully dirty. Some of the houses are very gaudy, white, covered with brilliant and grotesque paintings. The houses themselves, though, are not so picturesque as those at Lahore. What was very picturesque, though, was coming back in the evening when the little oil lamps were all lit, and the number of people in the streets had increased. In the dim light one did not see the imperfections in the cleanliness of the white turbans and other parts of the dress, while one saw the dusky skins of the people contrasting in the half weird sort of light more favourably than in the searching brightness of the sun.

*February 8th.*—We went to see the famous Sikh Temple to-day, the lion of Umritsur—in fact, the only thing in the way of fine building there is to see. The temple itself is in the middle of a large tank, approached by a white marble footway from the "mainland." It well deserves its name of "golden," as the whole roof, the domes, and the walls two-thirds of the way down, are faced with copper sheets, embossed, and thickly covered with rich gilding, which as we were told has not been renovated for upwards of four hundred years. It must be wonderfully good gold, if such is the case, as from the look of it, it might have been finished yesterday. The lower part of the walls are of very pure white marble, with panels of inlaid precious stones—very fine. The interior is also very gorgeously decorated. It consists only of a single chamber, not very large, with an arched gallery running all round it. There was a service going on while we were there, which did not seem very complicated or impressive. A choir and orchestra combined, of four musicians, had the chief management of it, and with the aid of a tom-tom and one or two stringed instruments kept up a running chant in the regular droning monotone of the Oriental. The old priest—such a handsome old fellow, and evidently



very well preserved and living on the fat of temple benefices—the old priest had a very easy time of it, simply standing up in gorgeous apparel, and with proudly majestic mien receiving the offerings of salaams of the constant string of worshippers, and whisking the flies and birds away from the sacred book over which he keeps guard. This book, the history and custom of the Sikh religion, lies under a cushion, covered by a blue and gold cloth; on this lie a heap of flowers, the worshippers' offerings. They each give in a small bunch, and receive in return from the holy father a few that have already been reposing over the divine book. The alms of the people, however, are not entirely confined to such humble offerings, but take the much more remunerative form of hard cash to the tune of some thousands of dollars per annum. So that the priests and other dependents of the temple, numbering four hundred altogether, have a pretty lively time of it. The temple grounds and buildings are accordingly very extensive, and all very solid and good, with white marble walls and gilded domes. These old Sikhs are splendid-looking old fellows, with noble beards and faces. The former they sometimes tie back close to their ears and over their heads by a piece of string: it has a curious appearance. There is a collection of splendid weapons in one of the shrines, the temple being dedicated to some warrior saint. Some of the hilts of the swords are richly studded with emeralds, sapphires, &c., and the blades are all beauties. I should like to have walked away with one or two. They are very particular in not allowing unbelievers to put their feet in certain spots, and they oblige you to take off your boots—a custom, by the way, they would do well to follow in other places, if only to prevent the white marble floors being knocked about by European hobnails.

We spent some little time again to-day in the bazaars, where we are quite known now. We ended by having a batch of eight brokers in our train. They are awful pests these fellows; one or two of them are all very well, really help you to get things—as the native merchant *cannot* sell without a regulation amount of bargaining; and it was rather amusing to see the systematic and business-like way in which they went to work, until they would gradually come down to our price. But the system of brokerage and commission is a mystery to me, for, as far as I can make out, not only does the actual broker who transacts your business exact his "distourie" from the merchant, but all those who simply look on come in for something; besides which, as I said yesterday, there are generally half-a-dozen to put in their word if they are not talking all at the same time. And these fellows have some magic influence over the merchant, who durst not refuse them. It beats me why he doesn't send them all to the—well, away from his shop. By the way we scored off our conceited little boy merchant yesterday, and got our socks at a half-anna less than we were offering him yesterday, let alone what *he* was offering.

*Lumley's Hotel, Kalka.*

*February 10th.*—We arrived here this afternoon from Umballa, having left Umritsur yesterday morning, slept at Umballa and left again about 9.30 A.M. We are on our way to Simla. The first stage is not an exciting one: thirty-eight miles of flat dusty road in a rumbling gharry. However, we came along pretty well with the government posters, changing about every four or five miles. The vehicle itself is as clumsy-looking a contrivance as I've seen for a long time. After settling for our onward journey to-morrow, we went out for a stroll to kill the afternoon, and roamed up into the low hills behind; we are here just at the foot of the Himalayas. We didn't find much to attract us very far afield, and before long found ourselves sprawling in a narrow gully under the shade of bamboos and cactus, talking nonsense and sleeping by turns, and came back to our hotel soon after 5. The hills are very bare of trees, and burnt up, with only a wide view of miles of ditto ditto plain. We left Henri behind us this morning, to continue his way to Delhi, as he was afraid to face the cold of the mountains. Brown is still with us, also his boy Sam; Billy we have left to take care of H.

*Lowne's Hotel, Simla.*

*February 11th.*—We were off this morning at 7 A.M. from Kalka in two tongas and with some very good cattle, which brought us up the hill in grand style. They could afford to go the pace though, as we changed horses every four miles, and the gradient of the road is never very steep. It is a first-rate piece of engineering, and you come up a great height almost imperceptibly. It was not a steady rise though all the way, as for some eight miles the road goes very sharp downhill, so that about half-way you have to begin nearly all over again. The hills all round are singularly bare and brown-looking, with only here and there patches of scant fir trees, and the road altogether is not nearly so pretty as the approach to Darjeeling. However, there are some pretty peeps of the distant snows now and again, and the fir trees look well coming out of a thin carpet of snow which still lies on the northern slopes. It didn't bother us much though; only now and then we came to a slippery place where the sun had not got to it, and the snow had been beaten smooth, and the horses would slither about a bit. Our coachman didn't help them much; ours was the poorest whip I ever sat alongside of. When passing a cart it was generally a toss-up whether we charged the wheel or the bank (luckily for us he generally chose the latter), but two or three times would drive bang against the wheel of the passing cart or scrape the side of the unfortunate bullock, when of course he would vilely abuse his own or somebody else's cattle. One stage I was anything but comfortable. We had a very awkward pair. One was

in a great hurry to get to the end of the stage, and was destitute of anything like a mouth; the other—indeed they both—had a great leaning towards the precipice. The man gave up trying to hold them, and let them go pretty much as they chose. The result was, we flew along perilously near heaps of stones at times, and anywhere but in the middle of the road. We all but knocked over a man, and nearly took the legs off several camels, into the midst of which we charged: once I thought we were going to try and pass underneath the legs of one stupid animal; in fact, our course was most erratic and as I wasn't quite sure but that the horses were running away, and was perfectly certain the man couldn't keep them straight, I was not sorry when we pulled up at the end of the stage. However, as we arrived without accident, and had covered the four miles in about eighteen minutes (not bad going uphill and along a curly road), no great harm came of it, and we had a sober pair of fat ponies the next stage to recover our shattered nerves. We pulled up for tiffin at 11 o'clock, and resumed the road after three-quarters of an hour's halt, eventually reaching Simla at 3.30. The last part of the road is very bare, and almost monotonous; but the valleys are carefully cultivated in neat terraces the whole slope up.

We found some wooded country immediately round Simla—pines, cedars, deodar, and rhododendrons, but not very fine specimens, and I was disappointed in not finding the deodars bigger. Our hotel is not much to look at from the outside, but we are very comfortably housed once within its walls. After a refreshing dish of tea I went out with the intention of taking a quiet look around and keeping my feet dry. I ended by going up two or three good hills, to get a good view of the sunset, and plunging more than once above my knees in a snowdrift. There was a very heavy fall about a fortnight ago, which has not yet disappeared, as on the northern slopes and under the trees the snow lies deep still, though there are a good many tracks beaten hard. I was tempted by the look of the sun to get on an airy situation, and scaled two or three before finding one to suit. At length I was rewarded by a fairly clear spot and saw one of the most glorious mountain sunsets I remember seeing. The top peaks of the high mountains were in a thick bank of clouds, but below there was a grand broken wall of snow, which for a few moments seemed literally on fire with the glow. The view, too, all round was very extensive—a sea of ranges and peaks, some snow-covered, some bare, and all with most lovely colours on them. While I was on the hill Brown and G. turned up, having waited at the hotel to take the dust off them, and then come up direct on to the hill, which is just behind the town, and we returned together just in time for 7 o'clock dinner.

*February 12th.*—We got up with the intention of anticipating the sun on the top of Mount Jakko, the hill we were up last night; but Sam was a little behindhand in rousing us, and though we jumped out of bed and into our clothes by lamp-light, the sun was up

in the heavens by the time we were in a position to see him. It is a stiff half-hour's pull, about 700 feet above the hotel, and the road was uncommonly slippery where the melted snow had frozen again, which made keeping one's legs a serious business. The morning light is not so favourable to the mountain as the evening; however, it is a pretty view, and the morning was very fairly clear all round.

I was surprised to see on the top of the hill any amount of monkeys swinging about among the trees, and apparently not minding the cold at all. We got a lot of grain from an old *fakcer*, a sort of monkish hermit, who lives in a little hut on the top of the hill, and proceeded to give the apish tribe a "good square meal." They were rather shy at first, but, called by the old *fakcer*, they soon summoned up courage, and presently we had nearly forty or fifty of them all round us, grubbing away as hard as they could stuff, a few feet from us. It was such fun to see their greedy faces, and to watch them coming gradually closer to us, looking up between every two or three mouthfuls to see that we meant no mischief, and then turning to with, if possible, renewed vigour—some of them coming within arm's length, and they only decamped when there was no more to eat, and we rose to take our leave of them, and returned to the hotel to make our toilette. We had a very jolly long walk to-day, starting at 11 o'clock and returning shortly after 5. The air is grand up here—bright, dry, and bracing, and makes you feel fit for anything. In places our road was very good going, where the snow had disappeared; elsewhere it was hard and lumpy, or soft and sloshy, and for a short distance up a rather unfrequented track the snow was quite deep. This took us on to a hill where was a neat little bungalow, and a good view of the mountains, and here we looked us out a dry place near some trees where we basked in the sun, dried our boots and discussed a modest sandwich. We took nearly the same road back again until nearing home, when we thought we would try a fresh route back. This took us rather further than we had bargained for, and we had to circumvent a long deep valley before we could drop down into the town again. It was about the prettiest bit of road we had been on, through a thick forest of oaks and rhododendrons. The latter are very large trees, and in spring should look very well. Just now they are brown and shrivelled up, as are all the other trees except the firs. But trees of any sort are rare in these mountains. There are a few good bits of timber to be seen going up Jakko, cedars and oaks chiefly. The latter are a new sort to me, the leaf not being at all like an oak, and but for the crowd of acorns lying underneath I should not have known it. There is also another tree that grows to a fair size, something like the oak at a little distance, but the leaves strongly resemble a holly; I don't know what it is. But, as a rule, all the hills are painfully arid and destitute of trees, and in summer, when the snows are all off, must look wretchedly bare and ugly; even now the southern slopes have a very starved appearance. Well, we eventually found our way back again about 5.15. Having refreshed ourselves with a very acceptable

cup of tea, we strolled out through part of the town until dark. It is a curious amalgamation of wooden houses, some of which look extremely top-heavy, and as if they only wanted a little stone to send them down with a rush; but the façades of nearly all show excellent wood carvings on the cross-beams in front, or on the pillars and quaint archways of the windows and doors. This gives the streets a very picturesque look, some of the carvings being quite artistic and beautifully finished. It was too late to see much of the contents of the bazaars, as the people were shutting up shop, but I hear there are a few curious native specimens of sorts to be seen. The weather is perfect up here, and not nearly so cold as I expected. Turning out from underneath a pile of rugs and coats this morning at 6.15 was certainly not the warmest work in the world, but the sun soon warmed my blood, and kept it in that pleasing condition the rest of the day. With the loss of his genial influence, though, a change comes o'er the feelings of the atmosphere, and it is decidedly nippy, and just now, despite a good blaze of wood in the chimney, I am glad to have a cosy warm blanket, which I invested in the other day, keeping guard over my back and shoulders. 'Tis true our apartment is not exactly air-tight, and indeed the establishment all round can be scarcely put in the first class. Its exterior appearance I think I alluded to last night, and though we have fairly comfortable rooms, they leave something of solidity and finish to be desired. The floors would scarcely bear the strict scrutiny of an impartial spirit-level, and the furniture generally, especially on the part of the tables, has a decidedly rakish and decrepid look about it, as if it were only meant to be looked at, and that not too hard. However, these have scarcely interfered with our pleasure, and we have had a most enjoyable day's air and exercise. The place, however, is certainly not so pretty nor so striking as Darjeeling in the way of scenery. The hills all round are, as I have said, so horribly destitute of anything like vegetation for the most part; nor are the snowy giants, although no doubt very fine, so imposing a mass as Kinchinjanga and Co.; while those wonderfully deep valleys, so imposing a feature at Darjeeling, are not to be seen here. Now I must conclude for the present, as the mail makes an early start to-morrow.

## JOURNAL LXVI.

### *Simla.*

*February 13th.*—We had a smart hour's walk before breakfast, and went as far as Government House, which is not much to look at, and is sadly in want of a coat of paint; but it is prettily situated on the edge of one of the best wooded valleys, and with a good view of the snows. We were up at a more Christian hour this morning, and let the sun have a start of us, and returned to the hotel about 9, in time to have our tub and make ourselves generally beautiful before

breakfast. The morning we spent chiefly loafing about the bazaars ; but they are not particularly attractive, and many of the proprietors are evidently down in the plains, as several establishments are closed. However, I succeeded in negotiating a pretty good piece of cashmere cloth, and a tin of Huntley & Palmer's gingerbreads. We had a very jolly walk after tiffin, up on to a hill about five miles from this, which I have since learnt rejoices in the name of Prospect Hill. There is certainly a good view all round, and especially towards the mountains in the direction of the plains, which looked very well in a soft blue haze, and with the afternoon lights upon them.

*Dak Bungalow, Kutab Minar, Delhi.*

*February 17th.*—Before I explain our present position I had better take up my thread from Simla, which we left on the morning of the 14th. We had ordered the tongas to be ready at 6.30 A.M. However, they never thought about getting ready until we put in an appearance at the stables, and as they were then not what you may call smart, it was getting on for 7.30 before we were under weigh. After that I must do the men at the different stages justice, as they lost no time about changing horses, and we came down without any particular event, and in fair time to Kalka, fifty-eight miles, by 2 o'clock. From there, however, we loitered a good bit on the road ; we did not get away in our gharry till near 3 o'clock, and it was past 7.30 before we got to our destination, the Railway Hotel, Umballa. Here we separated : George to go back to Delhi by the night mail, Brown to sleep at the hotel, and go on next day to Saharanpur, and I to Colonel Dalrymple's, with whom I put up for the next twenty-four hours. I did nothing particular on Thursday, until the afternoon, when Mrs. D. drove me down to the polo ground to see a match played between the Connaught Rangers and the 11th. The former, who are marching up through Umballa from Moolton to I really forget where, won after a good game. I left after dinner by the night mail, and reached Delhi yesterday morning at 6 A.M. We had intended coming on here in the afternoon, but when in at Manich Chund's in the morning he offered to take us to a Nautch at one of the monied swells of Delhi, if we cared to go with him in the evening. We "accepted with pleasure," and accordingly at 8 o'clock went round to his house, and after a short converse with some of the many members of the family, started off with, I think, the fourth son, such a handsome fellow of three- or four-and-twenty, and with as gentlemanly manners as you could wish to meet with. He speaks English very well and fluently, with an occasional "dog" translation, or a rather pedantic book phrase, which is rather amusing, and he was altogether most entertaining. Arrived in the reception rooms we sat down on chairs at the far end of the room under a sort of arched balcony which ran all round.

It was a novel sight and a gay one : the guests all seated on the

ground round an open space where the nautch girls and musicians stood, and all dressed in handsome gaudy robes. A few were standing in groups chatting in the gangway, which was left outside the audience, and one or two friends were handing round refreshments in the shape of cakes and sweetmeats. We were offered some of the latter, and of course had to take them. They really were not bad, though some sort of camphor-tasting seeds which came round later were rather nasty, and I was not sorry when one of the M.C.'s brought out some cigarettes for our special edification. A few hookahs were going among some of the elderly boys. The cause of all this rejoicing, I ought to have mentioned before, was the betrothal of the son of one of the wealthy partners in a large banking house, an urchin of about twelve, to a little girl of eight. She did not put in an appearance, but the young gentleman was there in great force, and a crowd of little boys and girls of his own age, all in their best bibs and tuckers. They sat very demurely as a rule, except for a few who were more inclined for a good romp. The seniors mostly sat round, quietly talking, now and then half rising to salaam some more important guest, as he came to squat among them. All this time the dance is going on, if dance it can be called. The girls simply sidle slowly round, jingling their anklets and waving their arms in time to two sort of fiddles, and a "tom-tom," sometimes accompanying themselves with songs, appropriate (I believe) to the occasion. The immediate friends and relatives meanwhile were having a big "blow out" upstairs, and we only caught sight of them as they passed along the balcony above. The festivities continue for five days, and the consequent expenses run up to a pretty tune at the end of the time. But the greater these are the more they are thought of, and Mr. Ram Dass, from all accounts, can afford to pay. He has started a battery of electric light in his house, and the drawing-room was lit partly by these burners and partly by numerous glass chandeliers, the effect being brilliant, if not altogether becoming. The marriage ceremony proper is even a greater set out than this, and takes place in two years' time; but if the bridegroom elect dies in the meantime the poor bride becomes a widow for life, and is expected to remain so. We took our leave about 9.30, after first being presented to and shaking hands with the head of the firm and one or two other leading swells, and having enjoyed our evening extremely: it was a most characteristic sight. Our friend Manich Chund was for accompanying us back, but we would not let him, and sent him back to enjoy himself. It appears they keep the ball rolling with relays of nautch girls till 5 A.M., the children decamping about 10 o'clock. The afternoon we had been busy packing and despatching some cases to Bombay, afterwards walking out on to the ridge where the British force was entrenched, two miles out of the city, during the four months of the siege. There is a memorial tower just up here, with a list of all the regiments engaged, and an abstract of the casualties, which were indeed tremendous. Just inside the walls of the town west of the

Cashmere Gate were the old "Kudsya Bagh"—the Imperial Gardens of former days, now still kept up as Government Gardens, with the picturesque remains of an old mosque in the centre.

This morning I had a matutinal stroll of an hour or so down through what used to be the Calcutta Gate, and along the banks of the Jumna, where the conscientious Hindu was going through his early ablutions, and crowds of men and women and strings of well-packed bullock-carts were going and coming along the road. From there I found my way into a fashionable Hindu temple, where matins was in full swing. There were five or six shrines, superintended by grotesquely hideous images and dirty-looking priests, who received the alms of the people and administered holy water from a little brass mug. The water was poured into the hands of the worshipper, who drank as much as he could lick up, and left his offering of flowers, fruit, or *pice* (*Anglicè*, coppers). At some of the shrines there were no officiating ministers, and all that had to be done was to leave the flowers and ring a bell, which was done with more or less reverence (*less* predominating, I think), according as he or she were devotionally inclined or not. In another shrine they received a handful of corn from the priest in exchange for their flowers, and this they scattered in little heaps in another building, with a few drops of water. Then in two or three other places were priests, evidently holding forth—squatting with their legs under them on a sort of bedstead, and droning forth their exhortations to exclusively male or female congregations; one congregation was extremely select, and numbered only three old women. Coming down Chandey Choke I met one of the Manich Chund family, and indulged in a little chat with him before his house. Among other things he was rather astonished to hear that you could go from London to America in ten days, when I told him the distance, though his geography of America was exceedingly vague, and I fancy he thought it was a very large town. On my way back to the hotel I passed through the Queen's Gardens, and saw the large stone elephant, made—nobody knows when or where. It was brought to Delhi from Gwalior by Shah Jehan in 1645, but broken up in a fit of rage by his son and successor Aurangzib, and only found by accident in recent years. It was then put together again very well, and now stands, a noble monster, in company with a few natural and living specimens of wild animals: two or three bears, a couple of panthers, and some birds, the last at large in the pond. I negotiated a little "morning business" with a friendly armourer, and returned to breakfast at 9.30. And soon after 11 o'clock we started in a carriage and pair with our bedding and provisions, and of course our domestic attendant. The whole road for ten miles out is strewn with ruins of cities, walls, tombs, and forts, of different epochs, the sites of the different Delhis, which seem to have "moved on" until reaching the modern Shahjehanabad. We stopped at one or two of the principal remains. "Indrapat" was the first of these, the palace fortress of Indrapat, supposed to have been founded some fourteen centuries



B.C.; but at all events rebuilt and restored by Humayun, who met an untimely end there. He went a star-gazing one fine night, and was let in for the fate of Humpty-Dumpty, and with the same disastrous results as that famous personage experienced. The city now is inhabited by a few unattractive natives, and altogether looks better from the outside, the walls being fine bits of masonry. Inside, the only decent building left standing is an old mosque of interesting form and dimensions.

Humayun's tomb is about a mile further on. This is a kind of "dim foreshadowing" of the Taj, the general shape and plan of the building being very much the model of the Agra monument. It is, however, nearly entirely of stone, and has nothing very striking or beautiful to remark on. It is interesting historically, as being the refuge of the Royal Family after the storming of Delhi, and it is inside the mausoleum that the emperor's two sons were captured by a small detachment of Hodson's Horse. From the dome there is a good view all round of the innumerable tombs and other buildings which are dotted about far and near.

Nizamidin is our next stopping place—a cemetery this, of different illustrious persons. The gentlemen from whom it takes its name is variously put down as a saint or a brigand of the thirteenth century. Whatever he was he has an honoured tomb, screened with pierced white marble, and carefully protected by a once gaudy canopy. Hard by lie a poet of celebrity, Amir Khurian by name, some of whose MSS. are among the Ouseley collection at the Bodleian; Japanara, a saintly wife of one of the Mogul emperors; and Akbar II, who flourished in this century, and drank himself into his marble grave by imbibing too copiously of cherry brandy. The story goes that to make the pleasure last he used to limit himself to a glass an hour!! There are one or two others also, but I'm afraid I forget who they were. All the tombs are enclosed in handsome marble screen-work, and it is interesting to notice the different stages and characters in this effective work. We pulled up again at another tomb, sacred to the memory of one Safdar Jung, a dashing captain of some repute in the old days of blood and glory; but—peace be to his memory!—we saw not much of beauty or interest in his present resting-place, and as we were beginning to have somewhat lively thoughts of tiffin we soon drove on to the bungalow here, which we reached at 2.15, and before long had unfasted a certain little hamper and were admiring its contents in a practical and substantial manner. The pangs of hunger satisfied, we wandered forth to see the sights, and now let me see what I can find to say about them. Well, in the first place this is the old original city of Delhi, founded, no one knows exactly when, probably several centuries B.C. At all events, antiquarians have, I believe, decided that there was a city in 319 B.C., as the iron pillar (of which anon) was brought here and set up at that date. However, there are supposed to be no buildings now standing older than about the tenth century A.D. This fort of Lalkot, within the walls of which we are, dates from

1052 A.D., and the Kutab itself probably about 150 years later. This is the sight here, and a noble one it is. It was built by an early Muslim Sultan, Kutab-ud-in-Aikab, and finished probably by his successor Altamsh, though the Hindus also lay claim as the architects. It is an enormous minar, or tower, about 240 feet in height,  $47\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter at the base, and sloping up to about 9 feet in diameter at the top. The walls are of granite, faced with sandstone, and divided into five different stories, marked by balconies jutting out like brackets, and of rich carving. The three lower stories are faced with stone flutings, with long inscriptions cut nearly an inch deep in the stone, running round at different heights, and, as usual, the Arabic characters are extremely ornamental, and add a great finish to the walls. The flutings are not all the same: in the first story they are alternately angular and semi-circular, in the second all semi-circular, in the third all angular, while the fourth and fifth are faced with plain blocks of white marble. Nor are the stories the same height above one another, but are kept in exact proportion to the gradually lessening diameter, and in this way the symmetry and proportion all through are so perfect that as you look at the minar, the flutings seem to be going straight up, and you scarcely see that they are sloping inwards. Going up to the top by a staircase inside I was more than ever struck by the good and solid appearance of the masonry: the walls being 11 feet through down at the bottom, and the workmanship undeniable. In itself it is, and always must have been, a most useless edifice, but as a work of art it is perfect and unique. We looked at it from all points far and near, and the more I saw of it the more I admired it. I think it is one of those things that grow on you the more intimate you become. A little way off from the Kutab is the beginning of another tower which a succeeding Sultan undertook with the idea of cutting out Kutab, and building a minar of double the size. Luckily something stopped him getting very far, and only about 30 feet of masonry remains to tell the tale of his folly. Of course, after the Mohammedan invasion the city and fort of Lalkot passed into the hands of the conquerors, so that all the principal buildings are Mussulman. The most interesting relic of these is the mosque of Kutab-ul-Islam, the oldest in India. The mosque itself is no more, but there is a very fine stone gateway leading into where it stood, and all around the quadrangle are cloistered galleries supported on Hindu pillars, numbering in all about six hundred, collected from the different Hindu temples in the old city. These are all fine old specimens of quaint and beautiful carving, mostly in good preservation, and forming a curiously mixed collection of designs from the different places from which they have been taken. Here is the famous iron pillar brought here and set up in 319 B.C., a solid mass of iron 22 feet above ground, and 4 feet in circumference—a very curious monument. Most of the other buildings are in ruins, but there are two which still retain lovely samples of carvings: the tomb of Altamsh, and the gateway of Aladdin. The

latter is especially fine: it was built by the same fellow who tried to give a big brother to the Kutab Minar, and he certainly showed better taste in this. It is not much to look at from the outside—a large square building with rather a “squat” dome on the roof, but the four archways on the four sides are very handsome, and the facings of the panels underneath these, and the whole of the interior, are a mass of perfect chiselling, much of it nearly as clear and good as the day it was finished. We spent the afternoon roaming about these different places and other old ruins of the city, and came in at dusk to our comfortable quarters in the Dāk bungalow: it is one of the best we have been in. We brought most of our provisions, which the “Khansamer” supplemented by an excellent curry, and on the whole think ourselves very well off.

*February 18th.*—We roused at 7 A.M., and after our “chota haziri” went out among more ruins and round the old walls of the Lalkot Fort, about two-and-a-half miles in circumference. In some parts they are in very fair order, and give you a good idea of their once massive proportions. Beyond this again is a sort of outer fort, which was tacked on by a later king; and, indeed, wherever you look you see old walls, tombs, and houses, in better or worse repair, and dotting the country between this and Delhi. The old cities cover an area of forty-five square miles I believe altogether. After breakfast we drove out about five miles to the extremity of these old cities, one called Toglachabad, after Toglach the founder—a usurper emperor, and a fast sort of chap I fancy. His familiar friends called him the “bloody lord,” from the number of people he mutilated and killed, and his successor was so disturbed in mind as to his future state that he collected all those of the ill-treated folk he could find and got them to subscribe to a memorial, saying “they were satisfied,” which document he placed at the head of the grave of Toglach, to go to the balance of his favour at the next stage of existence!! This tomb, which, after the manner of those times, he had made during his lifetime, is just outside the fort, and is a miniature fort in itself, surrounded by a high and massive wall, with regular ramparts and loopholes as for regular defence. The blocks of stone used in the building are enormous. The walls of the citadel and all the way round the town are in the same style, of great height and thickness, and faced with blocks of stone 8 and 12 feet long. Much of it is tumbling down, but enough remains intact to impress one with the wonderful solidity and striking appearance of the place. The city itself is a circuit of five miles, with not many traces of habitations, as it appears only to have been kept going a few years. The palace citadel is another strong fortress—a mass of ruined houses within its fortifications, which are about a mile round, and partake of the general character of massiveness and solidity, including the mighty towers which bristle around. All is too ruined for any one building to be particularly striking, but they are all “severely picturesque,” and there are the remains of what must have been a colossal tank or well. We returned to the

Kutab by the same road ; packed up our traps, had tiffin, and started back here as soon as one of our steeds, a confirmed jibber, condescended to go forward into his collar. About three miles from the Delhi walls we stopped at the "Jantr Mantr," which euphonic words mean "observatory." This comprises some very huge and wonderful astronomical monuments, but I'm afraid they were too scientific for me, and I failed to appreciate and understand their merits. They were put up by a celebrated astronomer some time in the last century. For a wonder we had not a single beggar here, the first place where we have not been pestered for "backsheesh." At the Kutab it was awful. We made the hotel by 4 o'clock, and have it much to ourselves again, there being only two other men staying here—one, a Mr. Ainesley, an extremely pleasant fellow, something or other in the Civil Service.

### *Kaiser-i-Hind Hotel, Jeypoor.*

*February 21st.*—We left Delhi yesterday morning at 6.45 A.M., and reached this at 6 P.M., after a comfortable journey. Indian railway travelling this time of year is certainly very easy work ; plenty of room for your legs, no dust, and agreeable temperature. The country, 'tis true, is not exciting, but between this and Delhi it is not quite such an interminable plain as usual, and a few low hills now and then, bare and brown though they were, were acceptable on the landscape. Occasionally, too, we would pass through a little wooded district, and from what I saw of the immediate surroundings in an evening ramble last night before dinner, there seems to be a fair show of timber about. Lots of peacocks there are too, and in the train we passed several flocks of eight and ten together. The last day in Delhi we did nothing very particular except a walk out on to the ridge in the afternoon to have a look at Ludlow Castle, and other spots connected with the siege, full of interesting, if terrible associations.

Mail day to-day, so I leave accounts of our doings here for another week.

### JOURNAL LXVII.

*February 21st.*—After breakfast and posting our letters we drove down to the Exhibition, held in some of the palace grounds within the town proper of Jeypoor, about two miles from the railway station close to which we are. The exhibition is a very good one, the loan collections of the Rajahs and Maharajahs being especially fine, and almost dazzling in their brilliancy of stones and gold brocades. It was a "ladies' day" to-day, *i.e.*—it was reserved for the ladies of the Court after 2 o'clock, so a little before that hour we were all politely requested to withdraw. So that really we only got a general idea of everything. The valuables of the native princes are naturally what

strikes one most, and I couldn't tear myself away from the half-dozen cases of weapons from the royal households. There were some beauties, the hilts all set in stones, and all sorts of extraordinary looking blades, some such enormous things. I can't believe they can ever have done much execution; still I would have taken them at a gift, and one or two more besides!! The "gem" of the whole lot, perhaps, was a gold enamel mace or sceptre, belonging to H.H. of Jeypoor. It is the most beautiful and perfect piece of enamel-work I can imagine. Happening to be by when one of the men in charge opened the case, I had the good luck to handle it and have a close inspection. It is not more than half-an-inch in diameter—hardly as much perhaps—and is about 5 feet high and upwards of three hundred years old. Intrinsically they value it at 10,000 rupees, but of course, actually, it is worth a great deal more—in fact, I suppose, it is without price, as it is quite unique. Then the jewels of these luxurious princes are a sight: pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds seem of no account, so extravagantly are they piled on. Well, we were kicked out at 2 o'clock, and returned to the hotel for tiffin, afterwards going down into the town again and parading the bazaars and streets. The town is a fine one, comparatively modern, with really good streets and buildings. The main thoroughfare is almost as broad as Regent Street, with substantially built two-storied houses, all painted light pink, ornamented or picked out with lines or designs of elephants, &c., in white. It looks a great deal better than it sounds, and is at all events out of the common, and many of the houses have very pretty pierced stone windows, which look very well. The town, too, seems much sweeter and cleaner than most native resorts, and the people partake of the same good model, as a rule. There are plenty of them, and the street is a very gay and picturesque sight—the women being better looking, I think, than I have noticed elsewhere, and showing themselves off to the best advantage with their artistic shawls and robes of brilliant colours, and their arms and ankles a mass of silver and gold (?). About 5 o'clock we found our way to the gardens, which are extensive and very prettily laid out and kept. There are a few native wild beasts and birds, the latter very good specimens. I saw a peacock the like of which I never saw before; his neck rivalling the richest and glossiest of satins, his handsome tail all spread, and he strutted about for our edification truly as proud as a peacock. I saw some most delicious monkeys having a grand game of romps, and we stood and watched them in fits of laughter for a long time. There were three, African fellows they were, and they kept up an incessant scamper after each other, springing from one branch or bar to another, and then rolling over on the ground together, jumping over each other's backs, and then for a few moments, when they were out of breath, sitting down and cuddling each other. But not for long. Off they would suddenly go with renewed vigour—the merriest little fellows you ever saw. One great feat was to make a spring on to a hanging piece of rope, and so

swing up into the higher bars. But one time one fellow was just too late, or the other was extra quick, and just caught him by the tail, and hung on to him. The face of the injured monkey was grand as he sat on the ground nursing and licking his poor tail, the others looking on and chuckling. They soon made friends again. On our way out of the grounds we saw some natives playing cricket on a nice piece of turf, and stopped to watch them, when one of them, a swell in a green satin coat and with a strong cast in his eye, came up and asked us to join. I did, and had a most amusing twenty minutes of "tip and run." A few of them had a very good idea of hitting, and made some rare smacks off the decidedly loose bowling, including mine. But they had got the pitch about 25 yards, so the bowler was rather handicapped. They threw uncommonly well, and some of them were quite at home and very quick with the ball. They had a match, so they told me, with Ajmere the other day, but were beaten. It was most amusing to hear them speaking among themselves all the time, especially when they came out with some long-winded "book" phrases, which sounded strange in the cricket-field. We played till we could see no longer, and not till I had narrowly missed an imprudent bystander with a rather wild hit to square leg. I had a small "durbar" when the stumps were drawn, and entertained the players with some of my travels; one of them observed that I was only making a very "minute examination" of Jeypoor. Coming home I cleverly took the wrong road, and at dinner-time found myself in the midst of a sandy plain in my endeavours to get on the right road, as in the darkness I was beginning to get rather mixed; eventually I found I had overshoot the hotel by a good bit, and got in all right at 8 o'clock.

*February 22nd.*—After breakfast we took one of the wonderful gharries of these parts (I might call them *terrible* almost, as it is with feelings of fear and trepidation that I enter one each time, with a glance at the doubtfully strong wheels, and wondering whether they will come off this time or the next),—we entered our gharry then, and under the favour of fortune visited without let or accident, and having first obtained the necessary official permission, the palace, stables, and gaol. The two first we went to more out of *duty*. After our experience of modern native palaces we didn't expect much, and we were right. I don't know what the Great Moguls of the middle ages of Agra and Delhi would say if they were to awake from their graves and see the advance of civilisation as evinced in the "Dewans-i-Am" and the "Dewans-i-Khas" of their descendants of the nineteenth century. The glories of the marble-pillared halls and inlaid stones are departed, and in their place we see trumpery European furniture and very coarse plaster and paintings. There is a large garden, tolerably kept, within the palace precincts, and one or two of the buildings have a rather striking appearance from the outside, but that's about all. Nor among the 250 horses in the royal stables are there many worth looking at. They are all very fat—some great Australian brutes fit to draw a dray, and all tied hand and foot, *i.e.*, with their fore and

hind legs tightly hobbled, and a few blindfolded into the bargain!! The best of the lot was a very nice-looking chestnut cob. There was also a rather delicious little Burmese pony—a tiny little fellow, and fat nigh to bursting. The gaol was very interesting, and the “Chief,” an Englishman, came and showed us over it all, and discoursed on native crime in general and the prisoners in particular. They turn out some very good carpets, and we were shown two very handsome old Persian carpets which the Governor is trying to get copied—though, as yet, he has not been able to reproduce all the colours. There is a certain deep rich blue which, so far, defies his best efforts. From here we went on to the Exhibition, and spent two or three hours there, afterwards taking a stroll in the gardens, and walking home on the *right* road. It didn't do to tempt providence too far in one day inside a gharry!! We returned to the Exhibition with pleasure to-day, and found many things that had missed our attention before, particularly a collection of old MSS. most beautifully illuminated, and though of two or three centuries standing the colours were still perfect, and the writing also—at least so far as an ignoramus of the language could judge. The worst of the Exhibition is that it is rather cramped, and many of the things are so crowded together that you cannot see them well, otherwise the exhibits themselves are very good.

*February 23rd.*—We left this morning about 10.15 for Ambir, the old Imperial seat of this state, and drove about five miles in a good victoria. We then mounted an elephant, which took us the rest of the way, another mile and a half, to the old palace. The city of Ambir was deserted about a century ago, during the reign of Jey Sing, who, with that idiotic idea that so many of these princes seem to have entertained, wished to build him a city of his own, to be called after him. He accordingly pitched on the present site of Jeypoor, at that time a sandy waste, and removed his court here. The old palace is, however, kept in a sort of repair, and the present Maharajah goes out there to spend a few days now and then; otherwise the city is deserted except for a few stray families. It must have been a snug and strong place once upon a time, situated on a defile between two ranges of hills, the palace on the slopes above, and a strong fortress above that again on the top of the ridge. Besides these fortifications there is a long wall running up and down along the different ridges, much in the same way as the Great Wall of China does, enclosing a large extent of ground. The palace is a fine large straggling building, but has nothing very remarkable about it. The “Dewan-i-Khas” is a good large hall, supported on grey marble pillars; the “Dewan-i-Am” showy, but rather tawdry, with the looking-glass and stucco-work ornamentation of the period, about five hundred years old, which I do not admire. The rest of the apartments are in the same style, with the exception of the ladies' quarters, which seem to have been very meanly cared for and quite devoid of ornament. There is rather a nice view looking down through the cañon and on the old city, and just below the palace is a lake with an oasis of green trees in the

middle, looking very refreshing among all the brown slopes around. There is a shrine in the palace dedicated to a certain deity to whom some king one fine day promised a daily human sacrifice in recognition of some benefits received. However, after a time His Majesty found he was getting a little too prodigal with the lives of his subjects, so substituted a goat in place of the man—much to the disgust of the goddess, who smiled on him no more, and is accordingly represented in his shrine with averted “head.” The goat is still sacrificed every morning nevertheless. We found chairs and a table put out for us in the Dewan-i-Khas, and after seeing the palace, proceeded to unpack and discuss our tiffin in these classic and venerable halls. Then mounting again our handy little beast we descended into the valley and rejoined our carriage. An elephant is not a comfortable mover, I fancy, at any time. I think ours was particularly rough, and coming down the hill we rolled about like a three-decker. We fed him with the remains of the tiffin, which he seemed to appreciate. On our way back through the town (Jeypoor) we went down into the marble bazaar and purchased a few beautiful creatures, in company with which we returned to the hotel.

*February 24th.*—This morning after breakfast we went down into the marble works again, accompanied by Brown, who turned up at 7 A.M. from Delhi, and thence found our way to the Exhibition for the final visit. I never saw it so crowded: there were swarms of natives going round in surging streams, and making a deafening clatter and jabber. It was against seeing the things well. However, as I begin to know the best things there, it was amusing to watch a little native life. They seem to come in gangs, more especially the women, of all ages, shapes, and sizes. Mothers with little brats of a few weeks old clinging on to their sides and shoulders, fair maids and troops of children. There was no moving if you got by bad luck in their midst; the only chance was to swing with the stream until you passed a friendly backwater, up which you dart. Needless to say, they look after each other much more than at the show. A mamma with half-a-dozen kids all wanting to go different ways had her work cut out to keep them together—and then their tongues! Mother o’ Moses, what a jaw!! They all spoke or *shroke* at the same time, carrying on excited conversations right across the room. But, as I say, viewed from a safe coign of vantage it was a characteristic sight and a picturesque one. Altogether in this town you see very quaint and truly native scenes, and peculiarities of Asiatic life. Not only among the common people, who here more than anywhere I think are extremely picturesque in dress and demeanour (they have so many of them an air of “gentlemen” about them), but from time to time you see noble swells walking about with escorts of armed retainers, and occasionally a bigger swell still, sitting cross-legged in gorgeous silks and brocades, in a little native cart, drawn by two large white bullocks, preceded perhaps by his favourite horse, very fat, tightly bitted up to make him bend his neck, and gaily caparisoned in gold and silver



ornamented trappings, and stopped by an admiring crowd. Sometimes the swell is but a little boy of eight or ten years. It recalls one of times of the old feudal days of Europe, and the lord of the manor going about with his retinue of retainers, serving men, &c.

We left Jeypoor by the mail train at 6.40 P.M. I never was in such a crawling train; eighty miles in five hours is not rapid travelling, and one felt tempted now and then to get out and shove behind. We reached Ajmere, half-an-hour late, soon after midnight.

### *Dāk Bungalow, Ajmere.*

*February 25th.*—Very comfortable quarters here, but rather noisy, as we are close to the railway station and not far from the native town. The night time is very hideous with the howls of pariah dogs and jackals, the braying of donkeys—(who ever heard of a donkey braying in the middle of the night? the asses!)—the piercing shrieks of the locomotive whistles, and the distant hum of the “madding crowd” (not that they were very distant though); and far into the night the air was broken with volleys of vociferations—I fancy from the railway, where the officials, I’m afraid, were losing their tempers. Inconsiderate wretches! not being able to sleep themselves, they were determined no one else should. The dogs and jackals were especially alarming; it was one perpetual discordant concert the whole night. The native specimens of the canine race are bad enough in the daytime. Curs of lowest degrees, directly they see a respectable member of European society they set up a dismal howl: the word is passed along, and you have to run the gauntlet of this cordial reception all along the street. They are not very brave, however, and to stoop down and pick up a stone is enough to send them scampering, tail between legs, to a more respectful distance, when they again strike up a defiant howl. At night they have it all their own way, and they’re a caution. The fact is, I believe, a Hindu may not kill a dog, though he may stone and ill-treat him *ad lib.* Hence they multiply and increase unmolested. Not unfrequently they quarrel among themselves, and three or four will combine to attack some more miserable cur than themselves. I saw several unequal combats of this order when in Jeypoor, and the result of one was highly satisfactory, except perhaps to the scapegoat, who had his caudal appendage clean bitten off. But enough of Hindu hounds. We went to morning service at the church here, and later took a gharry and went first to the durgah, or mausoleum, of some ancient saint, whose supposed descendants live within the precincts, and keep watch and prayer over the remains of their departed ancestor. They made us take off our boots, and even then did not let us see much of the place, and that little was scarcely worth wearing holes in our socks for. The next place was of much greater interest—an old Jain temple originally, and later a Mohammedan mosque, and one of the oldest of its species extant in India. It is entirely of stone, supported on Hindu pillars, of quaint and very good stone carvings,

in wonderful preservation, as are also the carved facings of the central arch. The ceiling within the mosque is divided by the pillars into square panels, each carved in different patterns. There are scarcely two alike; they seem to have been done without any regularity, and the designs are very quaint and pretty. There are also several odd bits of carving collected together, Hindu groups and deities, all very curious, besides some stone slabs with long Sanskrit and Persian inscriptions engraved on them, which I fancy to the antiquarian must be of considerable interest. The mosque stands on one of the spurs of the sacred hill of Taragurh, and is surrounded by some fine old trees, which give it a great air of respectable antiquity in keeping with the whole. From here we went on to the lake which bounds the city on the north. A charming spot this, surrounded by broken chains of mountains, and bordered at one end by a fringe of green trees interspersed with a few old temples. The public gardens run along its edge for a little way, and here we lay and lounge for a little, until, about 4 o'clock, we got up our energy and took a good stump of three hours along the western end of the lakes, and then up across some rocky hills, and eventually up to the old fort at the top of Taragurh. This fortress has been a fine old place in its day, and I fancy could tell many a tale of siege and battle. Unfortunately that is more than I can do for it; but I believe it is famous in Indian history of bygone days. It still commands a strong position about 1,500 feet above the town, guarded by steep rocky sides and a high wall on the top. There is also a chain of walls running along and across the different ridges near, so the town was well guarded. It is one of the prettiest spots I have seen in India since the Wynaad (I don't take into account the Himalayan views, as being something totally different); and as we were up there for the setting of the sun, the surrounding country looked very pretty; it is an extensive view. The town itself lay underneath, nestling snugly in a sheltered valley, and the busy hum of voices, so noticeable in all these native towns, was borne up to us in a dull muffled roar. Beyond, the lake was radiant in the evening glow, and all around arose broken chains of low mountains, and funnily shaped peaks and ridges jumping up eccentrically out of the plain. We got a good look at all this from the top of the gateway of an old mosque within the fort, and just as it was getting dusk started back. We made for the bungalow in a pretty straight line down the slope of the hill, and a fine rough scramble we had of it, arriving "by de gaslight ob de moon" soon after 7 o'clock, quite ready for our dinner.

*February 26th.*—We had a very jolly day out at Pokhar, a small town seven miles from this, on the banks of a pretty little lake, an oasis in the midst of a rather desert country. We left the hotel at 10.30, in a small pony-cart drawn by a fat and lazy pony which needed encouraging all the way. It was no easy work at first getting through the strings of people, bullocks, and camels that were scattered along the road. I don't know which were the most stupid about getting out of the way, or rather *not* getting out of the way. The humans

were perhaps most enraging, because you expected them to have a certain amount of sense, whereas, despite our shouting at them—and we kept up a pretty lively chorus through the town, there couldn't have been much doubt of their hearing us—they would keep bang in the middle of the road until we were close upon them, and then turn slowly to one side in the most provokingly unconcerned way. Then in avoiding them one ran the risk of taking the hind leg off some old bullock or buffalo, or driving underneath a camel. Our road lay along past the western extremity of the lake and over a pass through a cut in the mountain range—a short but steep pitch on both sides. On the top the road was blasted through a mass of solid rock to a width just allowing of our little trap to pass. Arrived down the other side we tested the endurance of our springs rather unduly, there being big holes in the middle of the road; but neither the wheels nor the springs nor the pony gave out, and we reached our destination in good repair about 12 o'clock. Putting up the pony and trap we roamed about for an hour, looking into a few old temples and houses. The latter are, many of them, very picturesque, with good carvings and gaudy frescoes. The temples are mostly on the banks of the lake, with flights of steps leading down to the water where the inhabitants are washing away their sins—and their dirt. One or two, however, are inland, but the men in charge were rather particular about us going in, boots or no boots. The exteriors, though, I think, were the best part of them, except for some beautifully carved marble bulls and elephants, the sacred patrons of the shrines. About 1 o'clock we began to think we were getting rather warm and very dusty—the streets were ankle deep in fine sand—so repaired to the borders of the lake, and found a delightfully cool and shady retreat under the trees, and facing the prettiest bank of the lake. I think I have mentioned it as a sacred one. In consequence, three parts of the way round it is lined with shrines and temples, and, with thick spreading trees interspersed, crowds of dusky forms in and out of the water, and any amount of duck and other birds, also an occasional alligator to be seen floating on the top of the water, it was a pretty picture, and I longed to be able to draw or paint. There were some amusing scenes going on around us too. We were beyond temples, except for a few domes and roofs just emerging from the water (on whose former dignity the lake and shifting sands have made fatal encroachments at some time), and groups of lazy natives were loafing about under the trees—some going through their ablutions, some cooking sort of cakes, and others in the hands of the barber. This last is a serious business: I saw one man being trimmed up for at least an hour, squatting on his heels on the ground, the barber ditto in front of him, scraping away in various parts of his body with a tiny little razor. They are rare chaps these barbers, and seem to shave beautifully. The head and face were first treated—not all the face, as the patient had full beard and whiskers, but in certain little places—and then the beard and moustache had to be brought to order. The great thing

is to have a parting in the middle of the chin, and then induce the hair to stick straight out on either side all up the face. Sometimes it is so trained as to climb round the back of the ear, and with this idea you see numbers of men going about with handkerchiefs round their faces, as if there was an epidemic of toothache raging. This handkerchief is only taken down on state occasions, or when the hirsute growth has been taught the way it should grow. The head-piece satisfactorily finished, the barber explores gradually downwards ; but here I draw a discreet veil. I didn't look too closely into this part of the performance. I give this gentleman as an instance of what is a very common sight. I don't know how they hit it off with the alligators down here ; we put the question to them through Billy, and they told us the alligators will not touch them before sunset. Anyhow they bathe most fearlessly all along.

We had a most agreeable *dolce far niente*, lounging under the trees until 4 o'clock, when the sun, having lost some of his power, we began to move about again. A little way off at the end of the lake there was a large encampment, one of the neighbouring rajahs being here on pilgrimage. There was no end of life and movement going on in and around, and numbers of horses, elephants, bullocks, and camels tethered in vast herds, at different pickets outside. Close to where we had been sitting was a small camping ground, and as we were moving towards it to see what we could see, a man came rushing and gesticulating frantically towards us. His intentions, disapproval of our approach, were evident, and before long the reason also. It was the Zenana. We salaamed, and turned away. The military were not a striking lot, nor a smart lot, whatever their efficiency, judging from those we saw at the advanced posts. They were variously armed with old matchlock or English sniders and a couple of small brass guns of decidedly antique appearance. On our way through the town we picked up some native coins. We were attracted to the money dealers by some ferocious bargaining going on ; you would have thought from their looks and voices that the men were coming to blows, but they ended quite amicably. The discussion was only about a *pice*, about a halfpenny. We bought the coins the man had just sold to the dealer ; having taken note of the amount the dealer had given we offered him an advance of two annas, and the bargain was easily concluded. We harnessed our fiery steed about quarter to 5 : he started by a series of jibs, but at length condescended to move forwards, and we jogged demurely home. The view of the Ajmere lake as we rose the ridge above was lovely.

*February 27th.*—We went this morning to see the gaol and Mayo College buildings. At the former we were shown over by the Governor, and saw the criminals at work in their different cells. These are much more systematically arranged, and I fancy the supervision generally is much stricter, than at Jeypoor, Ajmere being directly under British rule. Carpet manufacture is the chief prison labour, and very fine are the carpets they turn out. The patterns are

mostly taken from old Persian copies, and they have been even more successful in reproducing many of the old colours than at Jeypoor. We came in for the flogging of some wretched individual who had been doing something which he ought not. He howled horribly over the operation.

The Mayo College was founded by Lord Mayo for the sons of rajahs and other native noblemen. There are now sixty of these young gentlemen, who live in different buildings in the grounds, and receive a good general education in their vernacular and in English, as well as a few English games. There is a very handsome building in course of construction, and now nearly finished, which is to be the college proper, and a memorial building to Lord Mayo. It is of white marble, and will be a splendid pile when completed. On our return we found Brown just arrived from Jeypoor, and after tiffin went with him for a stroll through the town, and to have another look at the old Hindu pillars of the (something) Jomfra mosque. It is a very quaint piece of architecture. The handsome façade of arches certainly does not belong to the pillars originally, and they stand up rather awkwardly joined to the colonnade. The carvings all through are lovely. There is not much to be seen otherwise in the town itself, so we went on down to the lake. Here we met our friend the prison governor, who enlightened us as to the little white marble buildings along the borders of the lake, which it seems are the remains of some Kings of Delhi's summer-houses. They used to be very fond of this place in their palmy days. There are some nice gardens adjoining, through which we directed our steps before coming out, but they are not over well kept up.

Off to Mount Aboo this evening, so must close before leaving.

## JOURNAL LXVIII.

### *Dâh Costa Hotel, Mount Aboo.*

*February 28th.*—We took the midnight mail from Ajmere last night, and reached Aboo Road at noon to-day. Aboo Road is the station for this place, and about fifteen miles distant. Having housed our baggage and made arrangements for our march, we shipped off Billy on a pony in charge of two coolies with our personal effects on their heads. We ourselves had tiffin at the station and waited for the sun to lose a little of his force, until 2.30, when we mounted two fiery chestnuts and cantered across the plain, four miles to the foot of the hills. Here we took to our own legs and walked up the remaining ten or eleven miles. It was warmish coming across the plain, and not exactly Arctic the first hour of the ascent. After that it became cooler as we got higher, and we had a nice fresh breeze in our faces, and for the last five or six miles were nearly entirely in the shade, and the evening lights shot prettily over our heads on to the mountains and valleys beyond. It is a lovely walk, with plenty of variety as we wind up along the

easy footpath : wooded ranges in very fair foliage, and rocky broken ridges with curiously shaped boulders jumping up at intervals. For the last thirteen hours of the way it is very easy walking, pretty nearly on the same level, and overlooking a deep valley on our right, until we reach a sort of undulating plateau, or perhaps, rather, a broken rock-strewn one with scattered palm-groves mingling rather oddly in places, a wide but sluggish mountain stream, and stray patches of cultivation here and there. Near the further end of this we see the town of Mount Aboo, a wide, rather straggling station, with bungalows perched on the top of every available summit or rising ground. After some difficulty we found the hotel, a comfortable one, but no Billy or baggage had arrived, and it was only after we had refreshed ourselves with a dish of tea, and B. and S. respectively, and when we were beginning to abuse the absent coolies, that these dilatory gentlemen put in an appearance (we had passed them somewhere on the road), and we were able to change into some dry shirts before dinner at 7.30. There are two very pleasant and sociable couples staying—one of them, oddly enough, a Colonel and Mrs. Barton; the other's names nor rank I know not, but I think he is an army man. I was forgetting to say that we left H. behind with Brown at Ajmere, as he was not quite the thing; but we hope to have him to-morrow with us.

*March 1st.*—Henri turned up at about 12 o'clock, and we found him on our return, at tiffin time, from a long walk down by the lake, and a scramble on to a rocky ridge overlooking the plain. The rocks here, and indeed through all this district, are quite a study, such quaint shapes as they are. There are many isolated ones, which stick up alone on the top of the mountains or down in the valley, scooped and hollowed out, leaning forward and assuming shapes of grotesque wild beasts and human profiles. Others have little niches and holes worn quite smooth, and a few like caverns that you see by the sea, worn by the action of the waves; only by the sea it seems all natural, while, when one meets such formations on the top of a mountain or the face of a precipice, the inquiring mind is led to wonder. This whole region is said to be volcanic, which fact, no doubt, has had its spoke in the wheel of the geological features of the country round, and only lately, I think at the time of the "electric wave," they had a severe earthquake up here. There is a small Hindu shrine situated on the top of one of these rocks, with some curious slabs sticking up on end, and forming a sort of gallery passage half-way round. A priest and attendant satellites have taken up their position here, but object to the intrusion of unbelievers. In the afternoon we went to see some very interesting specimens in the way of temples, old Jain buildings of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There are a cluster of five altogether, two of which are extremely handsome, in wonderful repair, and quite the finest bit of marble carvings I ever saw. The shrine itself stands in the middle of the quadrangle, and is a sanctum sanctorum not to be gazed on by eye of infidel—not interiorly at least. The outside is free

to inspection, but you must not set foot on the stairs leading up to it. I was just in the act of going up to inspect the doors of the shrine—suddenly I hear an agitated howl, and the priestly custodian swoops down upon me, wofully agitated. Round the quadrangle are marble cloisters supported on pillars, and between these and the shrine, and covering half the court, is another marble hall with a dome-shaped roof in the centre, a mass of quaint carvings, and handsome marble pillars—all extraordinary in deep sculptured figures and patterns, and subjects of strange originality. Around the cloisters are a long series of shrines inhabited by the image of a very inane-looking deity, always identically the same; the intervening places on the walls and the whole length of the ceiling being covered with panels of more wonderful marble sculptures. Then there were troops of monster marble elephants—twenty I think altogether, all perfectly fashioned; not so a sacred horse, which they had caricatured horribly. But the cows and elephants are modelled very true to nature. Both these temples are of the same style and design, except in a few slight details, and in their size; and the effect of the whole and each little part is extremely striking, and good sound work throughout. All the pillars seem to me to be monoliths—at least, I could detect no join in any of them—and the labour of setting up and carving these alone must have been enormous. The priests and patrons, however, give scarcely credible figures as to the cost of the whole, and with their usual love of exaggeration are not to be much trusted, though even with cheap or forced labour it must have been an expensive pile originally. It has stood the wear of ages wonderfully, and the damage done has been chiefly due to earthquakes.

*March 2nd.*—We availed ourselves of most of the daylight to-day, beginning at 6.30 with a good stump before breakfast on to one of the hills over the lake, whence we had a very pretty view of all the Mount Aboo district ranges, the plain immediately below us, and distant mountains rising hazily range upon range. The little lake too at our feet looked very pretty, snugly nestling among the rocks, with broken boulders showing their jagged heads above water, and affording a scanty refuge for a few enterprising trees. After breakfast we again wandered afield in another direction. We started together, but eventually followed the bent of our several inclinations in different routes. Mine took me along over several low ranges and across some very pretty valleys, with little patches of green cultivation, scattered rocks, palm and other trees, and up on two higher peaks, from the last of which I got a very extended survey, despite the hazy state of the atmosphere. This impeded the view, but made it pleasanter walking, and there has been a delicious breeze all day. Yesterday the sun got very powerful by 12 o'clock, although there was a nice air on the heights. I just returned in time for tiffin at 2 o'clock, to find Brown established in my bedroom, he having followed our footsteps and caught us up again here this morning. He accompanied us on a rather lazy walk in the afternoon, but we

spun out our time till 6.30, when we came home to tea, and appreciated a grateful cup of that which cheers but does not inebriate. This is the thirstiest place I know; I seem to be always "dry." Our fellow hotel guests are very pleasant. Major and Mrs. Raper are the other two. He is commandant of the military sanatorium station, and is in course of getting into his bungalow. My namesake is political agent at—oh dear! I thought I was going to remember the name of the place;—well, it's in one of the native states near Ahmedabad.

### *Ahmedabad Railway Station.*

*March 3rd.*—A jolly morning walk, 6.30–9.30 A.M., to the foot of the hills; a merry gallop across the plains; a glorious tub, and hearty breakfast (if not a remarkably choice one) at the railway station and we took the mail train at Aboo Road, and we journeyed hotly and dustily to Ahmedabad. Here we found the Dāk bungalow full, but were told we could have rooms at the station after the mail train left. The intermediate time we employed in a shave, a wash, and a dinner, three necessary and not disagreeable operations—at least the last two were pleasant enough; and in due time we were shown into a good-sized room, with three couches, on which to stretch our weary bones.

*March 4th.*—Contrary to our most sanguine expectations our quarters were tolerably quiet last night. The whistles "shroke" not too unmercifully, the dogs and jackals howled only at intervals, and, though animal life in the shape of mosquitoes put in an appearance, we passed the night comfortably enough, and this morning, anticipating a warm day, we went off at 7 to have a look round the town. This is a walled city of considerable interest and importance historically; however, we were either not in an admiring mood, or the monuments are really not beautiful in themselves. Not that there is any lack: fifty mosques are to be seen here and hereabouts by those who like to make the tour. We did not; contenting ourselves with the Jumli Musjid, another mosque, tombs of certain kings and queens, and especially the mausoleum of Shah Album. This is the most worth seeing, and the marble tombs and stone trelliswork are very good. We returned to 10 o'clock breakfast, and afterwards took it easy until half-past 4 o'clock, though it was really not out of the way hot. We then drove round by some of the bazaars and to an old Jain temple, lately beautified and restored; it was in the same style as that up at Mount Aboo—finer in exterior appearance, but not nearly so fine in detail. The pillars and all the carvings were of stone, whitewashed instead of marble, to begin with. The sculptures, however, were very good, and some of the figures extremely quaint and beautifully hideous. It had this advantage, too, over that at Aboo, that we were allowed, on removing our boots and putting on felt slippers, which were provided for us, to go through all the buildings, sanctum sanctissimum included. From the profane to the sublime,



we went from this heathen temple to the church in the cantonments for 6 o'clock service. The cantonments are about two or three miles' drive from the town, along a fine shady avenue. It was very pleasant driving back in the cool of the evening after service. We passed by the Dāk bungalow this afternoon, and find that the reason we could have no rooms is that they have two cases of small-pox there. I am very sorry for the poor patients, but as far as we are concerned I am much more pleased to be where we are. It is very convenient, and we have all we want.

*March 5th.*—At 6.30 we went off in two gharries, in shape a rather better edition of those of Wynaad renown, and took the road to Sirkaj, the east summer palace of the Emperor Ahmed, the founder of this city in the fifteenth century. Now there are little more than ruins, and the whole place must be ranked among the "has beens"; let us hope that it "has been" *clean*. It was far from being so now, and the descendants of two celebrated saints whose mortal remains have here found their last resting-place evidently do not find favour in the maxim that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Supposing, however, that the renowned ancients were more kindly disposed towards soap and water, the buildings must have been very handsome. There are three mausoleums, to different holy men and emperors, with fine marble tombs and a goodly array of pillars—stone monoliths. There is a large mosque too, also glorious in rows and rows of white pillars; and below the walls on one side is an enormous tank, with its four sides each upwards of 150 yards long. On the banks stood the palace buildings, and very pretty they must have been, with noble flights of steps sweeping down to the water's edge. Having examined these halls of ancient glory—there are but few remaining to say much about themselves—we sat us down under an old tomb or pavilion, and discussed some grub on the banks of the lake, a perfect spot for a picnic, and with a lovely breeze coming across the water to us. We mounted our chariots again at 10.30, and resumed our dusty road back—a very dusty road, and rather hard upon the horses (or *soft?*—query? as the thickness of this delightful compound was calculated in inches)—across the river Sabasmati, which washes the walls of the town, and where the water was darkened with human forms, cleansing their outer men and women; and banging hard their unfortunate clothing with the same intent; and eventually back to our railway refreshment room quarters soon after 12.

#### *Byculla Club, Bombay.*

*March 6th.*—We left Ahmedabad last night at 7.50, and came through very comfortably, arriving at Grant Road Station at 10 A.M. Thence we drove here straight, and found our rooms all ready for us, thanks to Mr. Kemball having done the necessary previously for our admittance as hon. members, and here we feel quite "dukes" once

more, and very comfortable. The only objection to the club is that it is a long way from the town, as it takes about half-an-hour to drive to the Esplanade Hotel, the central part of the town. And a splendid town it is too. I don't think I have been so much struck by any town since leaving home, both as to site and buildings. The latter are very handsome, and the large bay running all round is very pretty. After various shoppings for a few necessities, we drove on up to Malabar Hill, to call on Mr. Kemball and Mr. Fulton; and from here there is a lovely view, looking over into the bay and down upon the town. Our good friends were not at home, so we finished our afternoon by a stroll through the Victoria Gardens, where a band was playing *not* inspiring or harmonious strains.

*March 7th.*—After trotting about in the morning on the subject of letters, steamer tickets, &c., we had tiffin at the hotel, and afterwards I went down to the harbour to see what was to be seen of the Regatta; G. and H. found it too warm. I can't say I saw much of the racing—I think most of the sailing matches were over; but I had a most delightful afternoon on the water. I chartered a native boat, or rather an English boat with native crew and rig, and went cruising about the bay, and in and out among the shipping. There was a splendid breeze, and it was very jolly. I enjoyed, too, seeing the different yachts, mostly lateen-rigged, looking all canvas, and not at all handy; but they tacked and dodged about very prettily. There was a variety of craft one way and another in the harbour, from a man-of-war to the native canoe or catamaran. I saw one light four-oared race coming in just before dark, and then left. How they were going to see to row off the next two races I don't know.

## JOURNAL LXIX.

### *Dāk Bungalow, Aurangabad.*

*March 11th.*—On the last of our Indian expeditions, we left Bombay last night at 6.40 P.M., and reached the station of Nandgaon at 2.45 A.M. We had telegraphed on for a tonga to be in readiness, but we had to wait three-quarters of an hour before the said vehicle was ready. However, by 3.30 we were off—G., I, and Billy (our party being thus reduced, as H. wished to go down to Poonah and Hyderabad). We came along very well while in British territory, but on entering the Nizam's dominions, about ten miles from Nandgaon, there was a marked change in the macadam, or perhaps it would be more correct to say a change from macadam to dust. This dust was very bad; the holes were frightful; the springs of our tonga decidedly weak, and the bumps and jerks not pleasant. We pulled up at the Dāk bungalow at Deogaum, thirty-six miles, to get some breakfast, and had a poorish meal after waiting an hour and a half for it. Eventually we reached this ancient town after no particular incident, beyond an extra agonising jerk or superfine mouthful of dust, about 1.30;

distance from Nandgaon, fifty-six miles. A few miles before getting in we passed within sight of Dowlakabad, a towering fortress which we hope to "do" to-morrow. Meanwhile we employed our afternoon perambulating Aurangabad. This place, as its name implies, was the residence of the Mogul Emperor Aurangzib, and was in his day, I believe, a splendid place, and the resort of numbers of native princes with their brilliant suites. *Tempora mutantur* now, and there is little of glory left. A tomb to Aurangzib's daughter, a miserable copy of the Taj, and a picturesque modern mosque are the chief monumental attractions without the town. At this last there is a pretty little tank, with a constant flow of water through, and some hundreds of large trout, evidently sacred, which swarm round the edge of the tank directly you appear with something to feed them, and wait in anxious expectancy like so many pet deer. Then when you throw in something, a regular "school feast scramble" takes place. They were most amusing to watch. Within the town there is nothing much to be seen. The streets, though tolerably wide, are not of the cleanest, and very tumbled-down, and nothing very interesting among the people or bazaars. The town used to be famous for gorgeous embroidered "kinkobs," but we couldn't find any, only some narrow strips of brocade, some of which, however, were very handsome.

I find I am quite forgetting our doings of Saturday, 10th, on which day we visited the famous Elephanta Caves. We left the Apollo Bunder soon after 7 o'clock in a little steam launch and steamed across to the small island, about six miles off, where the excavations are. Though a good bit mutilated, these are still very fine, and struck me very much, the more so as I had been told I should be disappointed. The main cave is cut out of the rock to a depth of 12 feet, with a frontage of about the same length. From the entrance you go up through an imposing avenue of pillars, some whole and preserving their ancient sculptures unhurt; others in various stages of dilapidation, and a few broken clean in two, the top part hanging down from the roof like huge stalactites. At the end of the rows of pillars there is a huge three-faced idol—quite the best specimen in the caves. Opinions differ as to whether it is meant to represent the Hindu Trinity—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—or only the latter deity, represented in three of his attributes. Whatever it represents, it is three huge heads in one, 19 or 20 feet high, and carved in relief out of the solid rock. The expressions on the three faces are all different, and all very fine and expressive, and the actual workmanship is exceedingly good, especially a jewelled necklace which is carved round the neck of the centre head. This is the principal figure in the caves; but there are several others, in groups or singly, representing mythological subjects and personages. None of these are by any means in perfect preservation, though enough remains to show their extreme quaintness, and several beautiful types of face among the figures. There are several other smaller caves and

remains of carvings about the hill, but nothing of much importance in its present state. The view from here though is lovely, over the harbour to the docks, town, &c., and lots of little islands dotted about. Unfortunately the distance was hazy, so we did not see these as well as we might have. We took ship again about 10 o'clock, had tiffin on board, and got back to land between 11 and 12. In the evening we started as I have said, and here we are. Our chief object in coming on as far as this is to procure the necessary permits to visit Dowlakabad, and from the mess secretary to occupy the Mess Bungalow at Roza, on our way to the Ellora caves to-morrow. These documents we have got, and Billy is now catering for provisions which we have to carry with us for the next two days.

*Mess Bungalow, Roza.*

*March 12th.*—We packed up our traps and made a start this morning at 7 A.M., in our same tonga. We followed the road by which we had come for about five miles, then turned off to the right, and reached Dowlakabad about 8.30. This is a wonderful fortress; built by Toglach in the fourteenth century, in one of his eccentric moods. He transported his whole city population from Delhi and set them to work here. It was no doubt a fine thing for a warrior bold like him to have done, but otherwise rather a useless expenditure of labour. The fort itself is on the top of a steep conical-shaped hill, which rises abruptly out of the plain (oh, so plain!), and at a height of 120 feet from the base the solid rock has been cut clean perpendicularly down all round the hill. A wide ditch or moat has been left, with the 120 feet of sheer wall on the inner side, and about 30 or 40 feet on the outer. Beyond this again is a strong fortress, with a triple line of massive walls and ramparts, and without this is the area of the city proper (now all in ruins), surrounded in its turn with strong fortifications. So our friend was pretty strong in his little citadel aloft, 500 feet above the surrounding country. The only passage across the moat is by means of a narrow stone bridge, and then you go up by a narrow passage cut in the solid rock for some distance up, and finally along the steep face by steps hewn in the rock; it is a most curious old place. The hill slopes up to a very narrow peak, near the top of which are a few buildings, and a little turret quite at the top, mounted with a long iron gun. It seems very funny to be perched up here looking almost precipitously down. There is no doubt it was a strong place, and they were besides well supplied with water. The view too was rather pretty, brown though everything was. The plain stretches away out of sight on one side, but on the other there is a range of curious flat topped mountains, and a few solitary pyramids protruding from the plain. Our road to Roza takes us up one of these ranges—a wide-stretching upland plateau, rather desolate-looking, and about 11.15 we are landed here. We find ourselves in very snug, cool quarters. The bungalow is an old

tomb, fitted and kept up by the Aurangabad mess, just beyond Roza, through which we drove, and which has the appearance of being a vast cemetery, with tombs and domes and ruined houses in profusion, and a high city wall running all round. Aurangzib is buried near here, and I suppose all the nobles and big swells thought it the fashion for some time to follow his example. Well, arrived here we made ourselves at home, and comfortably had some tiffin, and about half-past 3 went down to see the famous caves. These are in the face of the hill about a mile down, and line the face of the cliff for about a mile and a half; they are indeed marvels of human labour. The native traditions date them back over seven thousand years; actually, I believe, the oldest are considered to be by the authorities from nine hundred to one thousand years old. They number upwards of forty, large and small, but there are only a few that are particularly striking, or perhaps it is that after the finest the smaller ones pale, and seem of less account. We began at the south end, the Buddhist caves, and the oldest. They are on the same style in some ways as those at Elephanta, with huge grotesque figures and idols. The earlier Buddhist ones have somewhat different subjects, but as we went along we came upon old familiar Hindu designs and characters. Even here the vastness of the work is wonderful; there are three or four caves of three stories high, each hall supported with columns of pillars, and all around niches containing idols and other figures, or groups of figures, on the wall itself, all in better or worse state of preservation, and of very quaint form. One cave temple there is quite alone of its species, about the length and breadth of an ordinary church, with a beautiful frieze of figures running all round an upper gallery, and a curious vaulted roof, with ribs cut out, looking something like beams at first. But it would be hopeless trying to describe them all. The designs are often repeated over and over again, whether in the large or smaller excavations, which are perched up in out-of-the-way nooks and holes. The finest specimen of all, however, was that we saw last, known as the Kailas Temple. This is really almost superhuman, when one comes to think that it is all cut out of the solid cliffs. You enter by an archway and find yourself in a quadrangle about 300 feet by 200 feet. From the arch is a covered way leading to the temple, which stands in the middle. This building must be something like 200 feet long by rather more than 100 feet wide, and is in itself a beautiful edifice. A mass of carving, the different porticoes all round are supported by elephants, some very perfect still, and all sorts of queer animals, figures, and groups grace the walls in different parts. The second story is surmounted by an irregular mass of exquisitely carved pagodas, and at one end is a very handsome hall and shrine with about twenty magnificent square pillars, in double rows. Around the quadrangle are sort of cloisters, with more huge sculptures; and on either side the entrance are two life-sized stone elephants, and two beautifully carved monoliths about 80 feet high. Altogether it is a lovely pile, and would

be so anywhere ; but with the whole mass hewn as it is out of the solid cliff, and all so exquisitely finished, one stands aghast at the vastness of the labour it must have cost. These temple caves and the fort have struck me in this respect almost more than anything I have seen in India, and we have had a most interesting day. We walked up the hill again after seeing the Kailas, as we had had enough for one spell, and the sun was getting low. Billy served us a very fair repast in the way of dinner, and we find he delights in cooking. His pretensions are perhaps rather greater than the results ; but we were not particular, and now it's time I turned in.

### *Bombay.*

*March 14th.*—Yesterday morning we went off about 7 o'clock to see the rest of the caves, and though we saw nothing finer than the Kailas Temple, we saw several other interesting excavations and sculptures. Of these the two most interesting were the "Doorma Lena," the largest single hall in the collection, measuring over 100 feet square, irrespective of the different side caves, and the "Indra" Caves, dedicated to the god Indra, and with large idol figures of this deity. Here the carvings were exquisite, the pillars especially being executed in great taste. From the main cave you pass by narrow passages, the entrance of which you scarcely notice, into more spacious halls and little shrines, all beautifully worked. The outside view of these caves is perhaps the most striking and handsome of all the lot. They are the northern extremity of the cliff, and after seeing them we retraced our steps to the Kailas and spent an hour poking about some of the little nooks and cavities we had not had time or light enough to inspect before. The chief objects, too, lose nothing by being seen a second time, and we lingered about trying to make head or tail (literally sometimes) of some of the different designs. On our return to the bungalow we provided ourselves with a guide to take us to Aurangzib's tomb within the walls of Roza. It is the simplest of tombs, though guarded by a goodly array of priests, who are remorseless in their demands for "backsheesh." The city altogether is in more senses than one the "City of the Dead." Within and without the walls tombs abound, while the streets are for the most part deserted and half in ruins, and have a most mournful appearance. We came in by noon and kept cool and quiet till it was time to think about leaving, about 3.30. Billy distinguished himself in his position as *chef de cuisine* to-day, and served us up an omelette that need not have been ashamed of showing its face at Delmonico's. We jolted back the forty-four dusty miles to Nandgaon, where we arrived about 10.30, had some dinner at 12.45 A.M., took the train and got back to the club about 9 o'clock this A.M.

### *On Board P. and O. S.S. 'Ganges.'*

*Palm Sunday, March 18th.*—On Thursday morning we paid an early visit to the markets, and spent the rest of the day sailing round

the harbour. At first it seemed as if there were going to be scarcely enough wind to move us, but after an hour a breeze got up and we had a delightful sail till 5.30. Unfortunately the islands were all in thick haze, but the harbour, even under this disadvantage, looked lovely and most animated with the crowds of vessels lying in port. Besides a troopship and a monitor there were steamers of all kinds, sailing vessels large and small, a large fleet of native craft, and lots of little boats and canoes cutting about. We dined with the Fultons in the evening, and so passed our last day in India.

Friday we came on board soon after 3, and at 5 p.m. weighed anchor and started on our last long sea voyage. She is a fine boat the "Ganges," and we are very comfortably berthed in a good deck cabin.

### *In the Red Sea.*

*Good Friday, March 23rd.*—My previous ideas of the Red Sea are dispelled. Here we are in about the hottest part of it, and I am dry, solid, and cool. I didn't think such a thing was possible in these regions, but one lives and learns. We made a very quick run to Aden, and reached there yesterday morning about 3 A.M., leaving again at 9 A.M. We managed to get a run ashore and see what was to be seen, which, though not much, is worth seeing, and peculiar. G. and I, with two of our fellow-passengers, Udding and Du Fay, left the ship about 6 A.M., in a jolly boat manned by four black-skinned, curly-pated, chattering natives. We were told by some that it would take us three hours to go to the town and back. However, Du Fay had been there before, and knew better, and we relied on him and determined to "chance it." For better security in case of mishap we took two carriages, and soon after landing we were bowling along a good road just under the rock of Aden, an imposing precipitous mass of bare serrated ridges. Barren and rugged it is indeed, all bare earth or rock, not a blade of grass, not a sign of a shrub, and small wonder, as it rains only by mistake every three or four years. The rocks are interesting though from this very reason. We drove through the fort, a strong, impregnable position, and through an archway, and along a bit of road cut in the solid rock; and soon afterwards turning a corner come upon the town of Aden. It is a bigger place than I expected—in a hollow surrounded by walls of rock. Houses look almost out of place in such a spot. It seems scarce to be fit for the habitat of man or beast. Our chief business is with the tanks, and thither accordingly we drive. They are twelve in number, cut out of a gully in the rock to collect the rain when it does fall. When it does come down, it does so with a vengeance I believe, as if to make up for lost time. They owe their existence, these tanks, to the Romans, though what *they* wanted down here I don't know. However, they seem to have left other relics behind them, one in the shape of a road all along the Red Sea, of which evident traces remain, so my informant tells me, a jolly, chatty old Anglo-Indian, who is on board. To return

to the tanks. They have been touched up and improved by the British, and I believe are the sort of promenade for the sojourners in Aden. A few shrubs have been planted, and with constant watering are struggling reluctantly into existence. Apparently they are a source of joy and pride, as in several parts you are particularly requested in French and English not to gather or otherwise injure or interfere with the plants or *flowers*. These latter sound very barren sarcasm. We were back at the port by 8 o'clock, an hour and a half from the time we had left it (instead of three hours). There are one or two hotels here, besides several shops, chiefly of the curio and cheap-jack order. Ostrich eggs and feathers are of course offered very plentifully for sale *very cheap*, but there is nothing else very curious. The town, by the way, is five miles from the port, and the tanks just outside it. Soon after the appointed hour, 9 o'clock, our anchor was up, and we were off again. We steamed along within sight of the Arabian coast, a barren, rugged outline of high serrated peaks and ridges, and at 4.30 passed through the Straits and entered the Red Sea. There were two steamers lying aground just off Perim, which, by the way, looks an uncanny place to live in, and no mistake. Last night was the warmest we have had, but our deck cabin was very comfortable. Those below were not so well off. The ports on the port side had to be closed, as there were a few big waves following us at times. One unfortunate, amidships, where he was supposed to be safe, received a proper ducking in the middle of the night, and his whole cabin was flooded. Jolly, awfully!! It did get rather warm this morning, but the thermometer was not above 80° Fahr., and since tiffin the wind, which has been aft the last few days, has dropped and we are cooler, as we are able to make a nice air for ourselves as we go along. We made the best run we have yet made, to-day, 318 miles.

*Easter Day.*—Wind got round dead ahead on Friday evening, and by yesterday had freshened considerably, and in the evening there was quite a sea on. Notwithstanding, we managed to have a musical and theatrical entertainment without a catastrophe, though a line of sea-sick matrons showed symptoms of collapse during the performance. The first part of the programme—the music—was mild, very; but the Doctor and a Mrs. B. gave us a very creditable performance of "A Happy Pair," after a false start on the lady's part. She had only got through a few lines, ending with the words "it is a sad falling off," when she remembered she had forgotten something, got nervous, and fled from the stage, to return after a few minutes' interval and act very well. We hope to be in to-morrow afternoon, having only 340 miles at noon to-day between us and Suez; and as I shall not be able to announce our arrival there, I may as well close this to-day. We shall have made a quick run from Bombay, and should be at Suez at least thirty-six hours before our time. Passengers on board are of not much account, take 'em all round; and infants and brats of sorts infest the ship—howling, of course.



## JOURNAL LXX.

*On Board M.M. SS. "Peluse."*

*April 3rd.*—It is more than a week since I last wrote, and now that we have left the shores of Egypt behind, I must jot down some notes of my seven days' campaign there. To take up my thread from on board the "Ganges." We got into Suez on the afternoon of Easter Monday, and slept that night at the Suez Hotel, an indifferent and expensive hostelry. Tuesday we continued our way to Cairo, taking train at 8.45 A.M., and reaching Cairo at 5 that evening. Shepherd's Hotel was our resting-place here—expensive but comfortable. Just now it is *the* club of Cairo. All the rank and fashion are to be seen congregating on the terrace, and in the afternoon and evening military and civilians swarm there. I ran against Bald there almost immediately on arriving, and subsequently met a lot of old acquaintances. Indeed I dined out three nights out of the five I was there—with Pilkington, Tolson, and Aylmer, in turn. The two latter were quartered out at Abbassayah, about three or four miles out. The sights of Cairo give one plenty of occupation, and we were cutting about a good bit while there. The mosques alone would require some weeks if you wanted to see them all. I did not, and contented myself with two, the one at the citadel being one, the finest, I believe, and ranking second to St. Sophia. It is an enormous building, with a very handsome interior in shape of a cross, and built nearly entirely of alabaster. It is quite modern—finished, I think, only five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, and crowns the top of the citadel, forming a very striking object for miles round. There is nothing else particular in the citadel itself, except the view of the town, which is very fine, with its numerous needle-like minarets, domes, and other conspicuous buildings. The bazaars are quite a feature of the town, and are a very amusing lounge. There is a heterogeneous collection of wares displayed, of Syrian, Persian, and other nationalities, and about as many types of human beings, Jews, Turks, Greeks, Arabs, &c.—resembling each other, however, in one point, the width to which they open their mouths, and their capacity for speaking anything but the truth. At every shop you go to you are expected to drink a cup of tea or coffee, sometimes to smoke a cigarette, while discussing the relative merits and prices of the articles you fancy, and they are rather hurt if you refuse. Well, the first day (Tuesday, 27th) we spent making the acquaintance of the town generally. Wednesday we went out a party of five to the pyramids, Keyser, Du Fay, and the Doctor being of the party. It took us about one-and-a-half hours to drive out, along a sandy and holey road. George and I were the only ones energetic enough to go to the top of the Great Pyramid (about 450 feet), the others contenting themselves with exploring the interior; but the ascent was really not hard work at all. I surrendered

myself into the hands of three sturdy, chattering and rather effluvious Arabs, two of whom seized my hands, while the third guarded my rear, and in this manner I was half pulled, half lifted to the top, up the enormous blocks of stones. Coming down was the worse part, as the men could not be of much use, and rather bothered me than otherwise. However, we got up and down in safety, and had an interesting view from the top, of the town and fertile valley of the Nile. It was curious to watch the boundary of the latter with the desert, which winds along in and out like the broken shore of a sea beach, the green pasture forming a distinct line in the vast sandy tract of the desert—a dreary waste indeed. The Sphinx stands about a quarter of a mile from the Great Pyramid, and it was quite far enough to go over the fine glaring sand. It makes one feel quite awfully young to stand beside these monuments of ages; and though the beauty of the Sphinx—the most ancient of all Egyptian relics, I believe—has been sadly spoilt, he looks venerable and striking still. If he could only speak!! and tell us his experiences of these thousands of years. Hard by are the remains of an old temple—all on the same scale of magnitude, with blocks of stones truly amazing in their size, which would puzzle many a modern lifting apparatus. Of course the names of celebrated tourists are to be seen in every direction, and every available clear space. The myrmidons of the place, too, offer you countless specimens from all parts, of any pyramid you like, besides offering to display feats of athleticism by running down one pyramid and up another, or to the top of the Sphinx, or down some impossible hole. They didn't get much change out of us, however, and I expect we must have been put down as a very unenterprising lot. We had taken our tiffin with us, and ate in the house close to the pyramids, returning back to Cairo about 1 o'clock. That afternoon G. and I went out to call on Tolson and Aylmer, and to visit Heliopolis—at least, the ancient site of that town, known also as the still more ancient “On” of Scripture. The chief interest now is centred in the obelisk, said to be the oldest in Egypt. The inscriptions are not so elaborate as on the Cleopatra's Needle, and on two sides are obliterated to a great extent; but the size of the monument and its age inspire respect. It seems almost incredible that it should have come down from so many miles away and been put where it is by man. On our way back we had a most interesting visit to an ostrich farm, started by a French company some three or four years ago. A very obliging man, the manager, showed us over, and told us all about these idiotic-looking but valuable birds, of which they have about 150 on the farm. We saw them of all ages, even down to those of a day old, and one still in the egg expecting to make its formal appearance into the world next day. They require a good deal of assistance before the operation is effectually concluded, and the shell has to be completely broken away—that is, in the artificial hatching houses. They let the birds hatch as many as they will—about twenty, if I remember rightly; but as each ostrich lays about fifty

eggs, the surplus ones, which are kicked out of the nest, are taken up and hatched by artificial means in about forty-two days.

Friday we became Cook's tourists, and joined the last expedition of the season to Memphis and Sakarah. Punctually at 8.45 our steamer left her moorings near the Iron Bridge, and we steamed up the ancient (and muddy) Nile. The citadel looked well in the distance, with the slender minarets of the mosque tapering towards the heavens; but once past the town there was nothing much along the banks to attract interest or attention. A whole fleet of diabeeyahs, however, which followed us up the river, looked pretty enough as they came along with their curious sails well filled with a fair breeze. We reached Badrishayn about 10.30. There a troop of donkeys was in waiting for us. A scramble off the boat—a grand hustle among the "moques," and their attendant boys, to get hold of a good beast—and we are off. We soon began to "tail," but it was an animated scene at first to see the eighty or ninety donkeys followed by screaming Arabs, and note the different style and dress of each cavalier. There was a mixed crowd, from the British officer in uniform to the *première danseuse* of the ballet at the opera. Many were the fallings off of equestrians, and the collapses of overburdened asses. There was one man, a Swede, an enormous fat chap, weighing quite eighteen or twenty stone, who is reported to have kissed mother earth six times on his way up. It was his first essay at donkey-riding, and mighty oaths did he swear it should be his last. For the first three miles the road was good, and through a cultivated tract within the influence of the Nile. Then we had a sandy tract of desert, and the heavy weights began to tell. My mount at this point began to show signs of distress, though he had been a flyer over the light country; but we stuck to each other to the last, and we arrived among the first division. After waiting about a half-an-hour for the stragglers to come up—an interval we employed in washing some of the dust of the desert down our throats—we all set forward, under the guidance of our "personal conductor," and went to inspect the necropolises of some of those living in the days of old. These are enormous underground passages hollowed out, and to the right and left other little caves have been excavated, and here are placed enormous tombs of solid blocks of stone, and covered by single slabs: one of these is the tomb of the "Apis," or sacred bull, a prominent figure in ancient Egyptian relics. Another cave, which has only lately been discovered, belongs to one "Ti," an emperor of olden days. The relics found here have been transported to the Cairo Museum. but the walls are covered with numerous designs and figures, conventional and natural, in perfect preservation and beautifully executed in the face of the rock—not deeply cut, but just on the surface. We visited another of this sort, only not so perfect, on our way back; and in due time reassembled on board the steamer, getting off again at 4 o'clock, after a very pleasant and interesting day. The weather was all that could be desired, and even the desert not too hot, as there was a

nice air all day. Had it been as hot as the day before it would have been a grind, and no mistake; but the weather took a change from to-day, and the nights up to the day I left were quite cold.

Saturday morning we spent in the bazaars. After tiffin Tolson came down by appointment, and we subsequently went up with him to see the review of the Egyptian army before the Khedive. I dined that evening with Aylmer out at Abbassayah; and on Sunday, after paying a visit to the Museum, a most interesting collection of ancient Egypt, I said good-bye to George and Pilkington, who came down to the station, and travelled down with Keyser to Alexandria, which we reached about 10.30. There we housed ourselves at the Hotel Abbat, having failed to get rooms at the "Khedivial." There is not much to be seen at Alexandria, except the ruins of the town and the forts, and Pompey's Pillar in the way of antiquities. I came on board this morning, and we are now steaming along under glorious sunshine, smooth sea, but sharp wind.

*April 4th.*—We sighted Candia early this morning, and in the afternoon were coasting along a few miles from shore. The range of snowy mountains looked very well, rising up 8,000 or 9,000 feet above the sea; and we had a lovely sunset on their rosy summits. The wind got up about 7 o'clock, and blew fresh until midnight.

*April 5th.*—Weather fine, though wind still ahead. Passed close to several sailing vessels in the afternoon.

*April 6th.*—Saw the shores of Europe once more as we came through the Straits of Messina this morning. *Ætna* was just in sight as I came on deck, and did not impress me at first view, as the slope on the east side is so gradual one does not realise the height of the mountain. As we got more into the Straits, however, it looked very fine, with patches of snow still lying on its higher slopes. The whole coast, too, of Sicily is very fine and bold. We passed before Messina just as we came up from breakfast, and soon afterwards had steamed through the once formidable whirlpool of Charybdis and by the rock of Scylla, famous for its more than questionable hospitality in receiving the mariners of olden times. Thence in a straight course to Naples, within sight of volcanic fragments of the Lippari Islands for some time, and close to Stromboli, a perfectly shaped cone rising abruptly from the sea. There is a very fine jagged pillar of rock standing up alone about half-a-mile from land, an interesting and peculiar-looking object. We got to Naples at midnight, and as we weighed anchor again at 4 A.M., on

*Saturday, April 7th,* it was little I saw of the beauties of the Bay. This same Saturday was a horrid day; it came on to blow pretty fresh after leaving Naples—the heavens o'er-clouded themselves, and in the afternoon the rain came down and rendered a dry position on deck untenable; it was horribly cold too. In the night the wind got up, and as we rounded Cape Corso we had a nice "jump."

*April 8th.*—The wind increased with the daylight, and up to 12 o'clock it blew very hard—fortunately all in our favour. Break-

fast table was sadly deserted, the Commandant, Doctor, Allsopp, and self being the only representatives. In the afternoon it calmed down, and once inside the islands off Yères—I forget their names—the sea was beautifully calm. The coast is pretty in parts, especially as we enter the harbour of Marseilles, and watch the sun setting on the bare white rocks which guard the coast-line. It seems quite strange as we get near the wharf to be boarded by European boatmen, and not to be deafened by leaping and screeching Orientals. The Marseillais, it is true, clamour with no very refined tone of voice. Still it is intelligible, and begins to sound of home. My effects are soon on shore—a short controversy with the officials at the Douane on the subject of some cigarettes is soon satisfactorily and amicably concluded, thanks to the civility of the said authorities, the most obliging and gentlemanly Custom House officers I ever came across, and a model to others of their species—and I am before very long comfortably settled *au premier* at the Terminus Hotel, and enjoying the comfortable recesses of a four-poster, which same I appreciate not a little after being rocked somewhat unceremoniously on the cradle of the deep for the last two nights, and my own particular crib being none of the widest.

*Hersham Lodge.*

*April 10th.*—Home again! after nearly two years' absence. It doesn't seem anything like so long now. Everything seems just the same, and I have only to write up my last day's travel and lay down my faithful "stylus."

I left Marseilles yesterday afternoon; met Harry in Paris this morning; had a glorious crossing from Boulogne, the white cliffs of "Old England" standing out splendidly all the way over; the tidal is up to time, and before I know where I am I find myself among familiar scenes and faces, and sitting cosily "once more in the family circle," while we interchange notes of all that has happened while I have been wandering "far from the old folks at home."

BERTRAM H. BARTON.

## APPENDIX.

I subjoin a rough extract of expenses during my trip—bare expenses that is, of living and travelling—in case it may be of interest to any one. Of course it cannot be altogether taken as an exact relation of one country to another, as so much depends upon the pace one travels through a country, and the means used for getting about: carriages and horses naturally adding materially to the cost, and the time employed over any particular trip influencing the average expenditure per diem. For what they are worth then, I give roughly the following items:—

In America about .. ..	£2	per diem
In Japan       ,, .. ..	1 15s.	,,   ,,

N.B.—This includes the 258 miles of jin-riki-sha work, for which we paid the coolies a *yen* a day (=2s. 2d.—2s. 6d., according to the exchange), and our guide Hayashi, a dollar (=4s.) a day. Our nights' lodging at the native inns was very trifling, about 1s. 6d. for the three per night. The European hotels about \$3 per diem, board and lodging.

In China we paid our ponies a dollar a day for the time we had them, to the Great Wall and back; our guide the same amount.

Java averaged about £1 12s. per diem, including our posting from Sourabaya to Samarang, when the ponies alone came to 2s. 6d. per mile, besides hire of vehicle.

The steamer fares are not included. These are very high, the Netherlands India line having the monopoly of the traffic, and charging £4 10s. per diem. Our twenty-seven days in New Zealand came to £45 each, or about £1 13s. per diem.

Ceylon (nine days). . . .	£2	os.	od.	per diem.
Southern India trip (14 days)	1	7	6	,,   ,,
Northern India (sixty days)	1	3	6	,,   ,,

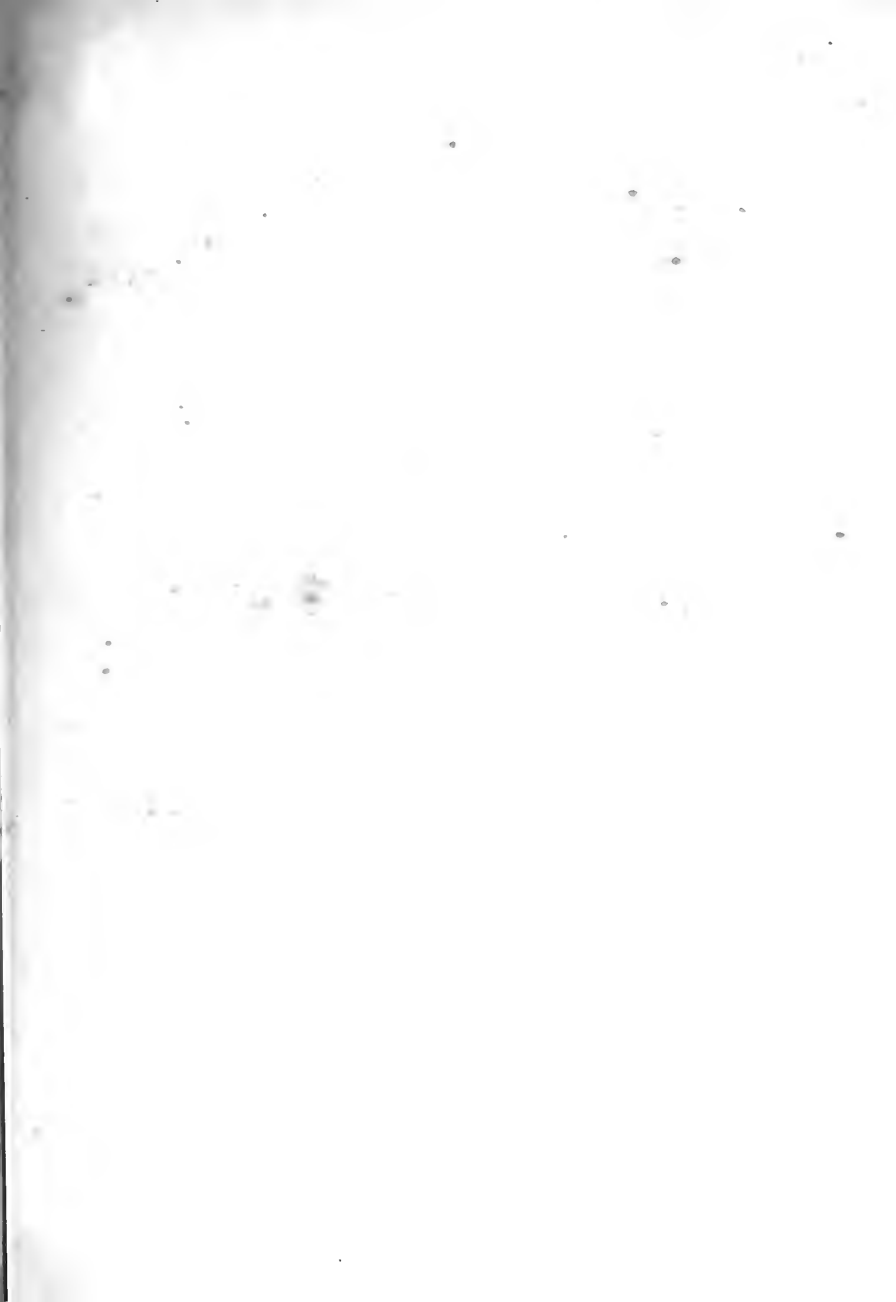
Steamer fares varied from £1 to £2 per diem, exclusive of wine.

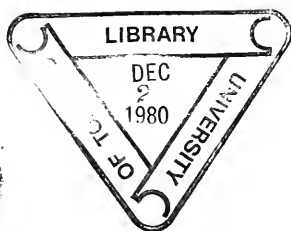
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